

# The Supremes, Dancing On The Ceiling

(Richard Rodgers/Lorentz Hart)

He dances overhead  
On the ceiling near my bed  
In my sight  
Through the night

I try to hide in vain  
Underneath my counterpane  
There's my love up above

I whisper  
Go away, my lover, it's not fair  
But I'm so grateful to discover  
He's still there

I love my ceiling more  
Since it is a dancing floor  
Just for my love

In my sight  
All through the night

There's my love up above

I whisper  
Go away, my lover, it ain't fair  
But I'm so grateful to discover  
He's still there

I love my ceiling more  
Since it is a dancing floor  
Just for my love