

Misty Murphy

"Walking On Thin Ice"

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Walking on thin ice,
I'm paying the price
For throwing the dice in the air.
Why must we learn it the hard way
And play the game of life with your heart?

I gave you my knife,
You gave me my life
Like a gush of wind in my hair.
Why do we forget what's been said
And play the game of life with your hearts?

Ai-ai-ai-ai-ai-ai-ai...

Ooh-ahoooh...

Ai-ai-ai-ai-ai-ai-ai...

I may cry some day,
But the tears will dry whichever way.
And when our hearts return to ashes,
It'll be just a story,
It'll be just a story.

Ai-ai-ai-ai-ai-ai-ai...

Ooh-ahoooh...

Ai-ai-ai-ai-ai-ai-ai...

Ooh-ahoooh...

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