Stephen Speaks, Song For A Dancer

She dances
Footsteps like raindrops patter across the stage
Second glances
She pirouettes and slowly fades away
Lost my chances
Who holds the broom that will sweep her off her feet
Hopeless romantic
When the lights on the stage fade and just our eyes meet

And I wonder what would it be
If for once she was dancing with me
She seems content to be dancing alone
So I'll sit and sigh from my seat