

Trash Can Sinatras, Even The Odd

Even the odd one out is in with a shout
Weather the term and
Weather the storm
The clumsy climb and
The elegant fall
Even the odd one out is in with a shout

That may be the story
That may be the lie
With great ease, with the pole greased
It's down you slide

Must you protest till you're blue in the face
Or blue in the blood

An ugly greed is the sole need
On a fragile high
But I can't breathe
I just can't seem to acclimatise

It's all coming back to me now
I fell to the ground and slowly came round
And you stood over me
And you told me it never will be
But don't tell me it never will be
Don't tell me it never will be

I'm out of my depth,
I've come up for air

Show me how to become
The life and soul of something
- anything

Show me the film of when I was young
I didn't climb trees then
I'm not climbing them now