Oddball Dance

City Boy

The doctor said that a week in bed would certainly do the trick But I knew from the start that it wasn't my heart, it was my head that was making me sick Well I got so bored, taking trips abroad to improve the condition I had. Just sitting at home like a sackful of bones, while my neighbours thought me utterly mad I took to L.
S.
D. I wrote to magazines. The kind they sell you with one eye on the door But I'd like to endorse the lonely hoofers course That really showed me what dancing is for I was first to arrive, kinda nervous and shy, when the atmosphere put me at ease. It was cozy and warm, like the day I was born, with the smell of burning joss on the breeze I first got my chance at the Oddball Dance ... The thrill of romance At the Oddball Dance, the Oddball Dance, the Oddball Dance I first got my chance, at the Oddball Dance . . . The thrill of romance. At the Oddball Dance, the Oddball Dance, the Oddball Dance.
I was kinda surprised 'cause I'm a regular guy, used to sitting in a room full of squares I was quick to surmise I was watching two guys who were really taking off on the stairs The music was hard, a little avant-garde, I had to keep my ear to the ground And I had to remark on the poster of Marx someone used as a roach in the lounge There was the heavy brigade, complete with beret and shades. I really thought that they were putting me on But I turned around to find a thousand rounds of ammunition lying there in the john I left the room to find solitude and to contemplate the meaning of time. But when I returned I got mg fingers burned, can you lend me the bread for the fine? I first got my chance, at the Oddball Dance,... The thrill of romance At the Oddball Dance, the Oddball Dance, the Oddball Dance

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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