

## 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