

# The Walk

## Follow him to the end of the desert

### The Walk

I.Hanson,T.Hanson,Z.Hanson

Well deep in the woods  
Where nothing is seen  
A tightrope is strung to his heel  
And high on the walk  
He's down on one knee  
He waits for the slow of the breeze  
Oh, wow, look at him now, on his feet  
High up in the sky  
And every moment stands endlessly  
It feels as though time isn't moving  
And every second, one breath not to breathe  
I watch as he moves to the beat  
While I'm on the floor  
I watch from my seat  
And watch as he sways with the trees  
And slowly he moves, but elegantly  
I'm more on the edge of my seat  
On the tightrope  
Everything's bare  
All that there is is from here to there  
On the tightrope  
The goal is quite clear  
Don't lose yourself in your fear  
Everyone waits on the walk  
Some are long and some small  
But all of them tall

Everyone must make a choice  
Will I go for it all  
And possibly fall  
The tightrope is thin  
I could possibly win on the walk  
Well high on the walk  
The tightrope it bends  
And nobody knows where it ends  
To win or to lose  
You're all on your own

Everyone must be alone  
On the tightrope  
Everything's bare  
All that there is is from here to there  
On the tightrope  
The goal is quite clear  
Don't lose yourself in your fear  
To win or to lose  
You're all on your own  
And everyone must be alone  
On the tightrope  
Everything's bare  
all that it is, is from here to there  
On the tightrope  
The goal is quite clear  
Don't lose yourself in your  
Fear...  
Fear...

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