

Ocean Blue, Ballerina Out Of Control

Her world came crashing down
And all that it contained
A million pieces of dreams
Coming apart at the seams
But she twists and she whirls
Dismissing it aa away,
Wasn't quite the same as it was
Yesterday
Her night begins the day
Why think when we can play
"I find it so hard to find,
A certain dress of that kind";
As she twists and she whirls
And she dances it all away,
The problems persist, they won't
Go away
She twists and she whirls
Dancing it all away,
Would rather see the night
Than the reason of the day
I find it so hard to find
Any reason to this kind