

Charlotte Martin, Cardboard Ladders

Cardboard Ladders

Ladders made of cardboard
That I try to climb
Up a slippery mountain
With no other side

So what about this mountain
Is it really there?
Or am I just seeing things?
There's nothing there

So tell me
What good will it be for a woman
To gain the whole world
And lose her soul

And all the caterpillars
In their hurried piles
Wanna make a million (gonna make it)
They'll have to leave behind in dust

'Cause all our days are numbered
Round and round we go
In our own agendas
Not recognizing gold

So tell me
What good will it be for a man
To gain the whole world
So tell me
What good will it be for a woman
To gain the whole world
And lose her soul

I can't keep turning my back on
I can't keep turning my back on
The horizon
I can't keep turning my back on (the horizon)
I can't keep turning my back on
The horizon
I can't keep turning my back on (the horizon)
I can't keep turning my back on

Surrender
Surrender
Surrender
Surrender
Surrender

In the crooked tunnels
Hallways closing in
Remember where you're going
Remember where you've been

(Remember that I love you
Remember that I love you
Remember that I love you)

I'll tell you
What good could it be for a woman
To gain the whole world
Tell me
What good will it be for a man

To gain the whole world
And lose his soul