

## All About Eve

# "The Empty Dancehall"

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Ribbons from your dancing shoes  
in shreds and threads and feeling used  
are hanging up our yesterdays  
Down the street, the empty dance halls  
due to empty circumstance  
all seem to be closed down today  
And through the silence  
I hear the word for love  
I hear the word for death  
But I don't hear any answer  
While death can talk of 'la mort'  
and love can whisper 'l'amour'  
the floor has lost its dancers  
Take your partner by the hand  
and dance the ghost of a sarabande  
Moving like a miracle  
Shoe to shoe and cheek to cheek  
Every day of every week  
step by step by century  
Through the silence

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