**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  
  
  
*Copyright 1997, from Hat Trick, by The Mollys*