

## Joe Walsh "Spanish Dancer"

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She stands with her head in the air  
Sweet smell of perfume  
Castanets, fan and a rose in her hair  
Holds every heart in the room

The eyes of a Spanish dancer  
They dart and they glance  
Is it my imagination?  
Or just part of the dance

Oh how she moves in the moonlight  
Everyone under her spell  
Wondering just what her smile might imply  
Only the shadows can tell

The eyes of a Spanish dancer  
They flirt and they tease  
Even the best laid plans  
Bring a man to his knees

Heads follow her every move  
Seems like time standing still  
Measuring chances of taking her home  
Shame that no one ever will

The eyes of a Spanish dancer  
Sparkle and glance  
Is it my imagination?  
Or just part of the dance

The eyes of a Spanish dancer  
Candlelight's glow of romance  
Is it an invitation?  
Or just part of the dance

The eyes of a Spanish dancer

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