Platform Fire

Jack's Mannequin

Tore up like your baby blue jeans
I was stepping through a fog
Under pressure, but I'm feeling weightless
Can't let heaven's pin-striped shooting
Leave you carrying a cross
Across the desert when you're feeling faithless
After all, this haze is only temporary
Laughter falls on deaf ears in the auditorium
Stories stacked up so tall
And you don't talk me down
You're talking me through
Bright lights our platform fire
I'm a man on a wire
You're here for the view
Scattered in the mist, unmoving
It's getting hard for you to watch
Me under pressure when I'm feeling weightless
Up where tensions aren't computing
No, I have never fallen off
I guess I'd like to think your worry's wasted
Worry's wasted on me
After all, this haze may not be temporary
I heard you call
From the back row of the auditorium

Stories stacked up so tall
And you don't talk me down
You're talking me through
(yeah you're talking through)
Bright lights our platform fire
I'm a man on a wire,
You're here for the view
I'm a man on a wire,
You're here for the view
So tell me what you think
When you see me there.
And tell me what you see
When the smoke has cleared
Tore up like your baby blue jeans

I was stepping through a fog
Stories stacked up so tall
And you don't talk me down
You're talking me through
Yeah, just like you always do
Bright lights our platform fire
I'm a man on a wire,
You're here for the view
I'm a man on a wire,
You're here for the view
Bright lights our platform fire
I'm a man on a wire
You're talking me through...

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