

ABBA - Nina Pretty Ballerina

Tom: C

Every day in the morning on her way to the office
 You can see her as she catches the train
 Just a face among a million faces
 Just another woman with no name
 Not the girl you'd remember
 But she's still something special
 If you knew her I am sure you'd agree
 'Cause I know she's got a little secret
 Friday evening she turns out to be

Nina, pretty ballerina
 Now she is the queen of the dancing floor
 This is the moment she's waited for
 Just like Cinderella (just like Cinderella)
 Nina, pretty ballerina
 Who would ever think she could be this way?
 This is the part that she likes to play
 But she knows the fun would go away

If she would play it every day

So she's back every morning to her work at the office
 And another week to live in a dream
 And another row of early mornings
 In an almost never-ending stream
 Doesn't talk very often, kind of shy and uncertain
 Everybody seems to think she's a bore
 But they wouldn't know her little secret
 What her Friday night would have in store

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 But she knows the fun would go away
 If she would play it every day

Acordes

