

Bobs

"Angels Of Mercy"

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I was in an Arizona tavern
I sat down to dinner
Chicken fajitas with nachos and peppers
A bite stuck in my windpipe, it gave me a fright
I choked and I gagged, and I saw this sight
In coordinated outfits
Promenading 'cross the dance floor
Rehearsing their moves while they waited for the salad
Her cowboy boots were red with black trim
And he was so handsome, so tall and so slim
Were they angels of mercy or dance instructors?
I was so lucky, it was one chance in a million
That they were there in Arizona to go dancing.
They two-stepped to my table
And hugged their arms around me
Pulled me to my feet and we whirled across the floor
The squeezed me so tightly my peppers popped free
I thought it was Heimlich
But it might have been Arthur Murray
Were they angels of mercy or dance instructors?
I was so lucky, it was one chance in a million

That they were there in Arizona to go dancing

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