Ben Folds Five "Tiny Dancer"

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Blue jean baby, L.A. lady Seamstress for the band Pretty-eyed, pirate smile You'll marry a music man

Ballerina, you must have seen her Dancin' in the sand And now she's in me, always with me Tiny dancer in my hand

Jesus freaks out in the street Handin' tickets out for God Turnin' back, she just laughs The boulevard is not that bad

Piano man, he makes his stand In the auditorium Lookin' on, she sings the songs The words she knows, the tune she hums

But oh, how it feels so real Lyin' here with 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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