

Flogging Molly

"Devil's Dance Floor"

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Her breath began to speak
As she stood right in front of me
The colour of her eyes
Were the colour of insanity
Crushed beneath her wave
Like a ship, I could not reach her shore
Were all just dancers on the Devils Dance Floor

Well swing a little more, little more oer the merry-o
Swing a little more, a little more next to me
Swing a little more, little more oer the merry-o
Swing a little more, on the Devils Dance Floor

Pressed against her face
I could feel her insecurity
Her motherd been a drunk
And her father was obscurity
But nothin ever came
From a life that was a simple one
So pull yourself together girl
And have a little fun

Well she took me by the hand
I could see she was a fiery one
Her legs ran all the way
Up to heaven and past Avalon
Tell me somethin girl, what it is you have in store
She said come with me now
On the Devils Dance Floor

Well swing a little more, little more oer the merry-o
Swing a little more, a little more next to me
Swing a little more, little more oer the merry-o
Swing a little more, on the Devils Dance Floor

The apple now is sweet
Oh much sweeter than it ought to be
Another little bite
I dont think there is much hope for me
The sweat beneath her brow
Travels all the way

An headin south
This bleedin hearts cryin
Cause theres no way out

Well swing a little more, little more oer the merry-o
Swing a little more, a little more next to me
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