

Jennifer Nettles, On The Shoulders Of Giants

An old bum pushes a shopping cart that he stole from Winn Dixie parking lot.
It's 1:00am and I'm on my way home.
I left there before it came to shouts, just in time to see him spit his apple out.
Left your door and made a beeline for my own.

I tell you it's alright but I'm thinking fuck you anyway.
You blame you for breaking promises, but I blame me for ever believing a word you'd say.
I got what I need but it's not with you, and for what I want, I don't have the nerve.
So I guess again it comes down to I got what I deserved.
And oh, don't be afraid just look around.
Go on and say it, it's just a breath with a sound.
And oh don't be afraid to fall.
When we're on the shoulders of giants after all.

You smile as if I had nothing better to do, as if you were one of the chosen few,
As if there were nothing cooler than you.
Still I know you by touch and I know you by smell.
And I know you by ways too vulgar to tell.
See, I guess I know you a little too well so that smile is fitting for you.

And oh, don't be afraid just look around.
Go on and say it, it's just a breath with a sound.
And oh don't be afraid to fall.
When we're on the shoulders of giants after all.

I don't sleep with my politics, I choose not to hate.
'Cause I don't wear my heart where my knees separate.
It's crotch propaganda, bat for both teams, and it's me not choosing sides standing in between.

An old bum pushes a shopping cart each notices the other and jumps with a start.
It's 2:00am and I've found my way home.
Well it's giants in slumber but it's sleep that won't stay.
It's singing harps that got away.
And I fold my body to fit this furniture, hit the lights and call it a day.