

# Gil Scott-Heron, Or Down You Fall

I sail out on my paper ship  
The sea is made of fire  
I ride my horse of nuts and bolts  
We made to never tire

The world is just a simple circle  
I've got to keep on turning, yeah  
I've got to keep on turning  
'Til I fall

Down to the top of a mountain  
Inside a hollow stone  
I pretend that I'm an island, yeah  
Instead of flesh and bone

The world is just a simple circle  
And it keep on turning, yeah  
And it keep on turning  
You've got to

Go away  
I can't stand to see your face  
Cause you've seen the weakest me  
And you know I'm only human  
Instead of all the things I'd like to be

The world is just a simple circle  
You've got to keep on turning, yeah  
You've got to keep on turning  
Or down you fall