

Before Braille, Unfit

I'm just not fit to go on and neither is anyone
I've always needed a crowd just like an orphan
I don't deserve this at all
Strike that
I deserve all I get
I could be walking on water and complain that my feet get wet
But I'd be fine if you'd let go
You make me feel like I'm a salesman
and somehow I'm caught with red hands
Tightrope over reason like a skeptic with plans
You look at me for your desire, but I'm using all I have
If you get off on your placement then get off my back.
Just say the words
Then fall into these arms
Just say the words
I know this feeling can't be/isn't right