

# Tina Charles

## "I Can't Dance To That Music Your Playin'"

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Little Babe

I wanna tell you what's exactly on my mind  
I will stay at home another night  
While you're out makin' time  
I'm well aware of where you go  
And every girl you see  
Cause whenever I confine you, boy  
The phone begins to ring

I can't dance to the music you're playin'  
Stop, think it over  
And rewrite the tune  
I can't dance to the music you're playin'  
You better get yourself together  
You'd better do it soon

Last Friday night the phone rang  
You said it was little Joe  
He had a one night stand to play  
Down on cottage road  
And you went down prepared to play  
You weren't playin' with no band  
Cause your sax was here at home all night  
Behind your music stand

Repeat

I can't dance , I can't dance  
I can't dance to what you're singin'  
I can't dance to what you're playin'

Repeat

Now if you really love me  
Then unpack your bags and stay  
Don't tell me you got to think it over  
Got to get away  
I've taken all the medicine of yours  
That I can't stand  
Got to please change the description  
Or I'll find another man

Repeat

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