

Yorkshire Tap

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven
All at once in metric heaven;
Tippy tippy tip tap tip-tap-toe...
Form a line then turn and go
Round and back and front foot stamp
Mythic dance meets catwalk camp.
*Come and meet, those dancing feet,
On the avenue I'm taking you to
Forty-Second Street.*

- I'm sweating now and my calves ache.
- 'Ad no ideeah, such 'ard work laikin'.
- I'm tiring now, I need a break.
- Keep goin', 'old t'line an' ne'er mind fakin'.

Back street hooper, Ruby Keeler,
Ever see such a scene stealer?
Now you come, and now you go,
The walls resound with tip-tap-toe.

Warner Baxter's smoking well
One last hit then off to hell.
Actors, hoofers come and go,
Unified by tip-tap-toe.

Ginger R and Bebe D
Step aside for Ruby Kee:
- 'S okay kid, you'll go far:
Out a youngster; back a star!

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven
All at once in metric heaven;
Tippy tippy tip tap tip-tap-toe...
Work and sweat and make it so
Synchronised and into line
Heads up, eyes bright, doing fine.
*Hear the beat of dancing feet
It's the song I love the melody of
Forty-Second Street.*