

Yvonne, Only Dancing

I'm alright though I'm alone
I've got this wish, I'll be the one who takes you home

Last night before we met
my only comfort was a television set

In my mind it's kind of a task:
will I have the courage to look at you when I ask?

Still there is some time
and I'll be damned if you don't end up as mine

Right now this is the scene
the in-crowd is here, and I am someone inbetween

I see you, and where you stand
there is a line for those who'd die to shake your hand

They're eager, I know, 'cause so am I
but I'm restricted by my fear to catch your eye

And I think: am I afraid?
Maybe this is the worst mistake I've ever made

I look up and there he stands, I don't know what to do
His repulsive smile says: "(I want you) How are you?"

You answer: "I'm fine, but worse is I'm alone.
So I am looking for someone special to take me home"

He invites you, you accept to take his hand
things run smooth now, just exactly like he planned

There's another hand of his around your waste
You think you're only dancing, but you should see that look on his face

I see this, now am I about so loose?
I can't believe that he will be the one you'll choose

No I just can't believe
I can't believe
I can't believe
No I can't believe
I can't believe that he will be the one you'll choose

So I close my eyes
a hand in mine, I admit I'm surprised

I'm alright and I'm not alone
and then you say that you want me to take you home