**Renaissance**

David Bradstreet (as recorded by Valdy – Valdemar Horsdal - 1974)

**INTRO: / 1 2 3 / 1 2 3 /[D]/[D]/[D]/[D]/**

**[D]** I like the way that your hair falls away

When the **[D]** night brings a candle to **[Em]** you **[Em]**

And **[A7]** I like to stare as you come down the stair

And the **[A7]** light from the landing shines **[D]** through **[D]**

**[D]** How many fallen leaves will it take to believe

That **[D]** autumn has finally **[Em]** come **[Em]**

The **[A7]** weather’s grown colder, and we've both grown older

It's **[A7]** hard to believe we're still **[D]** one **[D]**

**CHORUS:**

**[G]** Let's dance that **[F#m]** old dance once more

We **[Em]** still move as smooth on the **[F#m]** old ballroom **[F#]** floor

**[G]** I'll wear my Sunday best **[F#m]** you wear your favourite dress

**[Em]** Lock up the door **[A7]↓** let’s dance that old dance once **[D]** more

**[D]/[D]/[D]/**

**[D]** You hung around, and kept my feet on the ground

When I **[D]** acted as proud as a **[Em]** fool **[Em]**

We were **[A7]** kids, and we've grown, we've got kids of our own

Got to **[A7]** raise by the old golden **[D]** rule **[D]**

But **[D]** somehow it seems, that some of our dreams

Got dis-**[D]**carded somewhere on the **[Em]** road **[Em]**

When **[A7]** all that was true could be found in the blue

Of your **[A7]** eyes that still sparkle and **[D]** glow **[D]**

**CHORUS:**

So **[G]** let's dance that **[F#m]** old dance once more

We **[Em]** still move as smooth on the **[F#m]** old ballroom **[F#]** floor

**[G]** I'll wear my Sunday best and **[F#m]** you wear your favourite dress

**[Em]** Lock up the door **[A7]↓** let’s dance that old dance once **[D]** more **[G]**

**[F#m]/[F#m]/[Em]/[Em]/[G]/[A7]**

The **[D]** Frost King has come, and with a flick of his thumb

Turned the **[D]** windows to Renaissance **[Em]** art **[Em]**

As we **[A7]** sit around the fire with no need to enquire

About the **[A7]** ways of the soul and the **[D]** heart **[D]**

**[D]** Years passed us by like a soft whispered sigh

Not **[D]** noticing youth as it **[Em]** flew **[Em]**

It's **[A7]** easy to tell that you wear your age well

Not **[A7]** trying to prove you're still **[D]** you **[D]**

**CHORUS:**

**[G]** Let's dance that **[F#m]** old dance once more

We **[Em]** still move as smooth on the **[F#m]** old ballroom **[F#]** floor

**[G]** I'll wear my Sunday best, and **[F#m]** you wear your favourite dress

**[Em]** Lock up the door, and **[A7]** let’s dance that old dance once **[D]** more **[G]**

**[F#m]/[F#m]/[Em]/[Em]/[G]/[A7]/[D]↓**



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