

They Dance

Golden Earring

Down in the latin quarter
Down on dead-end street
Down in the basement brother
That's where I'm bound to be
Trading payday weekly
For a welfare check
My baby's cryin' crazy
Ain't seen nothing yet
Own a cardboard shelter
With a classic view on Rio
Sellin' cigarettes to the tourists down below
Girl's a sixteen year old carnival queen
Too poor to strike a match
If you know what I mean, If you know what I mean
But they dance to that voodoo rhythm
Oh, they can't do without it
They dance, it's such an old tradition
That your soul belongs
Your soul belongs to music
They dance
Not too far from the ghetto
Life has a different feel
Food has a different flavour
Boot tap a different beat
Doberman's will be watchin'
Your every single move
You know you can't trust a stranger
Baby, oh ain't that the truth
Oh, ain't that the truth now
They dance to that voodoo rhythm
Oh, they can't do without it
They dance, it's such an old tradition
That your soul belongs , your soul belongs to music
They dance to that voodoo rhythm
Oh, they can't do without it
They dance, it's such an old tradition
Their souls belongs, their soul belongs to music
That's why they dance

They dance to that voodoo rhythm
Oh, they can't live without it
But they dance, it's such an old tradition
Your soul belongs, your soul belongs to music
That's why you dance