

Dancing Girls

Whitesnake

I don't need a doctor, I don't need a priest,
I don't need no superstitious cures for my release
I'm flesh an' blood, skin an' bone
A little petticoat company can't get me stoned

So just gimme the night,
Skin it back to the bone,
Turn on the spotlight

C'mon, bring on the dancing girls,
Bring on the dancing girls,
Bring on the dancing girls
You can dance, dance,
Dance for me,
Dance for your daddy all night...

I got a one track notion on a feminine squeeze,
A sackfull of love an' a mindful of fantasies
A midnight rider on a stallion steam,
I got an old man's weakness hanging on a young man's dream

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