

Tiny Dancer

Tim McGraw

Blue jean baby, L.A. lady,
She was a seamstress for the band;
Pretty eyed, high rate smile,
She'll marry a music man. Ballerina, you must have seen her
Dancin in the sand;
And now she's in me, always with me
Tiny dancer in my hand. Jesus freaks out in the street
Handing tickets out for God;
Turning back she just laughs
The boulevard is not that bad. Piano man he makes his stand
In the auditorium
Looking on, she sings the song
The words she knows, the tune she hums.
But oh how it feels so real
Lying here with no one near,
Only you and you can hear me
When I sing softly, slowly. Chorus:
Hold me closer tiny dancer,
Count the headlights on the highway,
Lay me down in sheets of linen,
You had a busy day today. Blue jean baby, L.A. lady,
She was seamstress for the band;
Pretty eyed, pirate smile,
Hear she married a music man. Ballerina, you must have seen her
She was dancin in the sand.
And now she's in me, always with me,
Tiny dancer in my hand.
Chorus:
Hold me closer tiny dancer,
Count the headlights on the highway,
Lay me down in sheets of linen,
You had a busy day today. Chorus:
Hold me closer tiny dancer,
Count the headlights on the highway,
Lay me down in sheets of linen,
You had a busy day today.

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