No Parachutes

Throwing Muses

Pushing a ribcage
Makes it hard to breathe
And yet we hold our sweaty hands
Year after year
Some new year
Without music in our head
Newspaper tenement coming up deadSo my paracute is hanging around
I guess I bust it on the ground
Nothing helps me fall
Nothing helps me float
Today I want to walk away
Pushing a ribcage
Makes it hard to breathe
And yet we whisper in the dark
Year after year
Some new year
Without newness in our head
Newspaper tenement coming up dead
So my paracute is hanging around
I guess I bust it on the ground
Nothing helps me fall
Nothing helps me float
Today I want to walk away
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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