

Slow Dance

Southside Johnny & The Asbury Jukes

A warm breeze drifts across the window sill
As moonlight slants through a night so still
Oh I have held you in my dreams
And how real it always seems

You're standing barefoot in a white cotton dress
As music murmurs softly in a sweet caress
But if you'll take my hand we'll see
Just how real a dream can be
It all can be

Slow dancing on the edge of heart
Slow dancing adrift in the dark
Hair brushes cheek
Lips touch
Eyes glance
Slow dance

Now we're both bathed in the warmth of the wine
A smoky voice urges "Baby, baby be mine"
As the nightbirds fill the air
With a song two hearts can share
As if in a dream we float across the room
Drunk on the scent of a subtle perfume
Then from the garden floats our way
As if the world conspires to say
Say, yea

Slow dancing on the edge of a heart
Slow dancing adrift in the dark
Hair brushes cheek
Lips touch
Eyes glance
Slow dance
Slow dance

We're slow dancing on the edge of a heart
Slow dancing adrift in the dark
Hair brushes cheek
Lips touch
Eyes glance
Slow dance
Slow dance