

The Dancer

Rick Wakeman

The tension is there in the hall as they stand
Soon the dancing will start
To square old Syd Watter's band

Anticipation is calm, mainly under the arm
As they wait for the dancing to start

Slow, slow, quick, quick, slow
There's a plumber from Hackney with a hooker from Bow
Slow, slow, quick, quick, slow
What once held up high I'm afraid now hangs down low

The costumes are strange just like the people inside
Some men four foot six tall, some women four foot six wide
Still the floor's reinforced for the onslaught to come
As they wait for the dancing to start

Slow, slow, quick, quick, slow
Yes they glide round the floor just like hippos in snow
Quick, quick, slow, slow, quick
Here's the Irish contestants, yes it's Doreen and Mick

They each have a number so it's easy to spot
Those who can tango and those who cannot
With their arms in the air and their legs wide apart
They prepare for the dancing to start

Good lord a couple out there are really having a go
He's turned upside down, their bodies now intertwined
What's their number, ay yes, sixty-nine

And Doris there who makes all her own clothes
Unfortunately it's Sydney who's wearing them

Formation teams in a line
Some full of hope and some full of wine
You know the reason why they're there more or less
And their idol's dress

And our solo tenor saxophonist has done for music
What Walt Disney has done for blue movies
Slow, slow, quick, quick, slow

Everyone's eyes are on the big silver cup
Come in number seven, 'cos your time is up
It must please one couple out there on their own
'Cos everyone else has gone home