

Tina Charles, I Can?T Dance To That Music Youre

Little Babe

I wanna tell you whats exactly on my mind

I will stay at home another night

While youre out makin time

Im well aware of where you go

And every girl you see

Cause whenever I confine you, boy

The phone begins to ring

I cant dance to the music youre playin

Stop, think it over

And rewrite the tune

I cant dance to the music youre playin

You better get yourself together

Youd better do it soon

Last Friday night the phone rang

You said it was little Joe

He had a one night stand to play

Down on cottage road

And you went down prepared to play

You werent playin with no band

Cause your sax was here at home all night

Behind your music stand

Repeat

I cant dance , I cant dance

I cant dance to what youre singin

I cant dance to what youre playin

Repeat

Now if you really love me

Then unpack your bags and stay

Dont tell me you got to think it over

Got to get away

Ive taken all the medicine of yours

That I cant stand

Got to please change the description

Or Ill find another man

Repeat