

Idaho, Catapult

Only to lose my foothold
Me inside giving up for real
The slope is hard
There's got to be someone
Got to find a way out of a bind
My legs grow numb

There's cotton in my eyes
Driving down to the sea
Gonna step right off
This state of mine

Can I frequently steer clear
Of my fate that catapults my sack
Of oranges
Or are there too many problems
To withhold no one's hand because
Of the overflow

Never live enough
When do I fill up
Summer's getting old
And I'm still out of it

Feel the power wane
Gotta shine you off
Gonna step right off
This state of mine