**Renaissance**

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

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

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

When the **[G]** night brings a candle to **[Am]** you **[Am]**

And **[D7]** I like to stare as you come down the stair

And the **[D7]** light from the landing shines **[G]** through **[G]**

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

That **[G]** autumn has finally **[Am]** come **[Am]**

The **[D7]** weather’s grown colder, and we've both grown older

It's **[D7]** hard to believe we're still **[G]** one **[G]**

**CHORUS:**

**[C]** Let's dance that **[Bm]** old dance once more

We **[Am]** still move as smooth on the **[Bm]** old ballroom **[B]** floor

**[C]** I'll wear my Sunday best **[Bm]** you wear your favourite dress

**[Am]** Lock up the door **[D7]↓** let’s dance that old dance once **[G]** more

**[G]/[G]/[G]/**

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

When I **[G]** acted as proud as a **[Am]** fool **[Am]**

We were **[D7]** kids, and we've grown, we've got kids of our own

Got to **[D7]** raise by the old golden **[G]** rule **[G]**

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

Got dis-**[G]**carded somewhere on the **[Am]** road **[Am]**

When **[D7]** all that was true could be found in the blue

Of your **[D7]** eyes that still sparkle and **[G]** glow **[G]**

**CHORUS:**

So **[C]** let's dance that **[Bm]** old dance once more

We **[Am]** still move as smooth on the **[Bm]** old ballroom **[B]** floor

**[C]** I'll wear my Sunday best and **[Bm]** you wear your favourite dress

**[Am]** Lock up the door **[D7]↓** let’s dance that old dance once **[G]** more **[C]**

**[Bm]/[Bm]/[Am]/[Am]/[C]/[D7]**

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

Turned the **[G]** windows to Renaissance **[Am]** art **[Am]**

As we **[D7]** sit around the fire with no need to enquire

About the **[D7]** ways of the soul and the **[G]** heart **[G]**

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

Not **[G]** noticing youth as it **[Am]** flew **[Am]**

It's **[D7]** easy to tell that you wear your age well

Not **[D7]** trying to prove you're still **[G]** you **[G]**

**CHORUS:**

**[C]** Let's dance that **[Bm]** old dance once more

We **[Am]** still move as smooth on the **[Bm]** old ballroom **[B]** floor

**[C]** I'll wear my Sunday best, and **[Bm]** you wear your favourite dress

**[Am]** Lock up the door, and **[D7]** let’s dance that old dance once **[G]** more **[C]**

**[Bm]/[Bm]/[Am]/[Am]/[C]/[D7]/[G]↓**

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