

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