

Miriam Makeba "One More Dance"

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Darling, go home, your husband is ill.
Is he ill? Let them give him a pill.
Oh, come my dear Franz, just one more dance,
Then I'll go home to my poor old man,
Then I'll go home to my poor old man.

Darling, go home, your husband is worse.
Is he worse? Well I am no nurse.
Oh, come my dear Franz, just one more dance,
Then I'll go home to my poor old man,
Then I'll go home to my poor old man.

Darling, go home, your husband is dead.
Is he dead? There's no more to be said
Oh, come my dear Franz, just one more dance,
Then I'll go home to my poor old man,
Then I'll go home to my poor old man.

Darling, go home, the will's to be read
What's that you said? I said the will's to be read.
Oh, no, no, my dear Franz, this is no time to dance,
I must go weep for my poor old man,
I must go weep for my poor old man.

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