

# Tiny Dancer

## Ben Folds

Blue jean baby, L.A. lady  
Seamstress for the band  
Pretty-eyed, pirate smile  
You'll marry a music man  
Ballerina, you must have seen her  
Dancin' in the sand  
And now she's in me, always with me  
Tiny dancer in my hand  
Jesus freaks out in the street  
Handin' tickets out for God  
Turnin' back, she just laughs  
The boulevard is not that bad  
Piano man, he makes his stand  
In the auditorium  
Lookin' on, she sings the songs  
The words she knows, the tune she hums  
But oh, how it feels so real  
Lyn' here with no one near  
Only you and you can hear me  
When I say softly, slowly  
Hold me closer tiny dancer  
Count the headlights on the highway  
Lay me down in sheets of linen  
You had a busy day today  
Hold me closer tiny dancer  
Count the headlights on the highway  
Lay me down in sheets of linen  
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