**I Came for a Dance**
*by Nancy McCallion*

When I was young
A quarter to one
Didn’t mean very much at all
I might stay out
I might go to bed
I might just stare at the wall
Young girls in good clothes
Don’t come here no more
With their skirts cut down below their knees
I wouldn’t a done it when I was young
But now I do what I please

And I came for a dance and a drink or two
What is your name and how do you do
Evening there missy and are you alone
Well I would be if I was at home

I think you could be
For maybe one night at a time
And I know frustration is up there with passion
If you talk of things of that king
And a chance encounter
Not wholly by chance
For some is a reason for living
Just like religion
Just like hard work
just like that stuff that you’re drinking

chorus

When I was young
A quarter to one
Didn’t mean very much at all
And if I grow old
Someday I may rue
The loss of a dream soft and pretty
But they couldn’t scare me with the fires of hell
And you can’t scare me with pity

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