

Tim Mcgraw "Tiny Dancer"

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Blue jean baby, L.A. lady
She was the seamstress for the band
Pretty eyed, pirate smile
She'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 a song
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 sing softly, slowly

And hold me closer, tiny dancer
And count the headlights on the highway
And lay me down in sheets of linen
You had a busy day today

Blue jean baby, L.A. lady
She was a seamstress for the band
Pretty eyed, pirate smile
Hear, she married a music man

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

And hold me closer, tiny dancer
And count the headlights on the highway

And lay me down in sheets of linen
You had a busy day today

And hold me closer, tiny dancer
And count the headlights on the highway
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