

Therapy?, Tightrope Walker

I'm trying to walk up the stairs
My hands are snatching at the slivers of light
I'm sticking to the steps
Each one a release from the place below
I'm on a mission
On the hunt for clean, clear vapour skies
'Cos I'm choking on my own, I need some air

The door slams behind me
Begging you to scrape off your disco paint
It's open to the night
And I'm sick as a hospital and empty factories
You look so tiny, so very unimportant
I'm nearly there and everything feels fine

Don't wanna look behind me
Don't wanna look beneath me
Every movement, every vibration
Every movement, every vibration

High above piss city
Watch the pigs-ear people, all dead in their droves
Some shuffle in silence
Some gorge sucking on silicone
I've got the urge to jump
Watch my life whizz by, fast forward flash
But hold on boy, I feel alive

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