

Belle of the Ball

Slow Hands

A vagabond dreamer, a rhymers and singer of songs
Singing to no one and nowhere to really belong
I met a beautiful lady, a pure Southern belle of the ball
Like Scarlet O'Hara loved no one but wanted them all
I'll never forget you and love you inspite of your faults
The good and the bad, I want to remember it all
And I did a new dance and you did your Tennessee Waltz
But the party's all over I came uninvited
I'm leaving and taking the belle of the ball
There will always be someone, I guess that's the way it should be
I guess I should know that someone used to be me
They'll gather around her, soon they'll all look the same
At the feet of the lady are lovers without any names
I'll never forget you and love you inspite of your faults
The good and the bad, I want to remember it all
And I did a new dance and you did your Tennessee Waltz
But the party's all over I came uninvited
I'm leaving and taking the belle of the ball

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