

# 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