

# Chandelier, Call For Life

He hates the desk, that is grotesque  
With all its documents and lists and the screen  
Outside the sun, he wants to run away to face the day  
Without destroying his way  
Hurry up! Don't dare to stop!  
Something inside him screams  
It's creeping in, it's sweating out  
The fear of flying, the fear of dying, a roundabout  
It's time to decide, to choose the question mark or to hide  
From the fire still burning inside  
On the radio, 'though the level's low, he hears The Stones  
See how I'm flying it's the call for life  
Just pretend your wings are stronger than all the things  
That put you down and start your crying  
She's through the door of the seventh floor  
Her naked body lies dead on the ground  
Tears in his eyes asking for the wherefores and the why's  
And searching for the pure or at least the nice  
Not only on the radio, don't keep the level low, we receive the call  
See how I'm flying it's the call for life  
Just pretend your wings are stronger than all the things  
That put you down and start your crying  
See how I'm sailing in the eye of the storm  
Leave your fears behind or soon you'll be blind  
For the miracle called Life