

Aztec Camera, Belle Of The Ball

Words and music by Roddy Frame

When you're the belle of the ball

It's hard to fall

And sacrifice your status for a fool

But all your apparatus and your charm

Can never cool the still, still waters

Or warm the chilling air

When you're the belle of the ball

And your gown's a-shining

And your underlining all my thoughts

Why give yourself to he who has the lot?

I have something to declare

Sensing when to smile

It's like predicting miles...

You'll never know

To kiss and then caress

Could crease your party dress...

And spoil the show

So the belle of the ball

Will bow to protocol

Misfortune won't befall her she's the star

She'll glide into the night

Beneath her guiding light

She'll suffer every slight and heed the call

But it's alright, it's alright

She's the belle of the ball