

# 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