

# 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 rythm 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

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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

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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  
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