

Pull Of The Ground

Balance and Composure

Sixteenth day into the year,
the drive was quiet.
I had thoughts in my head.
It was all bad news.

We sat parked,
and I opened up,
you shut down.
This night will only get worse.
It was all bad news.

Get off the ground, you're making things worse.
Won't you get off the ground, you'll make it worse.

Keep your head down,
time to be honest with myself.
I've lost it all and I'm on my own.
It was all bad news.

Get off the ground, you're making things worse.

I've been having trouble sleeping,
know that sleep don't come easy
when you lose everything you have.

I just want one night
where I can rest my eyes,
sleep tight, all through the night.
And I'll go on the rest of my life,
but I'll know that things can't get any worse.