

# Fair To Midland, When The Bough Breaks

I'll give you a home.  
&lt;/lyrics&gt;

""They left us all in the dark. They buried the sun, so I carried the torch.""

&lt;/lyrics&gt;

The sideways man,  
Walks on his hands.  
Can't keep from dragging his feet,  
And when he tries,  
I try.

They twist his arms,  
To get a head-start.  
Tycoons love hitting the jackpot.  
To get back what they've won,  
He'd have to raise the bar.

The desert heat left us all in the dark,  
They buried the sun so I carried the torch.  
They're head over heels with eyes on the prize,  
I settled for less and it's more than enough.

Just say when . . .

Truth be told,  
I'd rather be sold,  
Than juggle stepping stones.  
But when he tries,  
I try.

They all take part,  
To get a head-start.  
Big wigs love hitting the jackpot,  
Taking all the cheap-shots.  
The referee was wrong.

The way they left us all in the dark,  
They buried the sun so I carried the torch.  
The way they had their eyes on the prize,  
I settled for less and it's more than enough.

Just say when . . .

The way they left us all in the dark,  
They buried the sun so I carried the torch.  
The way they had their eyes on the prize,  
I settled for less and it's more than enough.  
The way they left us all in the dark,  
Head over heels but it's never enough.

Just say when . . .