

Dancing On The Pier (P. Simmonds)

Pick me up at Seven O'Clock
Down by the harbour lights
We're crammed in on the back seat
Like a case of dynamite
We're headed for the dockside
To drown the working blues
In noisy bars and custom cars
And blue suede dancing shoes

Dancing on the pier!
Seven O'Clock till Two!
Kissing in the shadows
Of the avenue
Dancing on the pier!
Start the weekend here!
Friday best, no casual dress
And bring your dancing shoes

There's money in my pocket
A pound for a pound of sweat
But the clock in at the shipyard
Hasn't pinned my balls up yet!
So I'm whirling like a dervish
On this Mecca ballroom floor
My mother met my father here
In Nineteen Fifty Four

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Outside the ships are leaving
Like palaces of light
The dockyard horns are sounding out
Their sirens in the night
But back inside the ballroom
Where the bright light music plays
I'm sweating up my troubles
Like the dirt of a working day

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