Pinback, Walters

You made your mark on me
You laid your past to sleep
No other man went here
Alone under the light

Anyone else would slit from sleeve to shoulder
Anyone else would not deserve your life
It seems that all lines convalesce the other side
It sense that all I've worried for is vain

Larry climbs into his lawn chair, waves her goodbye
Unties from the post, races towards the sky
Takes a sip out of his beer and says it looks amazing
He said it looks amazing

Climbs until he can't think, can't hear himself
Shoots at the balloons and falls to the ground
Jumps out of his chair and says it was amazing.
He said it was amazing
Get me down.
Let me down.
Get me down.
Now that I'm miles above you hear
Did I stamp the last out of all my fears?
Is there nothing left for me to do?
Is there nothing left for me to do?
Is there nothing left for me to do?
Went out on a hike and he never came back again