

## On a High Ledge

**Boston Manor**

Father, I think I'm different  
I don't like playing with the other boys  
Father, I'm different  
I like the way the flowers smell

On a high ledge  
[repeat]

I want to cry but I don't know how  
My lips are chapped, my hands are soft  
Circles don't fit into squares

On a high ledge  
(Man up, man)  
[repeat]