

Cornmeal Waltz

Guy Clark

There's nothin' like cornmeal on a dance-
hall floor for dancin' the night away,
Slippin' and slidin', effortlessly glidin' in the arms of my sw
eet Lillie Mae,
So I shined up my boots and ironed my shirt, and pulled on some
new blue jeans.
Oh, I brushed off my hat, slicked back my hair; I'll beat all t
hat she's ever seen.

There's nothin' like listenin' to the fiddles play
While doin' the cornmeal waltz.
There's nothin' to keep you from driftin' away,
Doin' the cornmeal waltz.

Way out on Ranch Road 17 there's a dance hall in the live-
oak trees,
Yellow lights strung up all around, so all the little kids can
see.
Pickups are parked near to the road; the beer is so cold it mig
ht freeze.
Stars are all out, the band's in tune, and it smells like a bar
becue breeze.

There's nothin' like listenin' to the fiddles play
While doin' the cornmeal waltz.
There's nothin' to keep you from driftin' away,
Doin' the cornmeal waltz.

Beat-
up old Stetsons, beehive hair, belt buckles bumpin' in time.
There's little girls dancin' on their daddies' toes, spinnin' a
round on a dime.
Grandma and Grandpa are out on the floor, dancin' like they've
lost their minds.
There's old maids and bachelors and sweethearts alike, all movi
n' in three-quarter time.

There's nothin' like listenin' to the fiddles play
While doin' the cornmeal waltz.
There's nothin' to keep you from driftin' away,
Just doin' the cornmeal waltz.