

# Last Dance

By Dorothy Alves Holmes – 1<sup>st</sup> Place and Richard V. Bailey Humor award

Now I was minding my own particular business  
When this stranger put his eyes on me...  
I says, 'cool it fellow because I'm not free! '  
'That's my man leaning in the corner and looking mean,  
And if you don't put your eyes on someone else  
He is going to make a scene.'

This guy was bold and asked me to dance just the same,  
And whispered sweetly, 'Girl tell me what's your name? '  
We whirled around that dance hall floor  
This stranger breathing hard in my ear  
I didn't mention my man again, I could see  
He didn't care!

He said, 'Now between us girl is some serious chemistry,  
So tell that dude glaring in the corner that you  
Are going to leave with me! '

I was getting nervous and he was flashing a  
'Jimmy Carter' smile  
And I tell you it was hard to remember that  
This stranger was not my style!

I forgot myself for a moment  
And was looking deep into his dark brown eyes  
Ohhh when his lips brushed my cheek  
The flush on my face could not be disquised...

Then suddenly I felt a hard tap on my back,  
And my friend from the corner inquired as to why  
We were still dancing during the comedy act!

Oh how I wanted the floor to open  
So I could disappear  
Just like that stranger did  
When he left me standing there!

It has been years since it happened  
But I still think about that night when  
He put his big brown eyes on me.  
You know, he should have waited...  
Because when the dance was over  
I was free!