

20 Feet Tall

The Copyrights

After a genuine act of defiance
You're 29 and you lost your license
That's fine, you need to ride your bike more
About a month and then you're joining the peace corps

And I'm okay with this downhill strategy
No brakes, but then again you don't need any
I know you're singing the fixed-gear blues
But look me up when you're walking in worn down shoes

I see what you're doing right there
But you're dreaming if you think that I care
They pick on you because you're so small
Stand on your money and you're 20 feet tall

The grass is always greener somewhere
And the pavement's always cleaner somewhere
But I'm breathing easy under blue skies
I've got a smile on me 20 feet wide
So I won't lend you my ear