

Rod Stewart, She Won't Dance With Me / Little Queenie

(Rod Stewart, Jorge Ben)

Friday night she's dressed to kill
Fishnet tights wearing red high heels
All the boys say she's cold as ice
I won't sleep until I'm satisfied

Keep on watching her across the room
Waiting for the band to play a faster tune
I want her number but I'm scared to ask
I wanna dance and I want her ass
Why the fuck is she ignoring me
I don't know what's wrong with me

Dance with me
She won't dance with me
Why won't she dance with me
She won't dance with me
Dance, dance, dance, dance with me, yeah
Why won't you dance with me?
Come on dance with me
Dance, dance, dance, dance with me

Here she comes floating down the street,
Synthesised eyed wearing cellophane jeans
Practiced in the art of sexuality
My tongue gets tied when I try to speak
Got a hard on honey that hurts like hell
If I don't ask her somebody else will

Dance with me,
(No, don't wanna dance with you)
Why won't you dance with me
(Why should I dance with you)
Dance, dance, dance please dance with me baby
(I won't dance with you
I won't dance with you
Why should I dance with you
I won't dance with you
Dance, dance, dance)