

Hanging Tough

Lenka

You know the way it goes, it's a delicate dance
We spin around the floor and sway to the beat, but
There's always one of those who will take the chance
Trip you up and you fall down in a heap but

How do you expect to rise above
When you're stuck in the mud?
And how do you suppose you'll lift off
When you're hanging tough?

You know the way it goes, it's a game with rules
But you don't know whose rule book you're using
You break one of those and you're off the team
But which team you're on is always confusing

How do you expect to rise above
When you're stuck in the mud?
And how do you suppose you'll lift off
When you're hanging tough?

Oh, you're too busy hanging tough
Oh, you're too busy hanging tough
Oh, you're too busy hanging tough
You're too busy hanging tough

You know the way it goes, it's not all about you
But it's allowed to be a little about you
So be one of those who find a way through
Get up and just keep dancing