

# Walking On Thin Ice

[Elvis Costello](#)

Walking on thin ice, I'm paying the price  
I'm throwing the dice in the air  
Why must we learn it the hard way  
And play the game of life with our hearts? I gave you my life, you gave me your life  
Like a gush of wind in my hair  
Why do we forget what's been said  
And play the game of life with our hearts? I may cry someday, a kiss will dry whichever way  
And when my heart returns to ashes, it will be just a story  
It will be just a story And you go and try to walk across the lake  
Crossed it with winter and all of this is ice  
A terrible thing to do, they say the lake is as thick as the ocean  
I wonder if she knew

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