

## She's A Dancer

Larry Norman

She's a dancer in the garden and she dances with the  
Flowers  
In the early morning hours when the wind shifts and the  
Fog drifts  
She's a dancer

She's a dancer and she knows it everywhere she goes she  
Shows it  
Condescending not pretending no regretting nor forgetting  
She's a dancer

And on my early morning walks I often find her  
I sit pretending that I'm looking at the paper

And when people stop to watch her  
She pretends she doesn't see them  
Doesn't need them and where she goes  
There the wind blows though it's only with the flowers  
That she dances

And on my early morning walks I often find her  
I sit pretending that I'm looking at the paper