

Icons, Sunday

Twirling in the night air
I never thought it'd last
The card was drawn the joker
I almost had to laugh
With a will and nerves of granite
I guess I can't complain
Thought I wanted both worlds
Still I'm happy on this train
My soul is always with her
But I don't need a home
I don't sleep
I can't eat
I'm fine alone

CHORUS:

Jeannie was a dancer
She lived on Hamden Row
I wanted to take her with me
But Jeannie she said no
A beautiful woman with looks that would last
I almost faltered almost strayed from my path
But I just couldn't move from uranium groove
So I gave her the choice to follow my move
She had her own path she needed to dance
A perfect ballerina who could and who can't
Not to ask twice that was my vice
But don't you understand it was a wife or a life?

CHORUS

I sit on this wheel of knowledge
Thinking of all the women that have been in my life
Just one stands out
Maybe I took it too far
Proposing marriage is a very big step you know
But it really doesn't matter now, now does it?
I just wanted someone along for the ride
So I didn't have to ride alone
But she looked at me said baby, baby
I have a ride of my own
And her blue eyes
I saw them turning away
In the swirl of a fandango
I fell down to my knees
I cried
Why is it that I didn't know?

CHORUS

REPEAT 2ND VERSE