

If you can Walk you can Dance, If you can Talk you can Sing

(Capo 2) A (G) D(add9) (C add 9) A (G)

Chorus: If you can walk you can dance, If you can talk you can sing, If you can

D (C) A (G) D(add9) (C add 9) A (G)

walk you can dance, If you can talk you can sing, If you can walk

D (C) E (D) A (G) D (C) E (D) *To ♪ after v.2*

you can dance, if you can talk you can sing.

A (G) F#m7 (Em7) A (G) F#m (Em)

Verse: Don't tell me that you can't dance, Don't tell me that you can't sing,

Bm (Am) F#m(sus4) (Em(sus4)) F#m (Em) D (C) E (D)

'Cos ev-ery bod - y can move to the music, ev-ery one can feel the beat,

A (G) F#m7 (Em7) A (G) F#m (Em)

You don't have to be Ru-dolph Nu-re - ev, you don't have to be Mar-got Fon - tein,

Bm (Am) F#m(sus4) (Em(sus4)) F#m (Em) D (C) E (D)

You just gotta let the mu-sic flow through you, Like cas-cad-ing glass-es of cham - paine. (If you can)

Bm7 (Am7) F#m(sus4) (Em(sus4)) F#m (Em)

Bridge: From Af - ghan - is - tan to Zim - bab - we,

Bm7 (Am7) F#m7 (Em7)

From Ha - va - na to Ber - lin,

Bm7 (Am7) F#m(sus4) (Em(sus4)) F#m (Em)

From Guat - ta ma - la out to Gal - way,

C#7 (B7) F#m (Em) E (D)

Ev - ery - bod - y wants to dance and sing!

(to instrumental = chorus)

Chorus:

*If you can walk you can dance
If you can talk you can sing
If you can walk you can dance
If you can talk you can sing
If you can walk you can dance, if you can talk
You can sing*

Don't tell me that you can't dance
Don't tell me you got two left feet
'Cos every body can move to the music
Everyone can feel the beat
You don't have to be Rudolph Nureyev
You don't have to be Margot Fonteyn
You just gotta let the music flow through you
Like cascading glasses of champagne

Chorus

Don't tell me that you can't sing
That at school they didn't want you in the choir
Our voice is an instrument that everyone plays
You've been playing it all your life
You don't have to be Pavarotti
You don't have to be kd lang
You just gotta have a song in your heart
Just let yourself do your thang!

Chorus

Bridge:

*From Afghanistan to Zimbabwe
From Havana to Berlin
From Guatemala out to Galway
Everybody wants to dance and sing!*

Don't tell me that you can't dance
Don't tell me that you can't sing
'Cos music is a part of what we all are
It just a very human thing
It's water in the desert, it's the salt in the sea
It's a blazing fire in the cold
It's our flesh and blood, it's the air we breathe,
It's food for the hungry soul

Chorus

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*Use what talents you possess: the woods would be very silent if no birds
sang there except those that sang best.*

Henry Van Dyke, 1852 – 1933 American author, educator & clergyman