

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

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