

Robert Earl Keen, Jr., No Kinda Dancer

First of the month
Brings back the notion
Of a big round white dance hall
On a cool summer night
Red cherry faces set black shoes in motion
To the oompa pa rythem of a German delight

And I tried hard to tell you I was no kinda dancer
Take my hand to prove I was wrong
You got in me gently
Though I thought I could never
We were dancing together at the end of the song

A taught little bald man
Like a German war hero
Would buck some ole' matrix to a quick John Paul Jones
Grapes of crate paper
A ball made of mirrors
Would cast a shiny reflection on a brass slide trombone

And I tried hard to tell you I was no kinda dancer
Take my hand to prove I was wrong
You got in me gently
Though I thought I could never
We were dancing together at the end of the song

A man was still dancing
With his phantom partner
Though the band had quit playing
At the eve endings end
And it made me feel lucky to teach me the dance steps
And come back again

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Take my hand to prove I was wrong
You got in me gently
Though I thought I could never
We were dancing together at the end of the song

And I tried hard to tell you...
Take my hand to prove I was wrong
You got in me gently
Though I thought I could never
We were dancing together at the end of the song