Spanish Dancer

Romatt Project

She stands with her head in the air
Sweet smell of perfume
Castanets, fan and a rose in her hair
Holds every heart in the room
The eyes of a Spanish dancer
They dart and they glance
Is it my imagination?
Or just part of the dance
Oh how she moves in the moonlight
Everyone under her spell
Wondering just what her smile might imply
Only the shadows can tell
The eyes of a Spanish dancer
They flirt and they tease
Even the best laid plans

Bring a man to his knees
Heads follow her every move
Seems like time standing still
Measuring chances of taking her home
Shame that no one ever will
The eyes of a Spanish dancer
Sparkle and glance
Is it my imagination?
Or just part of the dance
The eyes of a Spanish dancer
Candlelight's glow of romance
Is it an invitation?
Or just part of the dance
The eyes of a Spanish dancer

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