The Back Window's Down

Fireworks

Found some words of wisdom
Written in a bathroom stall
It said, "we all walk the same straight line"
But I just happened to crawlI read about landmarks and chapters
That learned more use in restrooms than them
Even salts from some distant seas
I used my hand and wiped the grill off themAnd I walk my wrinkled feet...
Back, back, back to you
Back, back, back to you
I'll find my way back, back, back, back to you.Everyone got sick at the same time
This is over and deeper than that
But she wished I was one of those clean-shaven men
With perfect lives and perfect bagsI walk my wrinkled feet...Back, back, back to you
Back, back, back to you
I'll find my way back, back, back, back to you.Our legs won't grow until we step into the unknown
I walked mine, how can I find a way.
Back, back, back to you
Back, back, back to you
I'll find my way back, back, back, back to you.Back, back, back to you
I'll find my way back, back, back, back to you.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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