

# Lani Hall, At The Ballet

Daddy always thought that he married beneath him  
That's what he said, that's what he said  
When he proposed he informed my mother  
He was probably her very last chance  
And though she was twenty-two  
Though she was twenty-two  
Though she was twenty-two--  
She married him  
Life with my dad wasn't ever a picnic  
More like a "Come as you are";  
When I was five I remember my mother  
Dug earrings out of the car  
I knew they weren't hers  
But it wasn't something you'd wanna discuss  
He wasn't warm, well, not to her ... well, not to us  
But ev'rything was beautiful at the ballet  
Graceful men lift lovely girls in white  
Yes, ev'rything was beautiful at ballet  
Hey! I was happy at the ballet  
That's why I started ballet class