

# After The Ball

Van Dyke Parks

You light on my feet  
Fine and so fleet  
So indiscreet  
We should meet around midnight  
You may be insincere  
You whisper in my ear  
Some words that may be unclear  
But they sound so right

And my head begins to spin  
When my heart says it's a sin  
Never let the dance begin  
Once again to begin

You have your way with the women  
You who captivate with your rhythm  
I can't quite forget or forgive them

I'm not just a doll built for the ball  
After I fall dancing is all you may recall  
After the ball

I remember well elegant swell  
The spell you weave very well in the moonlight  
Every move you make  
Your flashing eyes would break  
The hardest heart in Atlanta it just ain't right.

You, a master of the game  
Me a moth and you a flame  
You don't even know my name  
Just a dame  
All the same

You have your way with the women  
You who captivate with your rhythm  
I can't quite forget or forgive them

So do your worst  
You'll be my first  
At last in love I'm lost and long to care

Free from it all  
Fated to fall  
My femme fatale  
Always on call  
Winsome withal  
After the ball