

She's A Dancer

Larry Norman

She's a dancer in the garden and she dances with the
Flowers

In the early morning hours when the wind shifts and the
Fog drifts

She's a dancer

She's a dancer and she knows it everywhere she goes she
Shows it

Condescending not pretending no regretting nor forgetting
She's a dancer

And on my early morning walks I often find her
I sit pretending that I'm looking at the paper

And when people stop to watch her
She pretends she doesn't see them
Doesn't need them and where she goes
There the wind blows though it's only with the flowers
That she dances

And on my early morning walks I often find her
I sit pretending that I'm looking at the paper