

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