

KEEP IT SIMPLE, STUPID  
ADVICE TO ALL TANGO LEADERS REMEMBER THE K.I.S.S. PRINCIPLE

Keep it simple, stupid,  
Is what I always say,  
For when you're dancing tango,  
There is no other way.

Just keep it simple, stupid,  
Control those twitchy feet,  
Don't try to show off all your steps,  
To every girl you meet.

You may try all the steps there are,  
When dancing round the floor,  
But all that does is to proclaim,  
You are a tango bore.

Too many men take to the floor,  
Who give the girls a fright,  
By messing up some fancy step,  
They half-learned just last night.

Now, gents, the thing your partners want,  
Is heaven, not a hell,  
So learn to do the simple things,  
And learn to do them well.

Just keep it simple, stupid,  
It's balance, poise and pace,  
It's dancing in the music,  
With elegance and grace.

Yes, keep it simple, stupid,  
And the way that you'll impress,  
Is never ever to forget:  
In tango, more is less.

Please, please, just keep it simple,  
I urge you and implore,  
You'll please yourself and partner,  
For less is always more.

## BEATS OF EIGHT

I am resigned it is my fate,  
To live my life in beats of eight.

I walk along a city street,  
Whilst stepping out that tango beat.

And then I push upon a door,  
And walk up to a tango floor.

I take a partner's hand in mine,  
No word is spoken, just a sign.

We pause a moment on the floor,  
Our senses seeking dance rapport,

And then we move off with the beat,  
Each stepping out with silent feet.

The balanced pause, the poised advance,  
This is the essence of the dance.

The grace that is a giro turn,  
The music that makes passions burn.

The closeness as our bodies flow,  
The frisson sparking to and fro.

I may not know my partner's name,  
May never dance with her again,

But for those moments we become,  
Two bodies moving, merged as one.

I hold her near, I move away,  
I block, I turn, we pause, we sway.

No word is said that might detract,  
And break the dance's silent pact.

For as we dance the floor around,  
My signs and signals make no sound.

A finger's press, a slight deflection,  
Is all that's needed for direction.

A torso turn is signal sent,  
And sign enough of my intent.

And suddenly the dance is done,  
Two people part who just were one.

Three minutes is but little time,  
To sense a tempo so sublime.

Then I rejoice it is my fate,  
To live my life in beats of eight.