

Tiptoes

Madness

Waking up again another sleepless night
Climbing taller buildings more dreams of flight
In a pool of sweat not knowing what to do
No more earth-bound feelings a diff'rent point of view

Moment of truth he heads towards the building
His glazed eyes stare vacantly following his feelings
No turning back the door's already shutting
Standing on his tiptoes to reach the nineteenth button

To miss a grasping hand
(I'm falling again)
And squash a passer-by
(I'm falling again)
He wanted to see some evidence
(I'm falling again)
That he could really fly

Balanced on the edge only time could tell
Some say he was pushed, others say he fell
Standing on that rooftop his brain told him 'no'
But all the dreams in nights before told him he must go

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(I'm falling again)
And squash a passer-by
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His questions and himself
Nearly fell on stony ground
He could've embarrassed his family
Who watched him from the crowd

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That he could really fly
(I'm falling ...)