

Tiny Dancer

Tim McGraw

Blue jean baby, L.A. lady
She was the seamstress for the band
Pretty eyed, pirate smile
She'll marry a music manBallerina, you must have seen her
Dancin' in the sand
And now she's in me, always with me
Tiny dancer in my handJesus freaks, out in the street
Handin' tickets out for God
Turnin' back she just laughs
The Boulevard is not that badPiano man, he makes his stand
In the auditorium
Lookin' on, she sings a song
The words she knows, the tune she humsBut oh, how it feels so real
Lyin' here with no one near
Only you and you can hear me
When I sing softly, slowlyAnd 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 todayBlue jean baby, L.A. lady
She was a seamstress for the band
Pretty eyed, pirate smile
Hear, she married a music manBallerina, 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 handAnd 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 todayAnd 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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