Tim McGraw And The Dancehall Doctors "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 Dancing in the sand And now she's in me, always with me Tiny dancer in my hand

Jesus freaks out in 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 Looking on, she sings the songs The words she knows, the tune she hums

But oh, how it feels so real Lying 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 the 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 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 the sheets of linen You had a busy day today

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