

# Elton John, Tiny Dancer

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

Hold me closer tiny dancer  
Count the headlights on the highway  
Lay me down in sheets of linen  
you had a busy day today

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