

# Sally Can't Dance

Andrea True Connection

Sally dances on the floor  
She says that she can't do it anymore  
She just gave up her dancin' craze  
She eats natural food every night at my place

Well, Sally can't dance no more  
She can't get it off of the floor  
Sally can't dance no more  
They found her in the trunk of a Ford  
Yeah, she can't dance no more

No, No, No, No

Sally is loosing face  
She lives on St. Marks Place  
In a rent controlled apartment, eighty dollars a month  
She has lots of fun, She has lots of fun

But Sally can't dance no more  
Sally can't dance no more  
It takes too much meth to get her off of the floor  
And Sally can't dance no more

More, More, More

She was the first girl in our neighborhood  
To wear tied-dyed pants like a city girl would  
She was the first girl I've ever seen  
That had pretty flowers sewed on her jeans  
She was the first girl in our neighborhood  
To have a house in Tompkins Square, She would  
She wears a sword like Napoleon  
And she kills all the boys and acts like one

But Sally can't dance no more  
No, Sally can't dance no more  
She can't get herself off the floor  
You know now Sally, she can't dance no more  
Whoo!

Sally became a big model  
She moved up to Eighty and Park  
She had a studio apartment  
And that's where she used to call folk singers

Sally can't dance no more  
Sally can't dance no more  
She can't get herself off the floor  
You know Sally, she can't dance no more  
Whoo!

(Sally can't dance, Sally can't dance)  
(Sally can't dance, Sally can't dance)  
(Sally can't dance, Sally can't dance)  
(Sally can't dance, Sally can't dance)