

Still We Will Dance

It starts out unexpectedly; the catching of an eye;
A simple question posed by one, the other's quick reply.
You'll never guess how much can change, from just that first glance—
A seed is planted with the words, "May I have this dance."

The seasons turn, the years go by, and so we dance along;
Sometimes the rhythm's hard to find, sometimes the beat is strong.
The steps may change, the tempo slow, by choice or by chance;
We may not know what lies ahead, but still we will dance.

In early days, it's hard to know just where a dance might go.
Though tempted to rush through the steps, we keep the rhythm slow.
The future calls, we both agree that we'll take the chance
And promise to be partners for a lifetime of dance.

A partnership must be a dance in order to succeed.
Sometimes I slip, you hold me up, sometimes I take the lead.
If, through whatever time we have that good fortune grants,
We move together, not against, we can't help but dance.

A dance may be a waltz or jig, or something like a walk.
As we grow old, it may just be the times we sit and talk.
The dance evolves; it doesn't mean the end of romance—
We carry on, in our own way, continue to dance.

Life has a rhythm all its own, in all the tunes it plays,
The opportunities to dance a constant through our days.
To live a life that satisfies, fulfills, and enchants,
Just listen for the music and remember to dance.

Words and music by Lynn Arnold

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