

The Dancing Teacher

By Patrick Faux Chadwick

A (A-G-D-B) A maj7 A  
Six months at, my new flat, in the city,  
It seemed a pity, I'd moved in there at  
E7  
all,  
Ev'ry word, could be heard, through the  
G6  
ceiling  
E7  
The paint was peeling, upon the bathroom  
A  
wall,  
Up above, lived a lovely young creature,  
A maj7 A  
A dancing teacher, who's breath came in  
BM  
short pants,  
she would reverberate and the ceiling  
A  
vibrate,  
F#  
As she synchronised her latin ballroom  
B E7  
dance. (A Ab G)  
A

F C7  
Every Monday she would do the tango  
Bb  
Tuesday she would cha cha cha all day  
A  
Bb F D7  
We'n'sday was reserved for the fandango  
G F G A  
And I could hear her shouting out "Olé!..(Olé!..Olé!)



I went there, to that fair, <sup>A</sup> <sup>Am7</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>E7</sup>  
senorita,  
So I'd entreat her, to end the whole  
affair,

But my eyes, caught the size, <sup>G°</sup>  
of her  
mother, <sup>E7</sup>

Likewise her brother, I gave up in  
despair, <sup>A1</sup>

That's when I, <sup>Am7</sup> <sup>A</sup>  
ceased to try, to resist  
her,

Now I assist her, <sup>Bm</sup> I go up ev'ry day,  
And I dance in her flat, in tight pants <sup>A</sup>  
and a hat, <sup>F#</sup>

While her mother and her brother shout <sup>B</sup> <sup>E7</sup>  
"Ole!" <sup>A</sup> (A Ab G)

Friday we both practise the Lambada, <sup>F</sup> <sup>C7</sup>  
It all helps to pass the time away, <sup>Bb</sup> <sup>A</sup>  
<sup>Bb</sup>

While mother brings tortillas from the  
larder, <sup>F</sup> <sup>D7</sup>

On Saturday we Passa Doble, <sup>G</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
ole, ole, OLE  
<sup>D</sup> - <sup>C</sup> - <sup>G</sup> - <sup>A</sup> - <sup>A</sup> - <sup>D</sup>