

*D*

Having troubles telling how I feel

*G*

But I can dance, dance, dance

*D*

Couldn't possibly tell you how I mean

*G*

But I can dance, dance, dance

*D*

So when I trip on my feet

Look at the beat

*G*

The words are, written in the sand

*D*

When I'm shaking my hips

Look for the swing

*G*

The words are written in the air

*D*

Dance,

*G*

I was a dancer all along

*D*

Dance, dance, dance

*G*

Words can never make up for what you do

Easy conversations, there's no such thing

No I'm shy, shy, shy

My hips they lie 'cause in reality I'm shy, shy, shy

But when I trip on my feet

Look at the ground

The words are written in the dust

When I'm shaking my hips

Look for the swing

The words are written in the air

Dance,

I was a dancer all along

Dance, dance, dance

Words can never make up for what you do

Dance, dance, dance