

2. *D.S. al Coda* \oplus CODA D

This thing—

Bb C D *Fade*

Cra-zy lit-tle thing called love.—

DANCER

Words and Music by
BRIAN MAY

E

1. I'm not in-vi-ted to the par-ty—
2. — been sit-ting here all night.

E

I'm all a-lone at the par-ty—

A A#

I don't feel all right.

Bb

Ain't got no black coat

ain't got no tie

I got-ta shape up now

come on ba-by you bet-ter know

E

why.— Take off!

D/E E G/E E

Danc-er— Danc-er— I can't

A

live with it — I'm gon-na die with-out — it.

D/E E G/E E

Danc-er — Danc-er —

A

ain't no doubt a-bout — it.

D/E E G/E E

Danc-er — danc-er — why don't you

A

kick off your danc-ing shoes — and come a

B

long with me? — 1. —

Cool

2. *D.S. al Coda* \oplus CODA D E G E

Hot space let's go! Dancer dancer we got

bring out the funk and dance the night — a-way
bul-ly
(Vocals ad lib.)
D/E E G/E E A *Fade*

Danc-er — danc-er —

2. You're the life and soul of the funk-tion
It took me all night
To get hold of the right introduction
Blew me out of sight
I taste your lipstick
I look in your eyes
You feel fantastic
My body cries

§ Dancer dancer
I can't believe your dancing
Dancer dancer
Can't take you home
I can't take you dancing
Dancer dancer
Bring out the funk and dance the night away
Dancer dancer
We got bully
Dancer dancer