

# Cornmeal Waltz

[Guy Clark](#)

There's nothin' like cornmeal on a dance-hall floor for dancin' the night away,  
Slippin' and slidin', effortlessly glidin' in the arms of my sweet Lillie Mae,  
So I shined up my boots and ironed my shirt, and pulled on some new blue jeans.  
Oh, I brushed off my hat, slicked back my hair; I'll beat all that she's ever seen. There's nothin' like listenin' to  
the fiddles play  
While doin' the cornmeal waltz.  
There's nothin' to keep you from driftin' away,  
Doin' the cornmeal waltz. Way out on Ranch Road 17 there's a dance hall in the live-oak trees,  
Yellow lights strung up all around, so all the little kids can see.  
Pickups are parked near to the road; the beer is so cold it might freeze.  
Stars are all out, the band's in tune, and it smells like a barbecue breeze. There's nothin' like listenin' to the  
fiddles play  
While doin' the cornmeal waltz.  
There's nothin' to keep you from driftin' away,  
Doin' the cornmeal waltz. Beat-up old Stetsons, beehive hair, belt buckles bumpin' in time.  
There's little girls dancin' on their daddies' toes, spinnin' around on a dime.  
Grandma and Grandpa are out on the floor, dancin' like they've lost their minds.  
There's old maids and bachelors and sweethearts alike, all movin' in three-quarter time. There's nothin' like  
listenin' to the fiddles play  
While doin' the cornmeal waltz.  
There's nothin' to keep you from driftin' away,  
Just doin' the cornmeal waltz.

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