

# eels, Pretty Ballerina

I had a date with a pretty ballerina  
Her hair so brilliant that it hurt my eyes  
I asked her for this dance  
and then she obliged me  
Was I surprised, yeah  
Was I surprised,  
no not at all

I called her yesterday,  
it should have been tomorrow  
I could not keep  
the joy that was inside  
I begged for her to tell me  
if she really loved me  
Somewhere a mountain is moving  
Afraid it's moving without me

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Her hair so brilliant that it hurt my eyes  
I asked her for this dance  
and then she obliged me  
Was I surprised, yeah  
Was I surprised, no not at all

And when I wake on a dreary Sunday morning  
I open up my eyes to find there's rain  
And something strange within said,  
"go ahead and find her  
Just close your eyes, yeah  
Just close your eyes and she'll be there"

She'll be there...