

Off the Floor

Arcane Roots

A simple turn of phrase
A million miles, a million days
All I need's a space upon your floor

Sing out for change
And feed all the news to the poor
We fall down the same
But when you're done, pick me up off the floor
When you're done, pick me up off the floor

I hear them turning the lock and thread
And creeping in to your home
Just to tell you where to stand
Watching

Sing out for change
And feed all the news to the poor
We fall down the same
When you're done, pick me up off the floor
And when you're done, pick me up off the floor
When you're done, pick me up off the floor

So can you feel it? We're moving it all for the end
We are revolting, we are revolting
And all the little pieces falling they kill me before I caught
you

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