

Surface Pressure

Peyton Parrish

I'm the strong one, I'm not nervous
I'm as tough as the crust of the Earth is

I move mountains, I move churches
And I glow, 'cause I know what my worth is

I don't ask how hard the work is
Got a rough, indestructible surface
Diamonds and platinum, I find 'em, I flatten 'em
I take what I'm handed, I break what's demanded, but

Under the surface
I feel berserk as a tightrope walker in a three-ring circus
Under the surface
Was Hercules ever like, "Yo, I don't wanna fight Cerberus?"
Under the surface
I'm pretty sure I'm worthless if I can't be of service

A flaw or a crack, the straw in the stack
That breaks the camel's back
What breaks the camel's back, it's

Pressure like a drip, drip, drip that'll never stop, whoa
Pressure that'll tip, tip, tip 'til you just go pop, whoa-oh-oh
Give it to your sister, your sister's older
Give her all the heavy things we can't shoulder
Who am I if I can't run with the ball?
If I fall to

Pressure like a grip, grip, grip, and it won't let go, whoa
Pressure like a tick, tick, tick 'til it's ready to blow, whoa-oh-oh
Give it to your sister, your sister's stronger
See if she can hang on a little longer
Who am I if I can't carry it all?
If I falter

Under the surface
I hide my nerves and it worsens, I worry somethin' is gonna hurt us
Under the surface
The ship doesn't swerve, has it heard how big the iceberg is?
Under the surface
I think about my purpose, can I somehow preserve this?
Line up the dominoes, a light wind blows
You try to stop it tumbling, but on and on it goes

But wait, if I could shake the crushing weight of expectations
Would that free some room up for joy
Or relaxation, or simple pleasure?
Instead, we measure this growing pressure
Keeps growing, keep going, 'cause all we know is

Pressure like a drip, drip, drip that'll never stop, whoa
Pressure that'll tip, tip, tip 'til you just go pop, whoa-oh-oh
Give it to your sister, it doesn't hurt and
See if she can handle every family burden
Watch as she buckles and bends but never breaks
No mistakes, just

Pressure like a grip, grip, grip, and it won't let go, whoa
Pressure like a tick, tick, tick 'til it's ready to blow, whoa-oh-oh
Give it to your sister and never wonder
If the same pressure would've pulled you under
Who am I if I don't have what it takes?
No cracks, no breaks
No mistakes, no pressure!