

Nightmare Of You, I Don't Want To Dance Anymore

Hey!

In your morning terror of not knowing what to wear
I'll race down to your house
Catch you standing in the bare
Why do you shiver in your clothes
When you've paid for them all on your own

And I've got blue-colored eyes
The union has been unkind

Now I don't want to dance anymore
I am through
I could never ever be that guy, that's for you to do

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And when the chip's off your shoulder
And you're back home in your own bed
You should invite me over
I'll show you how to write a hit
I can't promise it will sell
But I can promise you it won't be shit

Yes I'm an envious shrew
But it should be me, not you
Ha, ha, ha, ha

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