First Step (outtake)

Jawbreaker

Did you ever have one of those days
This is a day like any other day
You are free to wake up and shave
Soapy hands fumbling on porcelain
Hot, good coffee and a good, good book
Bicycle, bicycle, breathing easier now
Tear the roof off your day
No one's coming over
It ain't written
So don't try to read it
Smell the hot rain on the street
Could be love, could be alcohol
Cup my hands around your face
A little frame, alot of pain
I can tell the tears from the rain
One tastes sweet, the other plain
And who am I to think I could hang Such a precious life on a clever line
You're in all the books I read
A hundred pages out of reach
And so I throw myself, hit the street
It'll take some time
To learn the lesson of the fall
And begin another climb

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