

Rye Bread

Big Wreck

Sit still for a whole day to find out
How I might go about turning
My whole life I had a better one in mind
I found a lot of nothing again
While I take it in stride
"Wait a minute Son, 'cause it ain't your turn"
You know I can sit still now
Voilà! You've got another man burning

(Who got the ladder? Who got the slide?)
Most days I can step aside
And most days I can let it ride
(Who does the winding? Who gets the squeeze?)
And most days I'll be off my knees
And most days I can take it easy

It's on the breath of the broken-hearted
It's on the wind like a dear, departed friend
It's in the way that we disregard it
Wind up feeling like we climbed up to descend

You're sitting pretty with a whole day of humour
I might not try to fit in
Once smitten, now bitten by the shine
Oh on, the walls are closing in
Plead, my baby likes flying
So long my baby, I'll be gone

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