

**Rod Stewart****"She Won't Dance With Me / Little Queenie"**

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Friday night she's dressed to kill  
Fishnet tights wearing red high heels  
All the boys say she's cold as ice  
I won't sleep until I satisfied

Keep on watching her across the room  
Waiting for the band to play a faster tune  
I want her number but I'm scared to ask  
I wanna dance and I want her ass  
Why the fuck is she ignoring me  
I don't know what's wrong with me

Dance with me  
She won't dance with me  
Why won't she dance with me  
She won't dance with me  
Dance, dance, dance, dance with me, yeah  
Why won't you dance with me?  
Come on dance with me  
Dance, dance, dance, dance with me

Here she comes floating down the street,  
Synthesised eyed wearing cellophane jeans  
Practiced in the art of sexuality  
My tongue gets tied when I try to speak  
Got a hard on honey that hurts like hell  
If I don't ask her somebody else will

Dance with me,  
( No, don't wanna dance with you)  
Why won't you dance with me  
( Why should I dance with you)  
Dance, dance, dance please dance with me baby  
(I won't dance with you  
I won't dance with you  
Why should I dance with you  
I won't dance with you  
Dance, dance, dance)

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Lyrics Not Available

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