

# John Hiatt, The Negroes Where Dancing

Little lover sittin' in the corner with a former member of the jets  
He would write a letter to the editor about the little holes in her dress  
She said oh, I'm so bored  
He said oh, tell me more

She popped him on the dick until he got a little bigger then she just blew up  
She grabbed him by the liver put his hands on her hips, said push my luck  
He said oh, I'm so scared  
She said oh, I don't care

Chorus:  
Just then the negros were dancing  
Just then backup singers backed up  
Just then the beat was entrancin'

Just then the negros were dancin'

A former member lit a cigarette said I bet you never get too much  
Little lover hit him on the shoulder, said you caught him that's ? ? ? ? I touch  
He said oh, I confess  
She said oh, I'm not impressed

They gathered up all the fingerprints and put splints on all the broken bones  
A former member lover to discover seven more overtones  
He said oh, my dear  
She said oh, touch me here

Chorus twice