

this is what social pressure feels like

Clinton Kane

(One, one, two, three)

Weighted shoulders out
Heavy daunting mouths
Naked temper now
Feeling there's no doubt

All they talk about
Is the way to go
More than nothing else
Heart laid on the floor

I'm pressed upon
A solid ground I can't explore
My feet are on but they're on hold
Been sculptured by the only thing that keeps me from myself

Gotta get up off this road

Picture on my mind
Thinking back at times
When I felt the breeze
Cold wind through my knees

Got no clue if it's
Good or bad for me
My ability
To release my feelings

I'm pressed upon
A solid ground I can't explore
My feet are on but they're on hold
Been sculptured by the only thing that keeps me from myself

Gotta get up off this road
Gotta get up off this road
Gotta get up off this road
Gotta get up off this road

It's all overwhelming
To me I got an option
To fall to this temporary
Cold war inside my spine

I'm pressed upon
A solid ground I can't explore
My feet are on but they're on hold
Been sculptured by the only thing that keeps me from myself

Gotta get up off this road
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