

Hyper-Ballad

Mocca

We live on a mountain, right at the top
There's a beautiful view from the top of the mountain
Every morning I walk towards the edge
And throw little things off

Like car parts, bottles and cutlery
Or whatever I find lying around
It's become a habit
A way to start the day

I go through all this
Before you wake me up
So I can feel happier
To be safe up here with you

I go through all this
Before you wake me up
So I can feel happier
To be safe up here with you

It's real early morning
No one is awake
I'm back at my cliff
Still throwing things off

I listen to the sounds they make
On their way down
I follow with my eyes 'til they crash
Imagine what my body would sound like

Slamming against those rocks
When it lands, will my eyes be closed or openqw

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