**I Want to Polka**
Nancy McCallion

And now that you have gone from me and broke my faithless heart
Every second is an hour and an hour’s but a start
Of day and weeks and months and years of sorrow and regret
Oh what a wicked thing to do to someone you just met

Oh but I want to polka for a song an hour a day
I want to polka I would have my way
In a car, on the road, in a back room
No past   K sorrow bemoan
I dream and when I dream I dream of polka
But nobody polka’s alone

Now there’s an abattuta in this off beat of a dream
And then you had to flat the third and darken the whole scene
And then commenced the talk talk talk and who would say the say
Come back to me my oom pah pah we’ve still one song to play

For every hope that’s lowered down without a wreath or tear
Is a woman with a shopping cart piled high and in high heels
And when she’s near so dressed so dear so more than you can stand
Mind the left feet lover boy and likewise mind the band because

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