

I Get Low

Timber Timbre

If I could I would turn
Back into dust
You would look so good to me
I could almost taste it

One moment I'm a king
The next minute I'm nothing
I just wanted to feel alright
But it's not that simple

I get low low low low low low
On my own
I get low low low low low low
On my own

In the palm of my hand
An empire summoned
As if it was born
All substance crumbled

It was a vain attempt
At the meaning of life
I should have better ways
Of spending my time

Like climb the mountain
Like sail the sea
Like build my house up
Or start my family

It's time to get out
It's time to make a living
I reach the summit
But I come tumblin' back down

I get low low low low low low
On my own
I get low low low low low low
On my own