

Dancing on the dotted line

When the last man stands, on the
war-torn sands

And looks up, to the blood-red sky

I know the music, that will touch his
ears

And bring a tear to his eye

I know the man, I understand

The one who writes these rhymes

Phil Lynott, he writes the songs

He writes the songs, he writes the
songs

'Cause he is the genius and the
player, dancing on the dotted line

Dancing on the dotted line, dancing
on the dotted line

Dancing on the dotted line

The king of rock, the man on
top

On the top of a mountain high

He rules the world, with the pen and
the paper

With a tear in his eye

I know the man, I understand

The one who writes these rhymes

Phil Lynott, he writes the songs

He writes the songs, he writes the
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'Cause he is the genius and the
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Dancing on the dotted line, dancing
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Dancing on the dotted line

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