Demons In Her Dancing Shoes

Richard Thompson

Don't go walking down Chapel Street
Down Chapel Street they'll jump you
Cut your throat as soon as give you the eyeThose wholesome girls down Chapel Street
They need some place to move their feet
Before they soothe you with a lullabyAt Bridie's place the music's loud
And there's my angel in the crowdWell, she's the kind of squeeze
That you can't refuse
Bedroom eyes and demons
In her dancing shoesShe's the kind of tease
That means good news
Bedroom eyes and demons
In her dancing shoesOn Chapel Street the totters' carts
Cry, old rags and lumber
People gassing like the Tower of BabelOn Chapel Street there's coffee bars
Where the villains meet the stars
And money's changing hands under the tableWe're gonna dance till they shut the door
'Til they clear the floor, 'til they beg for moreWell, she's the kind of squeeze
That you can't refuse
Bedroom eyes and demons
In her dancing shoesShe's the kind of tease
That means good news
Bedroom eyes and demons
In her dancing shoesMy girl, she's a piece of work
She finally got my number
Loves those cast-offs and those hand-me-downsDresses like a bride-to-be
From some other century
Stylish rags and ripped up wedding gownsBut you don't have to face the mess
When every day is fancy dressWell, she's the kind of squeeze
That you can't refuse
Bedroom eyes and demons
In her dancing shoesShe's the kind of tease
That means good news
Bedroom eyes and demons
In her dancing shoesGonna dance, dance, dance, dance
Gonna dance, dance, dance, dance
Gonna dance, dance, dance, dance
Gonna dance, dance, dance, danceLet's dance

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