

Sweet Is The Melody

Iris DeMent

Sweet is the melody, so hard to come by.
It's so hard to make every note bend just right.
You lay down the hours and leave not one trace,
But a tune for the dancing is there in it's place.

Well, the dance floor's for gliding and not jumping over ponies
.
Where boots and gold bracelets come and meet as they should.
It's for celebrating a Friday night romance:
Forgetting the bad stuff and just feeling good.

Oh, sweet is the melody, so hard to come by.
It's so hard to make every note bend just right.
You lay down the hours and leave not one trace,
But a tune for the dancing is there in it's place.

Oh, an arm's just an arm 'til it's wrapped 'round a shoulder;
Looped side by side they go stepping out together.
A note's just a note 'til you wake from your slumber,
And dare to discover the new melody.

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Ooh, ooh.
Ooh ooh.