

Nataly Dawn

"Leslie"

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Fine dust falls from steel pipelines
Like ashes from a Pharaoh's tomb
Shaking off bad luck of babies' dreams
That never left the womb

Many things are wired
To avoid short-circuits
But not us, for we are
Far too human, too human

Leslie rides on Ferris Wheels
Way up in the umbrella clouds
She is not afraid of falling
Out of favor with the crowds

Lord oh Lord please bless her soul
And bless her mother
Shine your face on us
For we are human, too human

Do your best little girl and have a little fun
Cause life wears you down and takes you for a run
Do your best little girl and have a little fun
Cause life wears you down and takes you for a run
Run run little girl, run run little girl,
Run run little girl, little girl run run,
Run run little girl, run run little girl,
Run run little girl, little girl run run...

Leslie rides on Ferris Wheels
Way up in the umbrella clouds
Up in the umbrella clouds

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