

Wallflower Waltz

k.d. lang

Propped up against the gymnasium wall
Leaning with surface lament
Not one whispered word, nor crack of a smile
Emotions as solid cement

There's no need to sympathize
For kind and sure are those eyes

Are you getting scared, my dear?
Are you getting scared
To shyly compliment the mirror
To balance the compared?

Then falls one solitary tear
Oh, to be the stared
And stumble with the inflicted faults
While stepping the wallflower waltz

Held and pushed by unleashed desires
Tethered in self-sacrifice
Reluctantly charmed by being approached
But guarded by one's own device

There's no need to criticize
For kind and sure are those eyes

Are you getting scared, my dear?
Are you getting scared
To shyly compliment the mirror
To balance the compared?

Then falls one solitary tear
Oh, to be the stared
And stumble with the inflicted faults
While stepping the wallflower waltz