

I CAN'T DANCE TOO GOOD

I can't dance too good.
I can't do the funky chicken.
You would faintly sicken
If I even try.
Can't corral my feet.
Can't do nothing with 'em,
Can't duplicate the rhythm
Of quicker folk than I.

When the band strikes up
Their originals and covers,
I sense the music is for others,
But nevermore for me.
Though I hear it play,
Still it has no power to move me.
And time will not improve me:
I'll always be this way.

Often nights I dream
That I'm debonair and graceful,
Every movement is successful,
So elegant and free.
And I win first prize,
But as the medal is awarded,
I wake up broken-hearted
To Klutzorama Me.

I can't dance too good.
Can't do the funky chicken,
Can't duplicate the rhythm
Of quicker folk than I.