

## A Question of Degree

Wire

Once a question of degree  
Now circumstances corner me  
Demanding my attention  
Leaving little choice

Posing several questions

Distilling in one voice  
Confusion not in words

I didn't want a problem  
I didn't simply fall out  
I was thrown at great speed  
From a passing car  
I didn't touch the ground  
Till I landed at your door  
Oh don't touch my luggage

I can easily surely manage  
To struggle inside

I hide my shaking  
Thus protect my pride  
I can surely manage  
To tremble inside  
Gathering myself  
And spreading it around  
Rivers are submerging  
Flowing underground

Can I really manage  
To survive outside?  
Can I really manage  
To survive outside?  
Can I?  
Can I?  
Can I?  
Can I?