

# 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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