

Dancing for love and falling in love,  
Romancing and living in God above;  
Staying up late passing the night away,  
Filling in time till the new dawn of duty.

You know all those old movies of Fred Astaire,  
Ginger Rogers and Boghart with Becall on air;  
Romeo and Juliet on the balcony sill,  
Or Valentino and Munro trying to make their mill.

It's the good old days of falling in love,  
Sweet midnight romance and a sweet damsel dove;  
Taking her hand and leading out onto the floor,  
Dancing the night away with smooth passion raw.

It's not what it takes at just to take of the clothes,  
But the love and romance of dancing till twelve o'clock;  
And when the nights over and things come to a close,  
You hang up your dancing shoes and each other's clothes.

You can't really say must just leading away,  
You're all choked up with just what do you say;  
But in the beauty of life's most passionate way,  
Dancing for love is the perfect brain grey.

And as you twist and you turn and mellow right out,  
You're left with the thought of clouds all of doubt;  
But when the worlds a big dream of dancing for love,  
The truth is but luck cinder all starlet shines above.

Signed,

With the one that you love