

## **Jr. Robert Earl Keen**

### **"No Kinda Dancer"**

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The first of the month brings back the notion  
Of a big, round, white dancehall and a cool summer  
night.

Red cherub faces set black shoes in motion  
To the um-pa-pa rhythm of a German delight.

And I tried hard to tell you I was no kinda dancer  
Take my hand to prove I was wrong.  
You guided me gently, though I thought I could never -  
We were dancing together  
By the end of the song.

A taut little bald man like a German war hero  
With buxom old matrons do a quick John Paul Jones.  
Drapes of crepe paper, a ball made of mirror  
Cast shiny reflections on a brass slide trombone

I tried hard to tell you I was no kinda dancer  
Take my hand to prove I was wrong.  
You guided me gently, though I thought I could never -  
We were dancing together  
By the end of the song.

A man was still dancing with his phantom partner  
Though the band had quit playing at the evening's end.  
It made me feel lucky that I had a partner  
To teach me the dance steps and come back again.

And I tried hard to tell you I was no kinda dancer  
Take my hand to prove I was wrong.  
You guided me gently, though I thought I could never -  
We were dancing together  
By the end of the song.

I tried hard to tell you...  
Take my hand to prove I was wrong.  
You guided me gently, though I thought I could never -  
We were dancing together  
By the end of the song.

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