

# I CAN'T DANCE

WORDS & MUSIC BY TONY BANKS, PHIL COLLINS & MIKE RUTHERFORD

♩ = 106

A<sup>b</sup>no3rd fr<sup>4</sup>
B<sup>b</sup>no3rd
A<sup>b</sup>no3rd fr<sup>4</sup>
B<sup>b</sup>no3rd
A<sup>b</sup>no3rd fr<sup>4</sup>
B<sup>b</sup>no3rd
A<sup>b</sup>no3rd fr<sup>4</sup>

D<sup>b</sup>no3rd
E<sup>b</sup>no3rd fr<sup>3</sup>
B<sup>b</sup>no3rd
A<sup>b</sup>no3rd fr<sup>4</sup>
B<sup>b</sup>no3rd
A<sup>b</sup>no3rd fr<sup>4</sup>

1. Hot sun, beat - ing down, burn -

*See block lyrics for Verses 2&3*

B<sup>b</sup>no3rd
A<sup>b</sup>no3rd fr<sup>4</sup>
D<sup>b</sup>no3rd
E<sup>b</sup>no3rd fr<sup>3</sup>
B<sup>b</sup>no3rd

- ing my feet just walk - ing a - round. Hot sun,

© COPYRIGHT 1991 ANTHONY BANKS LIMITED / PHILIP COLLINS LIMITED /  
 MICHAEL RUTHERFORD LIMITED / HIT & RUN MUSIC (PUBLISHING) LIMITED, 25 IVES STREET, LONDON SW3.  
 ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

A<sup>b</sup>no3rd    B<sup>b</sup>no3rd            A<sup>b</sup>no3rd    B<sup>b</sup>no3rd            A<sup>b</sup>no3rd    D<sup>b</sup>no3rd    E<sup>b</sup>no3rd  
 fr<sup>4</sup>    x x x x    x x x x            fr<sup>4</sup>    x x x x    x x x x            fr<sup>4</sup>    x x x x    x x x x    fr<sup>3</sup>    x x x x

mak - ing me sweat, — 'gat - or's get - ting close, has - n't got — me yet. — I —

CHORUS

B<sup>b</sup>no3rd                            A<sup>b</sup>no3rd    B<sup>b</sup>no3rd            A<sup>b</sup>no3rd    B<sup>b</sup>no3rd                            A<sup>b</sup>no3rd  
 x x x x                            fr<sup>4</sup>    x x x x    x x x x            fr<sup>4</sup>    x x x x    x x x x                            fr<sup>4</sup>    x x x x

— can't dance, I — can't talk, the on - ly thing a - bout me is the

D<sup>b</sup>no3rd    E<sup>b</sup>no3rd                            B<sup>b</sup>no3rd                            A<sup>b</sup>no3rd    B<sup>b</sup>no3rd                            A<sup>b</sup>no3rd  
 x x x x    fr<sup>3</sup>    x x x x                            x x x x                            fr<sup>4</sup>    x x x x    x x x x                            fr<sup>4</sup>    x x x x

way — I walk. — I — can't dance, I — can't sing, I'm —

1.

B<sup>b</sup>no3rd  
E<sup>b</sup>no3rd  
A<sup>b</sup>no3rd  
E<sup>b</sup>no3rd  
A<sup>b</sup>no3rd  
B<sup>b</sup>no3rd

— just stand - ing here sel - ling ev - ery - thing. —

2,3.

A<sup>b</sup>no3rd  
B<sup>b</sup>no3rd  
E<sup>b</sup>  
A<sup>b</sup>  
E<sup>b</sup>  
A<sup>b</sup>  
E<sup>b</sup>

— just stand - ing here sell - ing. Oh, and check -

1.

G<sup>b</sup>  
Fm  
E<sup>b</sup>

- ing ev - ery - thing is in place, you ne - ver know who's — look - ing on.

B $\flat$  no3rd A $\flat$  no3rd B $\flat$  no3rd A $\flat$  no3rd

fr4 fr4 fr4

B $\flat$  no3rd A $\flat$  no3rd D $\flat$  no3rd E $\flat$  no3rd 2.

fr4 fr4 fr3

know who's look - ing on.

D $\flat$  C $\flat$

A per - fect bo - dy, with a per - fect face.

A<sup>b</sup> fr<sup>4</sup> B<sup>b</sup> no 3rd

A<sup>b</sup> no 3rd B<sup>b</sup> no 3rd A<sup>b</sup> no 3rd B<sup>b</sup> no 3rd A<sup>b</sup> no 3rd D<sup>b</sup> no 3rd E<sup>b</sup> no 3rd

Now, I

B<sup>b</sup> no 3rd A<sup>b</sup> no 3rd B<sup>b</sup> no 3rd A<sup>b</sup> no 3rd B<sup>b</sup> no 3rd A<sup>b</sup> no 3rd

can't dance, I can't talk, the on - ly thing a - bout me is the

D<sup>b</sup> no 3rd E<sup>b</sup> no 3rd B<sup>b</sup> no 3rd A<sup>b</sup> no 3rd B<sup>b</sup> no 3rd A<sup>b</sup> no 3rd

way I walk. No, I can't dance, I can't sing, I'm

B $\flat$ no3rd  
x x x

A $\flat$ no3rd fr<sup>4</sup> x x x x

D $\flat$ no3rd x x x

E $\flat$ no3rd fr<sup>3</sup> x x x

B $\flat$ no3rd x x x

— just stand - ing here sell - ing — ev - e - ry - thing. —

*Ad Libs to Fade*

A $\flat$ no3rd fr<sup>4</sup> x x x x

B $\flat$ no3rd x x x x

A $\flat$ no3rd fr<sup>4</sup> x x x x

B $\flat$ no3rd x x x x

A $\flat$ no3rd fr<sup>4</sup> x x x x

D $\flat$ no3rd x x x x

E $\flat$ no3rd fr<sup>3</sup> x x x x

Verse 2:  
 Blue jeans sitting on the beach,  
 Her dog's talking to me but she's out of reach.  
 She's got a body under that shirt,  
 But all she wants to do is rub my face in the dirt.  
 'Cos...

Verse 3:  
 Young punk spilling beer on my shoes,  
 Fat guy's talking to me trying to steal my blues.  
 Thick smoke, see her shining through,  
 I never thought so much could happen just shooting pool.  
 But...