

And They Danced

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In a small Midwest town, in the house we called home, a long time ago
At the end of the day, round the table we'd pray, "Thank you for this day"
Dad would tell us his stories of war and hard times in a land far away
When the table was cleared dad took mom in his arms and the music would play
And they danced

Danced for love, danced for joy
Sang along with the tune as they'd twirl and sway
Round the room, through the chairs
Dancing under the stairs
Like a Fred and Ginger romance
They danced

He worked hard, that old Ford station wagon saw highways so far from home
Working so many hours, come rain or come shine, on the road all alone,
He'd come back to us tired, with a sigh and a smile, say how much we'd grown
And never too tired, at day's end to take mom in his arms, as his own
And they danced

Danced for love, danced for joy
Sang along with the tune, let us all dance along
Round the room, through the chairs
Dancing under the stairs
Like a Fred and Ginger romance
They danced

The days seem so long, all these years since he's gone,
And my steps have slowed too, with time
It's white hair I see staring back at me, and a face with too many lines
But when music plays I feel his arms 'round me again,
Like the days way back then, when he danced

Like him I put my arms round my daughters, granddaughters and move round the floor
Sing along with the music, just like he'd held mom closer, just one time more
And we danced

Danced for love, danced for joy
Sang along with the songs as we'd twirl and sway
Round the room, through the chairs
Dancing under the stairs
Like a Fred and Ginger romance
We danced, we danced, we danced