

Rita Redshoes, Your Waltz

Hey mister I know you like flowers
I could spent hours, dancing with you

Its amazing how you dance all night long
But remember, Im too old

All the singers in the choir are tired
The musicians in the band, retired

Hey mister, my dress wants to sleep
Hey mister, your hair on the breeze
Times changing, you still dancing here
The music stoped but still listening in your ear

All the singers in the choir are tired
The musicians in the band, retired
Theres no more dreams at your door
The lights on fire
Theres a hole on the floor, and youre lying

Hey mister, take my hand and make me fly
Hey mister, I dont want to hear you cry
Hey mister, take my breath and let me go
Hey mister, dont you know I love you, love you so