

Tiny dancer in my hand

Jesus freaks out in the street handing tickets out for God Turning back, she just laughs the boulevard is not that bad Piano man, he makes his stand in the auditorium Looking on, she sings the songs the words she knows, the tune she hums

But, oh, how it feels so real lying here with no one near Only you, and you can hear me when I say softly, slowly

Chorus:

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, you had a busy day today

Blue jean baby, L.A. lady, seamstress for the band Pretty-eyed, pirate smile, you'll marry a music man Ballerina, you must've seen her dancing in the sand And now she's in me, always with me Tiny dancer in my hand

But, oh, how it feels so real lying here with no one near Only you, and you can hear me when I say softly, slowly

Chorus