

Rooftop

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Crouched down on a rooftop
In my mother's high-heeled shoes
I'm wondering if I will drop
Fly away with you

I can smell the rain coming
But I won't leave until it falls
I'm gonna soak in its downpour
Til I hear my mother's calls

Cause I am playing God
I am raising hell
As far as I can tell
I am all alone
Alone in this world
Alone, with you

I carry Spring rain in my hair
Weighted sorrow in perfect clouds
Bursting in the air
Wash away and drown

The roof slips beneath my feet
As the branches back away from me
The softest grass turns to concrete
But I will fly
I will fly
You will see