

The Saskatchewan Shuffle

A humorous ballad by Peter Brunette

1. One evening I said to my darling,
“Let’s go out and paint the town red,
’Cause I worked nine to five,
Now I just want to jive.”
And this is what my darling said:

She said, “Honey, I’m wild to go jiving,
But I gave away my dancing clothes.
You know I love you, Pete,
But you got two left feet.
I’m afraid that you’ll step on my toes.”

2. I said, “Babe, then let’s take a few lessons.”
“They ain’t no use to me,” she replied.
“I got talent to burn.
There ain’t much I can learn,
But I’ll tag along just for the ride.”

So we joined the jive class for beginners
At the rec center right down the street,
Walked in the door,
Took some turns round the floor,
And the dance teacher said to my sweet,

3. “Now, that’s the Saskatchewan shuffle.
It’s a cross ’tween a jig and a waltz.
But you never step back,
So—alas and alack!—
To call it the jive would be false.

“Yeah, that’s the Saskatchewan shuffle
That you learnt in some neighborhood dive,
And it looks like great fun,
But when all’s said and done,
It’s the shuffle—it sure ain’t the jive.”

4. My turtledove turned to the teacher,
Looked the poor man right square in the eyes,

As if to lay down the law,
And said, "Back in Moose Jaw,
At the jive contest I took first prize."

The teacher just stood there and sputtered,
"I don't know what you call it out West,
But just do as I say,
And six weeks from today
You'll be jiving along with the best."

5. Well, that was our first and last lesson,
And I didn't learn very much.
So when Fridays roll round,
We go out on the town
And we take in a movie or such.

But I'm fixing to say to my darling,
As soon as this workweek is through,
"Give me just one more chance,
'Cause I'm longing to dance
The Saskatchewan shuffle with you.

ENDING: "Give me just one more chance,
'Cause I'm longing to dance
The Saskatchewan shuffle with you.