

# Facing New York, Fly On The Wall

Navigated into my own hole,  
I've got a stunning view  
Of all I can't control.

It's insulated but the walls are cold.  
One foot on the ground.  
One eye on the door.

Yeah, I thought that I was strong.  
Just give me a headcount and I'll be gone before too long.  
Sure, I thought we'd all help out.  
What's a pocket full of change to loneliness and or a way out?

So I ride a bison through Golden Gate Park.  
Running through the grass.  
Dancing in the dark.

Cross the desert in a holy house.  
Trample through the sand,  
Never make a sound.

But I can't call a cab.  
I don't understand!  
I can't feel my legs.  
I don't understand!  
I can't say a word.  
I don't understand!  
Please help, I don't understand.

If I ever speak again,  
Don't know what I will say to you.  
You make me want to see the world,  
But I don't want to leave your room.

I'm two years old strapped to the back seat.  
Sweat drips off the toes of my baby feet.  
The heat increases and my arms are locked in.  
My stomach turns and the expulsion begins.  
But the words get stuck at the back of my throat.  
The dive head-first back into my soul.  
Where a scared little boy hides in the flaps.  
The reflex begins and my ribs collapse.

Now that I can speak again,  
I just don't know what to say.  
I'd kind of like to see my friends,  
But I may never leave this place