

# (There's) No Room to Rhumba In a Sports Car

Elvis Presley

(Words & music by Fred Wise - Dick Manning )

This was gonna be the night tonight  
I was gonna get to hold you tight  
But I guess we didn't plan it right  
I never stood a chance, we couldn't danceCause there's , no room to rhumba in a sports car  
You can't move forward or back  
There's no room to do what the beat tells you to  
Without throwing your spine outta wackWhen a little kiss I want to steal  
I hit my head against the steering wheel  
Now I know the way a pretzel feels  
All I can do is shout...Hey let me out!!Cause there's , no room to rhumba in a sports car  
You can't move forward or back  
There's no room to do what the beat tells you to  
Without throwing your spine outta wackWhat a way to waste a day with you  
Nothing happens that can tell the truth  
Let's go out and find a telephone booth  
Yeah that's a better place, I like more spaceCause there's , no room to rhumba in a sports car  
You can't move forward or back  
There's no room to do what the beat tells you to  
Without throwing your spine outta wack

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