# Never Look Down

## Trout Fishing in America

(K. Grimwood/E. Idlet)
The earth is spinning faster now, I think I feel a breeze.
Pages fall from calendars and scatter like the leaves.
Even the best of times can be the hardest times, flavored bittersweet,
And trying not to fall's as hard as getting to your feet.
In the meantime, nothing stops and nothing slows down.
Wiggle on a slack rope with the grace and the poise of a clown.
A boy watches his father build a castle on the beach,
Just beyond the tide line, safe and out of reach,
Carefully constructed for a child that feels no guilt,
And he's tearing down the walls his daddy built.
In the meantime, nothing stops and nothing slows down.
Walking on a tight rope, looking out but you never look down.
No, you never look down.
I read the signs along the highway with my left foot on the braike.
Imagining catastrophes trying to keep myself awake.
But there's this contract with the highway
And I've signed the dotted line
And it summons me beyond these Texas pines.
In the meantime, nothing stops and nothing slows down.
Looking out but you never look down.

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