

Or Down You Fall

Gil Scott-Heron

I sail out on my paper ship
The sea is made of fire
I ride my horse of nuts and bolts
We made to never tireThe world is just a simple circle
I've got to keep on turning, yeah
I've got to keep on turning
'Til I fallDown to the top of a mountain
Inside a hollow stone
I pretend that I'm an iron man, yeah
Instead of flesh and boneThe world is just a simple circle
And it keep on turning, yeah
And it keep on turning
You've got toGo away
I can't stand to see your face
Cause you've seen the weakest me
And now you know I'm only human
Instead of all the things I'd like to beThe world is just a simple circle
You've got to keep on turning, yeah
You've got to keep on turning
Or down you fall

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