

Wally Kurth, Barefoot Ballet

Steel on velvet, silk on stone
Sun-warm leather set against chrome
You're a contrast to what I've become
No one has touched me like you
Like you
Red horizon at day's end
Brushing scarlet over your skin
Blushing places I long to kiss
No one has touched me like you
Like you
Chorus
You in my arms breathless and sure
A barefoot ballet on a bare hardwood floor
So much in sync it seems that we barely move
No one has touched me like you
Like you
White lace curtain opened wide
Single candle tremblin' with light
My bold passion suddenly shy
No one has touched me like you
Like you