Bis "The Ballroom Of Romance"

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Bridie's waiting for a dance
With her back pressed to the wall
She lets the lamplight stripe her hands
She smells the perfume of her friends
"Soir de Paris"
No news from France, no news at all
The secret glancing, the little schemes
Have proven false elusive dreams
We kissed, he said good-bye
Sent away to foreign shores

In the ballroom of romance

He's writing home, he dances no more
No news from France tonight
Maybe sad they sent him off to fight
In some far distant land
Maybe sad to see us part
Baby sad the last dance is saved for me
And for some sweet romance
The last waltz lingers in our heart

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