

# Walking On Thin Ice

## Miss Tila

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, ai  
Ooh, ahooh  
Ai, 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, ai  
Ooh, ahooh  
Ai, ai, ai, ai, ai, ai, ai, ai  
Ooh, ahooh

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