

# Lisa Chappell, Pheromone City

The boy with the bass and the hazy hazel eyes  
the boy with the bass and the hazy hazel eyes  
and the white, wide, dive into smile  
and the white, wide, dive into smile  
Come fill my dance card for that crazy old dance  
come fill my dance card for that crazy old dance  
come fill my dance card for that crazy old dance  
the dance, the dance, the dance of Pheromone City  
A detour on the highway of love and broken dreams  
a detour on the highway of broken dreams  
reason step aside, logic go and hide  
let the tango that's inside be free  
Come fill my dance card for that crazy old dance  
come fill my dance card for that crazy old dance  
come fill my dance card for that crazy old dance  
the dance, the dance, the dance of Pheromone City  
Spring springs forth and happiness abounds  
and bounds and delights in a look, in a touch  
in a disappearing back, in a gift and in a smile  
in a maybe in a while, in a whiff of the future  
a respite from the past and a present of the present  
in the ever present present  
oh the dance, oh the dance  
yes the dance, the dance, the dance of Pheromone City  
Bodies aware of time, space and air  
and that look on your face as you catch me unaware  
and my smile leaps out and hits you in the mouth  
oh my smile leaps out and hits you in the mouth  
Come fill my dance card for that crazy old dance  
come fill my dance card for that crazy old dance  
come fill my dance card for that crazy old dance  
the dance, the dance, the dance of Pheromone City  
The boy with the bass and the hazy hazel eyes  
the boy with the bass and the hazy hazel eyes.