

Slow Mo

Tall Heights

Under the dream of growing taller, in its infancy of form
How I wished I could have stopped it then from learning how to
crawl

In the shadow of my father I couldn't help from feeling small
In a crowded world for dreamers I wanted so much more

Slo mo, I got a new song to reach her
Somewhere under the bleachers, it's only a lark
Lost inside of a moment of free space
Before getting claimed like a suitcase
Dragged off into the dark
Does she know I tiptoe into the heart?

Then in the clean slate of her bedroom
Where some day I will lie
Maybe she'll wish she'd never opened up
My skull and crawled inside
Into my dream of extra legroom
See the seduction I design
Tell me that maybe I should make something
And save it for myself

And I close my eyes while I am lying still...
The pulse might slow, but stop it never will

Slo mo, I got a new song to reach her
Somewhere under the bleachers, but it's only a lark
She'd say "there goes the moment of free space,"
Before getting claimed like a suitcase
Dragged off into the dark
Now she knows I tiptoe
She knows I tiptoe into the heart