

Everybody's Dancing

A song by Peter Brunette

CHORUS: Everybody's dancing.
 Listen to the drums.
 Let the music move you
 Till the morning comes.
 Put your best foot forward.
 Let your hair hang low.
 Everybody's dancing
 To the zydeco.

1. In the clubs and bars and even in the street,
 Everybody's dancing to the Creole beat,
 Every son and daughter, every ma and pa.
 When they throw a party down in New Orleans,
 You can shake your booty with the kings and queens.
 Everybody's dancing at the Mardi Gras.

CHORUS

2. When the marching bands and all the floats go past,
 Everybody's dancing in a jester's mask,
 Even though on most days it's against the law.
 Now, there's folks dressed up for going to the ball,
 Others hardly wearing anything at all,
 But everybody's dancing at the Mardi Gras.

CHORUS

ENDING: Everybody's dancing
 To the zydeco.
 Everybody's dancing
 To the zydeco.