

# 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