

I Can't Dance To That Music Your Playin'

Tina Charles

Little Babe
I wanna tell you what's exactly on my mind
I will stay at home another night
While you're out makin' time
I'm well aware of where you go
And every girl you see
Cause whenever I confine you, boy
The phone begins to ring

I can't dance to the music you're playin'
Stop, think it over
And rewrite the tune
I can't dance to the music you're playin'
You better get yourself together
You'd better do it soon

Last Friday night the phone rang
You said it was little Joe
He had a one night stand to play
Down on cottage road
And you went down prepared to play
You weren't playin' with no band
Cause your sax was here at home all night
Behind your music stand

I can't dance , I can't dance
I can't dance to what you're singin'
I can't dance to what you're playin'

Now if you really love me
Then unpack your bags and stay
Don't tell me you got to think it over
Got to get away
I've taken all the medicine of yours
That I can't stand
Got to please change the description
Or I'll find another man