

Hanson, The Walk

Well deep in the woods, where nothing is seen
A tightrope is strung to his heel
And high on the walk he's down on one knee
He waits for the slow of the breeze
Oh, wow, look at him now, on his feet
High up in the sky
And every moment stands endlessly
It feels as though time isn't moving
And every second, one breath not to breathe
I watch as he moves to the beat

While down on the floor, I watch from my seat
And watch as he sways with the trees
And slowly he moves, but so elegantly
I'm more on the edge of my seat

On the tightrope, everything's bare
All that there is is from here to there
On the tightrope, the goal is quite clear
Don't lose yourself in your fear, fear, whoa

Everyone waits on the walk
Some are long and some small
But all of them tall
Everyone must make a choice
Will I go for it all
And possibly fall
The tightrope is thin
I could possibly win on the walk

Well high on the walk, the tightrope it bends
And nobody knows where it ends
To win or to lose, you're all on your own
Cause everyone must be alone

On the tightrope, everything's bare
All that there is is from here to there
On the tightrope, the goal is quite clear
Don't lose yourself in your fear
Fear, whoa
Fear, ooooh