Clog Dancer

Brian Protheroe

She's a Lotus black and gold blossom
Medieval zoom zoom
Take you to the room in the rain
Such a shame
That she saw me on the bright side
Where I hide
Like the dream of an actor in the night
What a night
But I couldn't find the rhyme
Couldn't take the time
Couldn't say the line that I knew so well

She was a big end Brenda
She could bend a big banana
She could talk your daddy loose in the park
In the dark
Was a Tate mate lady
She can dig Modigliani
She can woo Picasso out of the frame
What a dame
But she catch you with a snapshot
Claptrap
Put you on your back if you don't watch out

Goodbye to the clog dancer
You kept your electric eye on me good
Bye bye to the Hot Pantser
You could tell by the beat
As she walk down the street
It was only her feet that were made of wood

Goodbye to the Sky Diver
She could never ever leave it alone
Watch out for the Power Driver
When she step on the gas
Better take care of your ass
She can pick up a pass from a man of stone

She was a catch some die young
Feather of the weather

You'll never see her dead in a dress
She's a Hormone Hannah making love
with a spanner
She stand like an elegant man
Yes she can
But she wouldn't stand truck
Gimme good luck
Boy you better duck when
she lets one go

Goodbye to the Clog Dancer...

Lyrics Submitted by Richard Gagnon

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