Man On The Edge

10

The freeway is jammed and it's backed up for miles
The car is an oven and baking is wild
Nothing is ever the way it should be
What we deserve we just don't get to seeA briefcase, a lunch and a man on the edge
Each step gets closer to losing his head
Is someone in heaven? Are they looking down?
Nothing is fair just you look aroundFalling down
Falling down
Falling downFalling down
Falling down
Falling downSick of waiting of lying like this
There's a hole in the sky for the angels to kiss
Branded a leper because you don't fit
In the land of the free you just live by your witsOnce he built missiles, a nation's defense
Now he can't even give birthday presents
Across the city he leaves in his wake
A glimpse of the future a cannibal stateFalling down
Falling down
Falling downFalling down
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Falling downThe freeway is jammed and it's backed up for miles
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