

Who Could It Be

A young ballerina she twirled in the palm of his hand
Dancing on cue as she tried to slip through his command
She longed for someone who one day would come set her free
Who could it be
Who could it be

He taught the lonely to live by the words that were good
But when he was home all his lessons were misunderstood
The face he would hide is the one every night she would see
Who could it be
Who could it be

(chorus)

She thought she knew who she'd be when she grew
Somehow everything fell in a different direction than planned
Now she's alone, all her plans made are gone
Her worlds in the air and she doesn't know where it will land

Her smile was as sweet as the fruit that now falls from the vine
To feed grazing sheep as they walk above where she now lies
A stone wrapped in moss and a story that's lost underneath
Who could it be
Who could it be

(repeat chorus)

*Written by Frankie Moreno / Tony Moreno
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