

Dancing with Jesse

When I was a little girl in my stockinged feet,
I'd stand on the toes of your black working shoes.
While you'd waltz me around the floor, counting the beats --
My first dancing lesson in the living room.

Dancing with Jesse and hardly a care
The dance only fathers and daughters can share
Dancing with Jesse who held me while I
Took the first steps of the dance that is life.

In satin and tails round the dance floor we moved
On the day that I became your bride.
You had his name, and Dad would have approved
'Cause I only stepped on your feet a few times.

Dancing with Jesse and both a bit scared
The first dance of many that we since have shared
Dancing with Jesse as husband and wife
Learning together the dance that is life.

Now I hold you in my arms high off the floor
And sing you the lullabies your grandpa taught me
Your eyes finally close and I slip out the door
And wonder just what kind of dancer you'll be.

Dancing with Jesse's a lot like a prayer
The dance only mothers and their sons can share
Dancing with Jesse I promise that I'll
Teach you all I know of the dance that is life.

Dancing with Jesse it's always the same
The sweet melody of that old family name
Dancing with Jesse song after song
The steps they may change but the dance,
It goes on and on and on and on and on.

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