

## John Hiatt

# "The Negroes Were Dancing"

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Little lover sittin' in the corner with a former member of  
the jets

He would write a letter to the editor about the little  
holes in her dress

She said oh, I'm so bored

She said oh, tell me more

She popped him on the dick until he got a little bigger  
then she just blew up

She grabbed him by the liver put his hands on her hips,  
said push my luck

He said Oh, I'm so scared

She said Oh, I don't care

CHORUS:

Just then the negros were dancing

Just then backup singers backed up

Just then the beat was entrancin'

Just then the negros were dancin'

A former member lit a cigarette said I bet you never  
get too much

Little lover hit him on the shoulder, said you ???? I  
touch

He said Oh, I confess

She said Oh, I'm not impressed

They gathered up all the fingerprints and put splints on  
all the broken bones

A former member lover to discover seven more  
overtones

He said oh, my dear

She said oh, touch me here

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE

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