

The Rush

Scott Matthews

My procession of emotions
Walk with me hand in hand,
There's a nervous commotion
As I reach out my hand,
'You'll be making a mistake',
Said my level head,
But my thoughts are commandeered
And deceitfully lead

C'mon, pick up,
Before it's too late for me

I'm thinking too much,
I don't know how to feel,
I'm too slow to pursue the rush,
But falling fast heading over heels,
In a moment of rebellion
Its wild stare
Could be hard to resist,
But even harder to bear

So c'mon, pick up,
Before it's too late for me to run,
And too late for anyone

To save me from this battle
That I've begun,
I'm man enough
To make a decision either way,
To turn my back and walk away,
Or I could bow to you

My conflicts will want this their way,
But my head will rule my heart,
Who'd love to give in to the rush

At any given hour of the day
I need your body
And your head strong,
I'm not man enough
To make a decision either way,
I never was a man of haste,
So I'll slow down for you

I'm thinking too much,
I don't know how to feel,
Too slow to pursue the rush,
And falling fast, heading over heels