

DANCING ON THE WIRE

Words & Music by Allen Power

She's got the grace of a ballerina, and the art of the sly coquette,
She likes dazzling lights and dizzying heights, and working without a net.
You can find her down at the hip hop clubs and she can dance the minuet,
And when she smiles, strangers ask her name.
Her voice is sweet as a violin with a ring of castanets,
And the Gypsy blood runs deep inside her veins.

*And tonight she's drivin' some two-lane road to a place she's never been,
Tossin' her hair in the cold night air and howlin' at the wind.
She could climb back down to familiar ground, but that's not her desire.
She'll keep dancing - dancing on the wire.*

There's a lost lover out in a Midwest town, and another by the Shore.
There's a cowboy who tried to tie her down, and probably many more.
And there's a man she'll see when the demons rise, 'cause he calms her vertigo,
And he brings her wine and peace of mind, but he can't give her the road.
She's heard the tales of falling stars, seen the ravages of fame,
Still, she hovers like a moth around a flame.

Chorus

And tomorrow's just another town when you're living on the road,
So she drives the Lakes the long way 'round, just to see what the day might hold.
And she's at her best when the lights go dim, and the curtain starts to rise;
When there's no time to dream, when there's no time to cry,
When there's no time to wonder how she got so high.

She's got the grace of a ballerina, and the art of the sly coquette,
She likes dazzling lights and dizzying heights, and working without a net.
And if you ask, "Is it all worthwhile?", she'll show you no regrets;
She'll just smile and step on out again.

Chorus

©1993 Night Wind Music (BMI)
All Rights Reserved