

Spanish Dancer

Rodney Crowell

Oh mama, there's this Spanish dancer
Who steps I follow when he comes near
The red dress of temptation over a long black slip of fear
Will I fall beneath the shadow of some broken cross?
My arms empty and all my treasures lost

Still like that Spanish dancer I
Throw my roses down for him
Across these beds of darkness he
Opens his arms and gathers them in

Oh mama, the bridges are burning
Over a river black and cold
But I walked when love commanded me
Up to the edges of his soul
But I'm still frightened of that dirty light
Will I gain entrance or be denied?

Still like that Spanish dancer I
Throw my roses down for him
Across these beds of darkness he
Opens his arms and gathers them in

Oh mama when you were younger
Did you ever love a man so much?
As if he was some fantastic jewel
You should never be worried

But all those illusions dip and fall
And he's just a man after all

Still like that Spanish dancer I
Throw my roses down for him
Across these beds of darkness he
Opens his arms and gathers them in

Just like that Spanish dancer I
Just like that Spanish dancer I
Just like that Spanish dancer I
Throw my roses down for him