

The Jitterbug Waltz

Michel Legrand

The night is getting on
The band is getting slow
The crowd is almost gone

But here we are still dancingNothing to do, but waltzOur feet can barely move
My legs are yelling "Whoa"
But we're in such a groove

And love is still advancingNothing to do, but waltzYou can't suggest that we could go on jitterbugging
No buggingWe've nothing left for moves more strenuous than hugging
Just huggingBut we don't need much room to gently cut-a-rug in, we twoWe're dead on our feet
And the sauce is repeatin'
But what can you do?I tried another juice
And get from head to toe
My body's feeling loose
And warm and kind of suppleNothing to do, but waltzMy man would slip away
My arms just won't let go
I think I'd like to stay,

Till we're the only coupleNothing to do, but waltzYou never know how far this sort of thing can get you
One never knows, one never, never knowsWe're not as tired as we would like to think, I bet you
You stay up half the night with me, if I would let you
YesSo come, let the waltz play again

Songwriters

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