

# Said She Was A Dancer

## Jethro Tull

She said, she was a dancer  
If I believed it, it was my business  
She surely knew a thing or two about control  
Next to the bar we hit the samovar  
She almost slipped right through my fingers  
It was snowing outside and in her soul  
Well, maybe you're a dancer  
And maybe I'm the King of Old Siam  
I thought it through best to let the illusion roll  
I wouldn't say I've never heard that tale before  
And my frozen little senorita  
But if your dream is good  
Why not share it when the nights are cold?  
Hey Moscow, what's your story?  
Lady, take your time, don't hurry  
Maybe a student of the agricultural plan  
Hey Moscow, what's your name?  
If you don't want to say, don't worry  
It would probably be hard for me to make it scan  
With her phrase book in the silk soft hand  
She spoke in riddles while the vodka listened  
I said, "Let me look up love, if I might be so bold"  
She was the nearest thing to rock and roll  
That side of the velvet curtain  
That separates eastern steel from western gold  
Hey Miss Moscow, what's your story?  
You needn't speak aloud, just whisper  
Am I just the closest thing to an Englishman?  
You've seen me in your magazines or maybe on state television  
I'm your Pepsi-Cola but you won't take me out the can  
She said, she was a dancer, so she did  
She said, she was a dancer  
If I believed it, it was my business  
It felt like a merry dance that I was being led  
So I stole one kiss, it was a near miss  
She looked at me like I was Jack, the ripper  
She leaned in close, "Goodnight", was all she said  
So I took myself off to bed

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