

A loose grip on a thin line
Leaves me trailing behind
I know Ive far to go
But your steps are too small
Now and again
Take me down a peg
You know I can get so lost
Even if it's true
From anyone but you
Nothing would get through my wall
I lose touch in your goals
Its vertigo
And your words are like
Music to the beast
Its all lights and smoke
Its political
And my grip remains true
Though the line may swerve