

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