

Everyone can hear the music  
You can taste the mood of the wine  
Getting high on the beer and the atmosphere of a good time  
You can hear everyone laughing  
Like they've got something to share  
Cigarette smoke and bad jokes hang in the air

But Ginnie doesn't hear it  
I wonder does she realize  
She's sitting there with that faraway look in her eyes  
Where she goes, she doesn't say  
But she'll leave you way behind  
Going nowhere, soon, she'll be somewhere else in her mind

But if the music is right  
And the rhythm is light  
Ginnie will dance the jig tonight

Soon we'll all be singing  
The chorus from some old song  
Guitars, fiddles, everything playing along  
We'll all be hitting the high note  
When the piano begins to play  
All those songs we hate, but we sing them anyway

But Ginnie doesn't hear it  
It's that moment when she goes  
Some place in her mind nobody knows  
Her laughter's gone, her smile is faded  
She loses it all and then  
That something forgotten comes back now and again

But if the music is right  
And the rhythm is light  
Ginnie will dance the jig tonight

There are people talking everywhere  
But Ginnie's all alone  
She's locked up in that little world of her own  
You can look into her eyes  
But there's something you won't see  
A forgotten moment of some old memory

But if the music is right  
And the rhythm is light  
Ginnie will dance the jig tonight  
Ginnie will dance the jig tonight