

# Dance Dance

## Plastic Bertrand

Friday night, seventeen  
Got my hands on the wheel  
But my mind is on Jeen  
Her silhouette I can't forget  
But I'm gonna ask her yet  
My brother's truck, my Sunday slacks  
I've been working all week  
And I've got five bucks for gas  
And for luck, my grandfather's flask  
It's gonna take some nerve to ask  
Why won't you dance, dance with me  
One more time, one more time?  
Dance, dance with me one more time  
Before the band is done, before your daddy comes  
Dance, dance with me one more time  
She's the apple of his eye  
And there's no way in hell  
He'll let her out of his sight  
There'll be trouble, maybe a fight  
If he knew what I had in mind  
Why won't you dance, dance with me  
One more time, one more time?  
Dance, dance with me one more time  
Before the band is done, before your daddy comes  
Dance, dance with me one more time  
Oh, one more time, dance, dance, dance  
I see it now, as plain as day  
A church and a chaplain on our wedding day  
Dressed in white, she looks so fine  
You never know, she just might  
I'm gonna have to ask her tonight  
Dance, dance with me, one more time, one more time  
Dance, dance with me one more time  
Before the band is done, before your daddy comes  
Dance, dance with me one more time  
Oh, dance, dance with me, one more time, one more time  
Dance, dance with me one more time  
Before the band is done, before your daddy comes  
Dance, dance with me one more time, one more time

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