Acrobat

Tanya Donelly

You'd have to be an acrobat to touch her

Where she can feel a thing

You'd have to be a race car driver to catch up with himYou'd have to be an astronaut

You'd have to be a shrink

You'd have to be an acrobat'Cause where they go

Where they go, nobody knows'Cause where they go

Where they go, nobody knowsNobody knows

Nobody knows

Nobody knows

Nobody knowsOut her feet he holds them

He stands on her hands, trips himYou'd have to be an acrobat to touch her

You'd have to a saint

You'd have to be race car diver'Cause where they go

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Where they go, nobody knows