

Off the Pedestal

Wheat

wait there i'll find my shotgun shells
and aim to blow your top off the pedestal
you're asking me to climb down from my treehouse
and dance
upon the smallest limb
you're asking me to jump and shout and shake
myself to the ground
i fall upon my head i never seem to get
these feet beneath my legs to land up like a cat
who's taken back his lives for ones not going right
i never was that good
i don't want to dance no more
you were never worth the fall

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