

Tiny Dancer

Ben Folds

Blue jean baby, L.A. lady
Seamstress for the band
Pretty eyes, pirate smile
You'll marry a music man
Ballerina, you must have seen her
Dancing in the sand
Now she's in me
Always with me
Tiny dancer in my hands
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 songs
The words she knows, the tune she hums
Oh, how it feels so real
Lying here, no one near
Only you, and you can hear me
When I say softly, slowly
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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