

Roxette, Dance Away

There's a hidden meaning
in everything he says,
every close encounter,
every kiss, every caress.
Even the truth has got that bitter taste of a lie.
Well, I can read his lips but
I can't read his mind.

I can see him dance away now
oh oh - oh oh oh.

He was one of the kind
that seems so hard to find.
There's a change of weather, now
he leaves me far behind.
That I don't matter to him
came as such a surprise.
Well, I can read his lips,
I thought I read his eyes.

And I can see him...