

Almost Famous, Tiny Dancer

Blue jean baby, L.A. lady, seamstress for the band
Pretty eyed, pirate smile, you'll marry a musician
Ballerina, you must have seen her dancing 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 songs
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 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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