

Robert Earl Keen, No Kinda Dancer

The first of the month
Brings back the notion
Of a big round white dance hall
and a cool summer night
Red cherry faces set black shoes in motion
To the oom pa pa rythym of a German delight

And I tried hard to tell you I was no kinda dancer
'Took my hand to prove I was wrong
You guided 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
With buxom matrons to a quick John Paul Jones
Drapes of crepe paper
A ball made of mirrors
Cast shiny reflections on a brass slide trombone

And I tried hard to tell you I was no kinda dancer
'Took my hand to prove I was wrong
You guided 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 evening's end
And it made me feel lucky that I had a partner
to teach me the dance steps
And come back again

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