

# The Killers, Where The White Boys Dance

Take me to the place where the white boys dance  
Take me to the place where they run and play  
My baby is gone, you might have a chance  
Just take me to the place where the white boys dance

They hug in silence as the sun sets on their empty street  
Her suspicions, well they're rising high  
And the man who sweeps him off she doesn't meet  
She walks inside and pours a strong one to put her mind at ease  
It's the calm before another storm  
And her brain shifts from the whiskey to the keys

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Her heart is racing  
She phones a friend and says I'm in an awful place  
That fool's been messing 'round on me  
I've seen it in his eyes and on his face  
Hold on a minute, you're talking crazy  
Don't be that jealous, girl  
Just tell Levon you need an hour or two, cause we're gonna go and change somebody's world

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