

## First Step

Jawbreaker

Did you ever have one of those days  
This is a day like any other day  
You are free to wake up and shave  
Soapy hands fumbling on porcelain  
Hot, good coffee and a good, good book  
Bicycle, bicycle, breathing easier now  
Tear the roof off your day  
No one's coming over  
It ain't written  
So don't try to read it  
Smell the hot rain on the street  
Could be love, could be alcohol  
Cup my hands around your face  
A little frame, a lot of pain  
I can tell the tears from the rain  
One tastes sweet, the other plain  
And who am I to think I could hang Such a precious life on a cl  
ever line  
You're in all the books I read  
A hundred pages out of reach  
And so I throw myself, hit the street  
It'll take some time  
To learn the lesson of the fall  
And begin another climb