

The Belle of the Ball

Aztec Camera

When you're the belle of the ball
It's hard to fall
And sacrifice your status for a fool
But all your apparatus and your charm
Can never cool the still, still waters
Or warm the chilling air

When you're the belle of the ball
And your gown's a-shining
And your underlining all my thoughts
Why give yourself to he who has the lot?
I have something to declare

Sensing when to smile
It's like predicting miles...
You'll never know
To kiss and then caress
Could crease your party dress...
And spoil the show

So the belle of the ball
Will bow to protocol
Misfortune won't befall her she's the star
She'll glide into the night
Beneath her guiding light
She'll suffer every slight and heed the call
But it's alright, it's alright
She's the belle of the ball