

# Abba, Nina, The Pretty Ballerina

ABBA

Miscellaneous

Nina, The Pretty Ballerina

Every day in the morning on her way to the office

You can see as she catches a train

Just a face among a million faces

Just another woman with no name

Not the girl you'd remember but she's still something special

If you knew her I am sure you'd agree

'Cause I know she's got a little secret

Friday evening she turns out to be

Nina, pretty ballerina, now she is the queen of the dancing floor

This is the moment she's waited for

Just like Cinderella, just like Cinderella

Nina, pretty ballerina, who would ever think she could be this way

This is the part that she likes to play

But she knows the fun would go away

If she would play it every day

So she's back every morning to her work at the office

And another week to live in a dream

And another row of early mornings

In an almost never-ending stream

She don't talk very often, kind of shy and uncertain

Everybody seems to think she's a bore

But they wouldn't know her little secret

What her Friday night would have in store

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She would like to play it every day

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