

Come Dance with Me

Michael Bublé

Hey there, cutes
Put on your dancing boots
And come dance with me!
Come dance with me,
What an evening for
Some Terpsichore!

Pretty face,
I know a swinging place
Come on, dance with me!
Romance with me on a crowded floor!

And while the rhythm swings,
What lovely things we'll be saying!
And what is dancing but making love,
Set the music playing.

When the band
Begins to leave the stand
And folks start to roam,
As we wing home,
Cheek to cheek we'll be

So come on, come on, come on, come on and dance with me!

Hey there, sweets,
Throw on those Latin cleats
And come dance with me!
What I mean is come on and my let's cha-cha-cha!

And leave your sweat
And do the bongo bit
Come on, dance with me!
Romance with me
Ooh, la, la, la, la

I don't care what it has,
'Cause that jabon jazz makes me move it!
And we charade when the band starts to groove it,
They groove it!

Come on by,
'Cause we're all set to fly
And I'll let you lead
If that's agreed,
You'll know where I'll be!

So come on, come on, come on
Come on, come on, come on
Come on, come on, come on, come and dance with me!

I'll do the cha-cha-cha,
Ooh, the merengue
We'll grow the tango
Come on and dance with me!