

Ryan Montbleau, Stretch

Take me under and make me understand.
Block my lungs off and make me appreciate the air.
Show me the way to touch my toes.
Make it a little bit easier, now, this pain it ever grows.
Show me the way to do the things I've always wanted to do,
To do.

Open up my eyes, tell me all about these lies that I've been telling.
Buying into fantasies and dreams my own demons were selling.
Show me the way to spread my wings.
Make me wonder how I never trusted those things.
I know that I could fly the highest if I'm only given the time,
The time.

And it's going to take microphones and stages,
Many people rearranging what their plans are for the night time
Hope they show up at the right time
And I'll sing them my song
And I hope they sing along
I know they always sing along in my imagination.

Take me under and make me understand.
Block my lungs off and make me appreciate the air.
Show me the way to touch my toes.
Make it a little bit easier, now, this pain it ever grows.
Show me the way to do the things I've always thought that I could do,
Could do.

And it's going to take microphones and stages,
Many people rearranging what their plans are for the night time
Hope you show up at the right time
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