

## *My Sweet Valley Contra Home*

I was headed down the road last fall with a few old friends of mine  
We arrived in Bethlehem for dancing - just in time  
The "newbies" instruction - had us form a contra line  
And we felt at home, Sweet Valley Contra Home.

**Watch the moon, its smiling in the sky  
And hum a tune, a melody floats by  
Dancing feet, their shufflin' makes a sigh  
A song of home, Sweet Valley Contra Home.**

There is music 'round the gym floor, that I just can't help but feel  
The dance line's growing longer now, I'll be kicking up my heels  
I know that soon that old "hands four" will turn into a reel  
And I feel at home, my Sweet Valley Contra Home.

Bridge:

The callers, they will help you out - when they know you're in a jam  
Keep on smilin', move your feet - and reach out your hand.

There's a dance in all the cities, but in Bethlehem today  
The place to be is VCD - so try to get away.  
The songs that you'll be hearing - aren't the kind the jukebox plays  
So head on home, Sweet Valley Contra Home. **Watch the moon...**

Now I've always loved the dancing, there is nothing quite the same  
And a few more weeks will bring me back - to do it all again  
There's a friend on the dance floor and they're calling out my name  
So I come on home to Sweet Valley Contra Home. **Watch the moon...**

*Sung to the tune of Sweet Wyoming Home, by Bill Staines; verses by Diane Hartzel fall 2016*