

# Tiptoes

## Madness

Waking up again, another sleepless night  
Climbing taller buildings, more dreams of flight  
In a pool of sweat, no knowing what to do  
No more earthbound feelings, a different point of view  
Moment of truth, he heads towards the building  
His glazed eyes stare vacantly, following his feelings  
No turning back for the doors already shutting  
Standing on his tiptoes to reach the nineteenth button  
To miss a grasping hand  
(Im falling again)  
And squash a passer by  
(Im falling again)  
He wanted to see some evidence  
That he could really fly  
Balanced on the edge, only time could tell  
Some say he was pushed, others say he fell  
Standing on the rooftop, his brain told him no  
But all the dreams in months before told him he must go  
To miss a grasping hand  
(Im falling again)  
And squash a passer by  
(Im falling again)  
He wanted to see some evidence  
That he could really fly  
His questions and himself  
Really fell on stony ground  
He could have embarrassed his family  
Who watched him from the ground  
Balanced on the edge, only time could tell  
Some say he was pushed, others say he fell  
To miss a grasping hand  
(Im falling again)  
And squash a passer by  
(Im falling again)  
He wanted to see some evidence  
That he could really fly

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