

Dance, Dance, Dance

Lykke Li

Having troubles telling how I feel
But I can dance, dance, dance
Couldn't possibly tell you how I mean
But I can dance, dance, dance

So when I trip on my feet
Look at the beat
It was all written in the sand
When I'm shaking my hips
Look for the swing
It was all written in the air

Oh, dance
I was a dancer all along
Dance, dance, dance
Words can never make up for what you do

Easy conversations, no such thing
No, I'm shy, shy, shy
My hips, they lie 'cause in reality, aye
I'm shy, shy, shy

But when I trip on my feet
Look at the ground
The words are written in the dust
When I'm shaking my hips
Look for the swing
The words are written in the air

Oh, dance
I was a dancer all along
Dance, dance, dance
Words can never make up for what you do

Oh, dance
I was a dancer all along
Dance, dance, dance
Words can never make up for what you do

Dance, dance, dance
Oh, I was a dancer all along
Dance, dance, dance
Words can never make up for what you do

Dance, dance, dance, dance
Dance, dance, dance, dance
Dance, dance, dance, dance
(I was a dancer all along)
Dance, dance, dance, dance
(No, words can never make up for what you do)

Dance, dance, dance, dance
Dance, dance, dance, dance
Dance, dance, dance