

Hard Edges

[Chris Knight](#)

Lisa used to love to dance
Ever since she was ten years old
Her bare feet raising dust on a yard
Where the grass wouldn't grow Slowly spinning round and round
To the music playing in her head
Late at night it could almost drown out
The whiskey on her old man's breath The wrecking yards and dingy bars
And abandoned factories
But down among the jagged souls
A ballerina sways unseen Hard edges hide a tender heart
Silent as a midnight prayer
Hard edges hide the sweetest part
Till you'd never know it's there Lisa's in a club downtown
Where the neon burns till dawn
She calls herself Tina now
But she dances to the same old songs Slowly spinning round and round
In the smoke and the smell of rye
She takes off all her clothes
So they don't see down in her eyes The scarlet rouge and blue tattoos
Are only painted on
But underneath the dark drumbeat
A ballerina dances on Hard edges hide a tender heart
Silent as a midnight prayer
Hard edges hide the sweetest part
Till you never know it's there

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