

Street Level

Jon Bryant

Call me Super Dave
I'm too high to save
I'm counting stacks of cars from above
I give the crowds a wave

And help!
I'm a little sick of myself
And the view up here
I can feel a change in the air

If I make it down
If I have to meet the devil
Both wheels on the ground
I'll see the details at street level
And I won't back down, won't back down
No I won't back down, won't back down

Walkin' through the clouds
On a tightrope to your house
That post traumatic look on your face
I remember well

Help!
I'm a little sick of myself
And I need more
Than looking from the seventeenth floor

If I make it down
If I have to meet the devil
Both feet on the ground
I'll see the details at street level
And I won't back down, won't back down again
No I won't back down, won't back down again
No I won't back down, won't back down again

I've got one foot out the door
And if I take just one step more
I'd know what I was hiding from
(Hiding for)
Ya I've got one foot in the past
But if look around and ask
I'd see myself in everyone

When I make it down
When I have to meet the devil
Both feet on the ground
I'll see the details at street level
And I won't back down, won't back down (won't back down again)
No I won't back down, won't back down (won't back down again)
No I won't back down, won't back down (won't back down again)
No I won't back down, won't back down