The beautiful lull
The dangerous tug
We get to feel small
From high up above
And after a glimpse
Over the top
The rest of the world
Becomes a gift shop

The pendulum swings
For the horse like a man
Out over the rim
Is ice cream to him
The beautiful lull
The dangerous tug
We get to feel small
But not out of place at all

We're forced to bed
But we're free to dream
All us humans extras
All us hearded beings
And after a glimpse
Over the top
The rest of the world
Becomes a gift shop

I don't know what to believe Sometimes I even forget And if it's a lie Terrorists made me say it The beautiful lull The dangerous tug We get to feel small From high up above

From high up above From high up above From high up above From high up above