

Dance, Dance, Dance

[Lykke Li](#)

Having troubles telling how I feel
But I can dance, dance, dance
Couldn't possibly tell you how I mean
But I can dance, dance, dance So when I trip on my feet
Look at the beat
It was all written in the sand
When I'm shaking my hips
Look for the swing
It was all written in the air Oh, dance
I was a dancer all along
Dance, dance, dance
Words can never make up for what you do Easy conversations, no such thing
No, I'm shy, shy, shy
My hips, they lie 'cause in reality, aye
I'm shy, shy, shy But when I trip on my feet
Look at the ground
The words are written in the dust
When I'm shaking my hips
Look for the swing
The words are written in the air Oh, dance
I was a dancer all along
Dance, dance, dance
Words can never make up for what you do Oh, dance
I was a dancer all along
Dance, dance, dance
Words can never make up for what you do Dance, dance, dance
Oh, I was a dancer all along
Dance, dance, dance
Words can never make up for what you do Dance, dance, dance, dance
Dance, dance, dance, dance
Dance, dance, dance, dance
(I was a dancer all along)
Dance, dance, dance, dance
(No, words can never make up for what you do) Dance, dance, dance, dance
Dance, dance, dance, dance
Dance, dance, dance

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