

Tiny Dancer

Yard Act

Blue jean baby, L.A. lady
A seamstress for the band
The pretty-eyed, pirate smile
You'll marry a music man
Ballerina, you must've seen her
Dancing in the sand
And now she's in me, always with me
A tiny dancer in my hand

The Jesus freaks out on 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
And looking on, she sings the songs
The words she knows, the tune she hums

It's all so pompous
Ah, it's not though is it?
Because it's really real
When you feel it, you can really feel
So that somebody that you love
Grab anyone who needs to hear it
You shake 'em by their shoulders softly
Scream in their face so slowly
There's no way they could possibly miss it

Hold me closer, tiny dancer
(Give me some of that good stuff)
Count the headlights on the highway
(Yeah, some of that human spirit)
Lay me down in sheets of linen
(And cut it with a hundred percent endurance)
You had a busy day today
(I'm working overtime)
Hold me closer, tiny dancer
(Hold me closer)
We'll count the headlights on the highway
(Two, three, four, five)
And lay me down in sheets of linen
(And I'm all yours)
You had a busy day today
(I'm working overtime)

And hold me closer
Tiny Dancer
And hold me closer
(Lay me down on sheets of linen)
Tiny Dancer