

## Walking On Thin Ice

Elvis Costello

Walking on thin ice  
I'm paying the price  
Of throwing the dice in the air  
Why must we learn it the hard way  
And play the game of life with your heart

I gave you my knife  
You gave me my life  
Like a gush of wind in my hair  
Why do we forget what's been said  
And play the game of life with our hearts

I may cry some day  
But tears will dry whichever way  
And when our hearts returns to ashes  
It will be just a story  
It will be just a story

I knew a girl who tried to walk across the lake  
'Course it was winter and all of this was ice  
A terrible thing to do  
They say the lake is as big as the ocean  
I wonder if she knew