A CA-G-0-67 And And Six months at my new flat in the Sity.

It seemed a pity, I'd moved in these at Elail.

Ev'ry word, could be heard, through the ceffing

The paint was pealing, upon the bathroom A wall.

Up above lived a lovely young creature.
A dancing teacher, who's breath case in short pasts,

She would reverberate and the ceiling F# wibrate,

As she synchronised her latin ballroom dance. (A Ab G)

Every Monday she would do the tango

Tuesday she would che che che all fay.

Bb
We'n'sday was reserved for the fandango.

G- Re G- A

And I could hear her shouling our "Ole!"..(Ole!...Ole)

It was bad, and I had, palpitations
'Gos her vibrations, were sanding me

As she swayed, as she played, her marages she drove me crackers, I couldn't stand the pain,

And the cat, who was fat, got much thinner.

He left his dinner, and hid beneath the bed,

And the Earth seemed to quake as her girth made it shake.

And the plaster started falling on my head. (AAVG)

Thursday she would do the Rumba.

Would shudder under my duvet.

Ev'ry movement echoed through my

Slumber, P'

Above me, the ceiling lights would sway,

I went there, to that fair, senorita, so I'd entreat her, to end the whole affair,

But my eyes, caught the size, of her mother,

Likewise her brother, I gave up in despair,

That's When I, ceased to try, to resist

Now I assist her, I go up ev'ry day,

And I dence in her flat, in tight pants and a hat,

While her mother and her brother shout

Triday we both practise the Lambada, It all helps to pass the time away,

While mother brings tortillas from the lerder, pr

on Saturday we Passa Doble, ole, ole, ole