

# Poised And Ready

Brendan Benson

You're poised and ready, unable to make a sound  
Your hands are sweaty as you look down  
You're running already when you've hit the ground  
You're willing and able, so nice to have around  
The head of the table is tightly wound  
The noise is loud, so turn it down  
When you think about it, try to wrap your head around it  
You find none of it makes any sense at all  
And people you once trusted are now looking so disgusted  
And they're waiting anxiously for you to fall  
You take for granted and take what you can grab  
Forsake what's landing into your lap  
You shake the hand and take a stab  
There's no need to doubt it  
There's never been two ways about it  
It takes a thick skin  
There's ways around it but no way in  
And when you think about it, try to wrap your head around it  
You find none of it makes any sense at all  
And people you once trusted are now looking so disgusted  
And they're waiting anxiously for you to fall  
And there you go, turning everybody you know  
Turning a one man show, so take a look around you now  
And suck it up and take a bow  
You're living and crawling and trying to catch a breath  
You're stalling and dying a sudden death  
And all the while you second guess  
And now the time has come to for it to stop  
The crowd was done, so call the cops  
You're like a boy who turned and shot  
You're poised and ready, unable to make a sound  
Your hands are sweaty if you look down  
You're running already when you hit the ground

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