

## 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