

Lykke Li, Dance, Dance, Dance

having trouble telling
how i feel
but i can dance, dance, dance
couldn't possibly tell you
how i mean
but i can dance, dance, dance

so when i trip on my feet
look at the beat
it was all
written in the sand
when i'm shaking my hips
look for the swing
it was all
written in the air

oh dance
i was a dancer all along
dance, dance, dance
words can never make up for what you do

easy conversations,
there's no such thing
oh, i'm shy, shy, shy
my hips they lie
'cause in reality, aye
i'm shy shy shy

when i trip on my feet
look at the ground
the words are
written in the dust
well i'm shaking my hips
look for the swing
the words are
written in the air

oh dance
i was a dancer all along
dance, dance, dance
now words can never make up for what you do

oh dance
i was a dancer all along
dance, dance, dance
now words can never make up for what you do