

Blondie Goes Latin

Blondie moves in syncopation
Down the street.
Smiling for everyone,
She looks so sweet.
From the hot summer day in the city,
She takes her energy.
Everybody turns a head to see.

She love that downtown
For the music that they play.
She don't care if she can't understand
A word the singers say.
Rumba-stepping down the sidewalk—
Boys want a pinch to see she's real,
But that red hot rhythm's all she feels—
It makes her squeal!

Blondie goes Latin
Every time she feels that beat.
She don't know what's happ'ning—
Head loses control of feet.
Captured by the rhythm—
All the chills run down her spine—
Someday I'll make that Blondie mine.

But she never learned to tango right—
You cannot do that dance when you're alone at night!

Everybody knows people in love
Can tango fine,
So I'll invite her over
For some homemade mango wine.
I'll catch her in her weakest moment,
Turn the tango music on,
Then I'll take her in my arms and we'll be gone . . . long gone!

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Every time she feels that beat.
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Head loses control of feet.
Captured by the rhythm—
All the chills run down her spine—
Someday I'll make that Blondie mine.

Nashville, October 1983

Words & Music by Michael Cody