Ballerina / Move On Up

Van Morrison

Spread your wings,
come on fly awhile
straight to my arms,
oh,little angel child.
You know you're only
lonely twenty-two story block.And if somebody, not just anybody,
wanted to get close to you,
for instance, me, baby?All you gotta do
Is ring the bell.
Step right up, step right up.
And step right up
Ballerina...Grab it, Catch it
Fly it, Sigh it,
Try it...Well, I may be wrong,
but something deep in my heart
tells me Im right and I dont think so...You know I saw the writing on the wall
When you came up to me,
child, you were heading for a fall.But if it gets to you
and you feel like you just cant go on...All you gotta do
Is ring a bell
Step right up, and step right up
And step right up
Just like a ballerinaStepping lightly...Alright, well its getting late
(Yes it is, yes it is)
And this time I forget to slip into your slumber,
the light is on the left side of your head
and I'm standing in your doorway
and Im mumbling and I cant remember the last thing that
ran through my head.Here come the man, here come the man,
and he say, he say the show must go onSo all you gotta do
Is ring the bell
And step right up, and step right up
And step right up
Just like a ballerina, yeah, yeah.Grab it, Catch it
Fly it, sight it,
c'mon, Die it, yeah, yeah.Just like a ballerina
Just like a, just like a, just like a, just like a ballerina, babe.Get on up, get on up,
keep a-moving on, little bit higher, baby.Alright, a-keep on, a-keep on,
a-keep on, a-keep on pushing.

Stepping lightly
just like a ballerina.Ooo-we baby, take off your shoes!
ohhh, get onJust like a ballerina...

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