

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