

# Roger Daltrey, Balance On Wires

By Don Snow/Roger Daltrey  
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It's like a needle in my side  
The fire of pain is burning through me  
Stretching the limits of restraint  
Emotion bottled up and strapped around me  
The fist is clenched as in a light  
The jawbone pulses with blood  
Eyelids flicker and sweat starts to bead  
I'm cut so deep, but I just can't bleed

It's not something you wear on your sleeve  
No tears for people to see  
The hurt that comes from inside is damaging me

This is no conflict of interest  
This is no day to day scene  
These are isolated incidents  
With measures of time in between

We try to balance on wires  
We try to live between the lines  
Our love is cautioned with errors  
We may learn but it may take some time

It's not something you wear on your sleeve  
No tears for people to see  
The hurt that comes from inside is damaging me

I'm barefoot walking on razors  
A surface leaving no traces where have I been  
I'm open to your persuasion  
Each time a new situation  
Bears down on me  
Bears down on me

It's not something you wear on your sleeve  
No tears for people to see  
The hurt that comes from inside is damaging me

We try to balance on wires  
Balance on wires  
It's not something you wear on your sleeve  
It comes from inside  
We balance on wires