

Rod Stewart

"She Won't Dance With Me"

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Stewart/J. Ben

All the night she dressed to kill
Fish net tights with red high heels
All the boys say she's cold as ice
I won't sleep until I'm satisfied
Keep on watchin' her across the room
Waitin' 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
Want to fuck her, she's no relief
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
Why won't she dance with me
Come on, dance with me

Dance, dance, dance, dance with me
Here she comes floatin' down the street
Synthesized eyes wearin' cellophane jeans
Practicin' 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
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....

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