

# Ballerina

Van Morrison

Spread your wings,  
come on fly awhile  
straight to my arms,  
oh, little angel child.  
You know you're only  
lonely twenty-two story block.

And if somebody, not just anybody,  
wanted to get close to you,  
for instance, me, baby?

All you gotta do  
Is ring the bell.  
Step right up, step right up.  
And step right up  
Ballerina...

Grab it, Catch it  
Fly it, Sigh it,  
Try it...

Well, I may be wrong,  
but something deep in my heart  
tells me I'm right and I don't think so...

You know I saw the writing on the wall  
When you came up to me,  
child, you were heading for a fall.

But if it gets to you  
and you feel like you just can't go on...

All you gotta do  
Is ring a bell  
Step right up, and step right up  
And step right up  
Just like a ballerina

Stepping lightly...

Alright, well it's getting late  
(Yes it is, yes it is)  
And this time I forgot to slip into your slumber,  
the light is on the left side of your head  
and I'm standing in your doorway  
and I'm mumbling and I can't remember the last thing that  
ran through my head.

Here come the man, here come the man,  
and he says, he says the show must go on

So all you gotta do  
Is ring the bell  
And step right up, and step right up  
And step right up  
Just like a ballerina, yeah, yeah.

Grab it, Catch it  
Fly it, sight it,  
c'mon, Die it, yeah, yeah.

Just like a ballerina  
Just like a, just like a, just like a ballerina, babe.

Get on up, get on up,  
keep a-moving on, little bit higher, baby.

Alright, a-keep on, a-keep on,  
a-keep on, a-keep on pushing.  
Stepping lightly  
just like a ballerina.

Ooo-we baby, take off your shoes!  
ohhh, get on

Just like a ballerina...