

(There's) No Room to Rhumba in a Sports Car

Elvis Presley

This was gonna be the night tonight
I was gonna get to hold you tight
But I guess we didn't plan it right
I never stood a chance, we couldn't dance

Cause there's , no room to rhumba in a sports car
You can't move forward or back
There's no room to do what the beat tells you to
Without throwing your spine outta wack

When a little kiss I want to steal
I hit my head against the steering wheel
Now I know the way a pretzel feels
All I can do is shout...Hey let me out!!

Cause there's , no room to rhumba in a sports car
You can't move forward or back
There's no room to do what the beat tells you to
Without throwing your spine outta wack

What a way to waste a day with you
Nothing happens that can tell the truth
Let's go out and find a telephone booth
Yeah that's a better place, I like more space

Cause there's , no room to rhumba in a sports car
You can't move forward or back
There's no room to do what the beat tells you to
Without throwing your spine outta wack