**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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