

The Negroes Were Dancing

John Hiatt

Little lover sittin' in the corner with a former member of the jets
He would write a letter to the editor about the little holes in her dress
She said Oh, I'm so bored
He said Oh, tell me more

She popped him on the dick until he got a little bigger then she just blew up
She grabbed him by the liver put his hands on her hips, said push my luck
He said Oh, I'm so scared
She said Oh, I don't care

Just then the negros were dancing
Just then backup singers backed up
Just then the beat was entrancin'
Just then the negros were dancin'

A former member lit a cigarette said I bet you never get too much
Little lover hit him on the shoulder, said you caught him that's I touch
He said Oh, I confess
She said Oh, I'm not impressed

They gathered up all the fingerprints and put splints on all the broken bones
A former member lover to discover seven more overtones
He said Oh, my dear
She said Oh, touch me here