

# Halou, Political

A loose grip on a thin line  
Leaves me trailing behind  
I know I've far to go  
But your steps are too small

Now and again  
Take me down a peg  
You know I can get so lost  
Even if it's true  
From anyone but you  
Nothing would get through my wall

I lose touch in your goals  
It's vertigo  
And your words are like  
Music to the beast  
It's all lights and smoke  
It's political  
And my grip remains true  
Though the line may swerve