Lani Hall, Tiny Dancer

Blue jean baby, L.A lady
Seamstress for the band
Pretty eyes, pirate smile
You married a music man
Ballerina, you must've 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 tunes 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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