

Dancing On A Tightrope

I the Mighty

You carry yourself
Like the lines in your pocket
But you lack the simple courage
To move out of your parents' house
I'm calling you out

You seem so sure
Without a back-up plan
But I pierce the skin
Here we are
Holding up your out-of-shell with both hands

You're stuck on the path
You built yourself to self-destruct
You never stop

I can't help it
I won't let you bury yourself
Bury yourself
It'll all come back to you
All that you can't pretend
'Cause life has a way of equaling itself
Out at both ends

I'll say it again

You seem so sure

Without a back-up plan
And you disappear and here we are
Counting down the days
That you're going on both hands

You're stuck on the path
You built yourself to self-destruct
You never stop

I can't help it
I won't let you bury yourself
Bury yourself
Bury yourself, bury yourself

I can't help it
I won't let you bury yourself
Bury yourself
I know you're desperate to find someone
To ease that pretty mind
When nobody's listening
Just know I'll be there for you still
I've got your back you know I will
No, I'll never let you bury yourself

Bury yourself, bury yourself, bury yourself