

# Rheostatics, Invisible Stairs

Tim Vesely

You're flying high, way up there.  
Now you're sitting on the top of the air.  
And you're falling, and you seem not to care,  
Down invisible stairs.

Every up has its down, so they say.  
First a smile, then a frown takes its place  
Until happy comes to clean up the place  
And the rest of your cares.