

Tori Amos

"Tiny Dancer"

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Blue jean baby, L.A. lady, seamstress for the band.
Pretty eyes, pirate smile, she married a music man.
Ballerina, you must have seen her dancing in the sand.

Jesus freaks out in the street selling 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.
Ballerina, you must have seen her dancing in the sand.

But, how it feels so real, lying here with no one near.
Only you- and you can't 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, mmm, hey.

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