

Smoking Popes, On The Shoulder

My life passes me on the shoulder
And leaves me nowhere
I know a place that I can go
Please take me there

That voice says take it to the bridge
I'm falling, falling
And when I almost loose my grip
That voice keeps calling

Day in I'm out of patience
Punch in, day out
I'm wasting my time
I know what I want
Stand up and it's mine, mine, mine

I slide my hand around the back of your neck
You tell me you love me
And sing with me