

John Hiatt

"The Negroes Where 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

He 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 caught him
that's ? ? ? ? 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

Chorus twice

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