Nina, Pretty Ballerina

Abba

Every day in the morning on her way to the office
You can see her as she catches a train
Just a face among a million faces
Just another woman with no name
Not the girl you'd remember, but she's still something special
If you knew her, I am sure you'd agree
'Cause I know she's got a little secret
Friday evening, she turns out to be
Nina, pretty ballerina
Now she is the queen of the dancing floor
This is the moment she's waited for
Just like Cinderella
(Just like Cinderella)
Nina, pretty ballerina
Who would ever think she could be this way
This is the part that she likes to play
But she knows the fun would go away
If she would play it every day
So she's back every morning to her work at the office
And another week to live in a dream
And another row of early mornings
In an almost never-ending stream
Doesn't talk very often, kind of shy and uncertain
Everybody seems to think she's a bore
But they wouldn't know her little secret
What her Friday night would have in store
Nina, pretty ballerina
Now she is the queen of the dancing floor
This is the moment she's waited for
Just like Cinderella
(Just like Cinderella)
Nina, pretty ballerina
Who would ever think she could be this way
This is the part that she likes to play
She would like to play it every day
Nina, pretty ballerina
Now she is the queen of the dancing floor
This is the moment she's waited for
Just like Cinderella

(Just like Cinderella)
Nina, pretty ballerina
Who would ever think she could be this way
This is the part that she likes to play

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/