

Leg Up

Louden Swain

There's a crowd when I reach the lot
And I think somebody finally tipped the cops
The fires are burning, somebody screams
Now we've got a scene
But still you move right in The pot boils over an unwatched stove
The knife is hiding, open window
The smoke alarm in vague distress
And you close your eyes
Let go of the hurt inside You got a leg up, but you're moving backwards
You're out of luck
The odds are stacked against you
Add it up, use my calculator
Chalk it up to your lack of a motivator
Here me out, I've got some tricks up my sleeve
Believe me In the house that you almost lost
You say it's lack of money, but at what cost?
You put your arms around me and pull me in
What a fool I am
Oh, what a fool I've been You got a leg up, but you're moving backwards
You're out of luck
The odds are stacked against you
Add it up, use my calculator
Chalk it up to your lack of a motivator
Here me out, I've got some tricks up my sleeve
Believe me The sky is so beautiful
The way it slips and slides
There's a secret in the night
And there's a secret
Listen Hold the feeling and the feeling gets lame
I'm frank about the story, but not about the pain
I know it's my fault if there's someone to blame
But I close my eyes
Let go of the hurt inside You got a leg up, but you're moving backwards
You're out of luck
The odds are stacked against you
Add it up, use my calculator
Chalk it up to your lack of a motivator
Here me out, I've got some tricks up my sleeve
Believe me And you close your eyes

Let go of the hurt inside

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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