

Four Tapping Shoes And A Kiss

Her Space Holiday

When I'm down
And filled with gloom
And feel like I can't compete
I slip into my old tap shoes
And dance around with two left feet

With one click of my heels
Scrape of my toes
The walls of my room unglue
And on that marquee
It says that you love me
The shows sold out
So it must be true
To everyone in the room

The house lights dim
The curtain is raised
It's just me and that empty stage
The crowd explodes with a glorious roar
That tells me everything thing is OK

With one tip of my hat
The orchestra plays
That timeless Vaudeville tune
And to my surprise
I notice your eyes
Following my every move
We got nothing to prove

So I reach out my hand
And pull you up to me
A brush on the cheek for luck
With a confident smile we sway for awhile
Until we float high above

The stress of the day
The weight of the world
That things that we felt as a kid
All there is now
Is the glorious sound
Of four tapping shoes and a kiss

Cause that's what I miss

The house lights dim
The curtain is raised
It's just me and that empty stage
The crowd explodes with a glorious roar
That tells me everything thing is OK