Tightrope Walker

I'm trying to walk up the stairs My hands are snatching at the slivers of light I'm sticking to the steps Each one a release from the place below I'm on a mission On the hunt for clean, clear vapour skies 'Cos I'm choking on my own, I need some air

The door slams behind me Begging you to scrape off your disco paint It's open to the night And I'm sick as a hospital and empty factories You look so tiny, so very unimportant I'm nearly there and everything feels fine

Don't wanna look behind me Don't wanna look beneath me Every movement, every vibration Every movement, every vibration

High above piss city Watch the pigs-ear people, all dead in their droves Some shuffle in silence Some gorge sucking on silicone I've got the urge to jump Watch my life whizz by, fast forward flash But hold on boy, I feel alive

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