

## **Why Don't You Dance?**

(Version #1)

Such a tall slender figure, let me be proud of it  
O rose of the garden of desires, let me be proud of you

The flirt in your eyes, in your moves, steals everyone's heart  
Leaves me fascinated  
Why don't you dance?  
Your golden hair, that to die for figure  
Instigates a frenzy  
Why don't you dance?

Such a tall slender figure, let me be proud of it  
O rose of the garden of desires, let me be proud of you

O naughty happy feet dancer, stop flirting, come  
O enchantress of dance and happy tunes  
O rose of love and purity, never leave our party  
You are more youthful than any flirty flower

Such a tall slender figure, let me be proud of it  
O rose of the garden of desires, let me be proud of you

And when you dance, O enchantress, you leave my heart in ruins  
As you strut upon the stage, desire torches my heart, my soul  
As you escape my sight, O fairy one, are you just a dream?  
Just a strut doesn't hurt, O the one sweeter of the hope of having you

Such a tall slender figure, let me be proud of it  
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Such a tall slender figure, let me be proud of it  
O rose of the garden of desires, let me be proud of you  
(x2)

## **Why Don't You Dance?**

(Version #2)

Let me worship your beauty and grace  
Let me worship you, the (most beautiful) flower in the garden of desire  
You charm everyone with your coquettishness  
You (even enchant me and) make me insane  
Why don't you dance?

You, with your (blond) golden hair and your sublime beauty and grace,  
set the world on fire  
Why don't you dance?

You're the one who dances like a wind, don't just tease, come  
You're an enchantress when it comes to dancing and singing  
You're the rose of love, don't leave our gathering  
You're fresher than any beautiful blossom

If you dance, you alluring one, you will capture my heart  
If you move with desire (and seductiveness), you will set the fire of temptation on my heart and soul  
Why do you withhold your eyes from meeting my eyes? Are you a dream, you divine beauty?  
Why don't you move with seductiveness? you're (even) sweeter than the sweetness of (the moment of) reunion