

# Dance Hall

Danielle Bradbery

This week was hard, it's getting dark  
The weeds are hot in my front yard  
But it's Friday night and I don't really care

The moon is out, the crickets loud  
A train went by, but it's gone now  
So up and down the street, I sit and stare

You could say there's not much here for us  
Nothing but a pile of dirt and dust  
But, baby

We could string the stars over these corn stalks  
We could turn your truck into an old jukebox  
Just take my hand and baby, we could fall  
Let's turn this open field into an old dance hall

(Do do do, do do do  
Do do do, do do

Do do do, do do do  
Do do do)

No neon signs, no bar on fire  
It's just you and me in these headlights  
Two-stepping in rolled-up Levi jeans

There ain't no band playing "Ramblin' Man"  
No cowboys kicking old beer cans  
Just a couple of cherry Cokes and a mix CD

Come on baby, just spin me around  
When the sun comes out, we'll head back into town  
But for now

We could string the stars over these corn stalks  
We could turn your truck into an old jukebox  
Just take my hand and baby, we could fall  
Let's turn this open field into an old dance hall  
We'll turn this open field into an old dance hall

Hey, baby, what do you say?  
They're playing our song anyway

We could string the stars over these corn stalks  
We could turn your truck into an old jukebox  
Just take my hand and baby, we could fall  
Let's turn this open field into an old dance hall  
We'll turn this open field into our own dance hall

(Do do do, do do do  
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Do do do, do do

Do do do, do do do

Do do do)