

When The Dancer You Have Loved Walks Out The Door

Secret Service

It was a simple story
Of provocation
No claim of fame no glory
Just aggravation
That might be an answer
Fading away
Running like a shadow
Wanting to stay
Oh-oh
It was a simple story

Burning hot and learning
When you tip toe cross the floor
It's hard to face the music
When the dancer you have loved
Walks out the door
Burning hot and learning
Like I frozen picture frame
No one else can help me stop the pain

There's not a hint of Christie
No investigation
At times my mind goes misty
To much sedation
All that midnight phantoms
Sharing my bed
Mixing up the reasons Inside my head
Oh-oh
It was a simple story

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