

Acrobat

Tanya Donelly

You'd have to be an acrobat to touch her
Where she can feel a thing
You'd have to be a race car driver to catch up with him

You'd have to be an astronaut
You'd have to be a shrink
You'd have to be an acrobat

'Cause where they go
Where they go, nobody knows

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Where they go, nobody knows

Nobody knows
Nobody knows
Nobody knows

She throws out her feet he holds them
He stands on her hands, trips him

You'd have to be an acrobat to touch her
You'd have to be a saint
You'd have to be a race car driver

'Cause where they go
Where they go, nobody knows