

Demons In Her Dancing Shoes

Richard Thompson

Don't go walking down Chapel Street
Down Chapel Street they'll jump you
Cut your throat as soon as give you the eye

Those wholesome girls down Chapel Street
They need some place to move their feet
Before they soothe you with a lullaby

At Bridie's place the music's loud
And there's my angel in the crowd

Well, she's the kind of squeeze
That you can't refuse
Bedroom eyes and demons
In her dancing shoes

She's the kind of tease
That means good news
Bedroom eyes and demons
In her dancing shoes

On Chapel Street the totters' carts
Cry, old rags and lumber
People gassing like the Tower of Babel

On Chapel Street there's coffee bars
Where the villains meet the stars
And money's changing hands under the table

We're gonna dance till they shut the door
'Til they clear the floor, 'til they beg for more

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That you can't refuse
Bedroom eyes and demons
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My girl, she's a piece of work
She finally got my number
Loves those cast-offs and those hand-me-downs

Dresses like a bride-to-be
From some other century
Stylish rags and ripped up wedding gowns

But you don't have to face the mess
When every day is fancy dress

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She's the kind of tease
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Bedroom eyes and demons
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Gonna dance, dance, dance, dance
Gonna dance, dance, dance, dance
Gonna dance, dance, dance, dance
Gonna dance, dance, dance, dance

Let 's dance