

# Tiny Dancer

Ben Folds

Blue jean baby, L.A. lady  
Seamstress for the band  
Pretty eyes, pirate smile  
You'll marry a music man  
Ballerina, you must have seen her  
Dancing in the sand  
Now she's in me  
Always with me  
Tiny dancer in my hands  
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 tune she hums  
Oh, how it feels so real  
Lying here, 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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