Torres

The rocks below, they bare their teeth They all conspire to set me free I sip my tea and contemplate All the possibilities

Oh, waterfall, do you ever think
Maybe it'll all be better in the morning?
From way up here, it looks so calm
Do you ever make it halfway down and think
"God, I never meant to jump at all."?

The water flings itself
From the devil edge so easily
It doesn't hesitate
Or wonder if it's doing the right thing
No world-class dancer could compete
My head conspires to set me free

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Nowhere to go but down Nothing to do but drown Nowhere to go but down Nothing to do but drown

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