

Dance, Dance, Dance (Dada Life Guerilla Fart #4)

Lykke Li

Having trouble telling how I feel
But I can dance, dance, dance
Couldn't possibly tell you how I mean
But I can dance, dance, dance So when I'm tripping my feet, look at the beat
The words are written in the sand
When I'm shaking my hips, look for the swing
The words are written in the air Ooh dance, I was a dancer all along
Dance, dance, dance
Words could never make up for what you do Easy conversations, no such thing
No, I'm shy, shy, shy
My hips they lie cause in reality
I'm shy, shy, shy So when I'm tripping my feet, look at the ground
The words are written in the dust
When I'm shaking my hips, look for the swing
The words are written in the air Ooh dance, I was a dancer all along
Dance, dance, dance
Words could never make up for what you do Ooh dance, I was a dancer all along
Dance, dance, dance
Words could never make up for what you do Ooh dance, I was a dancer all along
Dance, dance, dance
Words could never make up for what you do Dance, dance, dance
Dance, dance, dance
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Songwriters

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