

I Won't Dance

Ella Fitzgerald, Nelson Riddle and His Orchestra

I won't dance, don't ask me
I won't dance, don't ask me
I won't dance Madame with you
My heart won't let my feet do things that they should do
You know what, you're lovely you know what, you're so lovely
And you know what you do to me
I'm like an ocean wave that's bumped on the shore
I feel so absolutely stumped on the floor
When you dance, you're charming and you're gentle
Specially when you do the Continental
But this feeling isn't purely mental
For heaven rest us, I'm not asbestos
And that's why I won't dance, why should I?
I won't dance, how could I?
I won't dance, merci beaucoup
I know that music lead the way to romance
So if I hold you in arms I won't dance
I won't dance, don't ask me

I won't dance, don't ask me
I won't dance Madame with you
My heart won't let me feet do things that they want to do
You know what, you're so lovely, ring a ding-ding, you're lovely
And you know what you do to me
I'm like an ocean wave that's bumped on the shore
I feel so absolutely stumped on the floor
When you dance, you're charming and you're gentle
Specially when you do the Continental
But this feeling isn't purely mental
For heaven rest us, I'm not asbestos
And that's why I won't dance, I won't dance
I won't dance, merci beaucoup
I know that music leads the way to romance
So if I hold you in arms I won't dance
Dance