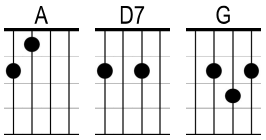
Stop Stop Stop

The Hollies



D7 | | |

D7 See the girl with cymbals on her fingers
| Entering through the door
| Ruby glistening from her navel
| Shimmering around the floor
| Bells on feet go ting-a-ling-a-linging
| Going through my head
| Sweat is falling just-a like-a tear drops
| Running from her head

D7 |

D7 Now she dancing, going through the movements
| Swaying to and fro
| Body moving, bringing back a memory
| Thoughts of long ago
| Blood is rushing, temperature is rising
| Sweating from my brow
| Like a snake, her body fascinates me
| I can't look away now

Chorus

G Stop, stop, stop all the dancing
A Give me time to breathe
G Stop, stop, stop all the dancing
A Or I'll have to leave

D7 |

D7 Now she's moving all around the tables
| Luring all in sight
| But I know that she cannot see me
| Hidden by the light
| Closer, closer she is getting nearer
| Soon she'll be in reach
| As I enter into a spotlight
| She stands lost for speech

Repeat Chorus

D7 | | | | | | |

Repeat Chorus

D7 Now I hold her, people are staring
| Don't know what to think
| And we struggle, knocking over tables
| Spilling all the drinks
| Can't they understand that I want her
| Happens every week
| Heavy hand upon my collar
| Throws me in the street

Repeat Chorus

D7 | | | **D7:-U**

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