

Introduction to Belly Dancing

Deirdre Flint

I signed up for her class to please an inattentive lover,
I kicked him to the curb three classes in.
Two years and four men later, I'm the queen of non-commitment
But I still go to class on Wednesday nights from eight to ten.
Thursday through Tuesday I'll buy those magazines
With the half-translucent models and the articles on pleasing men,
I curse myself at every meal do penance and do buns of steel
And on Wednesday nights I find myself again. Watch her whirl, watch her sway
Sometimes we go to see her gig down at the Marrakesh caf
Every movement is a sentence in a fine erotic prayer
I think some answer to my soul is written there. My classmate Annie says she thinks our teacher leans towards
women
No surprise that's how our Ann does sway
She's not the only one to have designs upon our teacher
Your heart leaps like Barishnikov whenever she smiles your way.
Breathlessly she rushes in kicks off her boots takes off her sweater
Hey, she says, I've gained 5 pounds I think it makes the dance much better
We follow her directions, show with pride our imperfections
And I think she thinks we're beautiful. Watch her whirl, watch her spin
She'd send a guy with a foot fetish three sheets into the wind
And the candlelight throws diamonds in her jasmine scented hair
I think some answer to my soul is woven there. Sometimes she joins us at the table at the Marrakesh
And the business cards pour in she never reads them
She never thinks about those guys
Who'd gladly leave their well-carved lives
To follow in the naked footsteps of this one
Who'd never need them. Watch her whirl, watch her spin
Even the veils pay her homage as they dance against her skin
And I long to breathe the secrets that her hands tell to the air
I think some answer to my soul is waiting there.
Yes I long to breathe the secrets that her hands tell to the air
I know some answer to my soul is waiting there.

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