Ballad of Dancing Doreen, The
by Ralph McTell

See how the lady moves so gracefully across the dance hall floor.
All eyes upon the two thousand hand-sewn sequins on the gown she wore
She not only moves, but she looks like a queen
Making up for the evenings at home that she spent with her sewing machine.

Brian's a postman by day but tonight he is a king.
Lovely Doreen in his arms and no one will notice him.
Only the lady turning her head once more smiles for the judges,
Hopes that they give her the highest score.

Brian's hair shining, just like his patent leather, potent lover shoes.
Lovely Doreen in his arms how could they lose
And after each dance she prettily curtseys
Into the quicksteps, the tangos, the fox trots, the waltzes.

Wheeling and spinning, weaving and turning the evening is closing
In a few minutes now they'll hear the name of the winners
That the judges have chosen,
But her name wasn't called and Brian fought back his tears.
Doreen didn't move, she just sat there, smiling she did not hear.

And long after all the other dancers had gone home,
Out on the dance floor Doreen was dancing alone.
And Doreen was dancing when they called the management.
Doreen was dancing when he called the doctor.
Doreen was dancing when they called the ambulance.
Doreen was dancing and no one could stop her...
Dancing.