

Dancing Sally

Words and Music by Roger Deitz

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Dancing Sally, the poor half-Indian
Worked the shoe factory by day.
On a big, hot, dumb machine
For just a little bit of pay.

Sometimes she'd think so little
That she wouldn't think at all.
And she'd wake up in a pile of shoes
When the evening spirit called . . . That's when (Chorus)

Chorus:
She'd dance by the moonlight
Kick off her shoes and fly,
And she'd turn and she'd whirl
Till she almost reached the sky.

Then she'd laugh at the moon
Until it made her cry,
Dancing Sally found a better way to die.

She hoped to study dancing
Like the kids who take ballet,
But the teachers only laughed and said
"Indians don't dance that way."

So now she dances in the moonlight
Where no other eye can see,
In a lot behind the factory
Beneath a weeping willow tree . . . It's there (Chorus)

One hundred shoes an hour,
A thousand shoes a day.
Lots of white folks out there walking,
Even more of them at play.

Some day she'd kick her shoes off
And she'd never work again,
She'd dance into the next world
Things would be much better then . . . (Chorus)