Citadel

Dan Collins Music

I'm sitting on a Citadel
Contemplating life
Making a point to waste my time
I'm walking on clouds of white
What if I fall? What if I don't?
What if I never make it home?
What if I bleed? What if I break?
And I find that I can't take
The city below the Citadel
Holding my own hand
The city below
And I'm breaking on the balcony
Breaking window panes
Killing the pain of broken hearts
I'm walking on clouds, walking on stars
What if I fall? What if I don't?
What if I never make it home?
What if I bleed? What if I break?
And I find that I can't take
The city below the Citadel
Holding my own hand
I'm holding on to something
It's keeping me from jumping
I'm so afraid to go it alone
And holding up this fortress
With imaginary forces
Longing for a life down below
What if I fall? What if I don't?
What if I never make it home?
What if I bleed? What if I break?
And I find that I can't take
The city below the Citadel
Holding my own hand?
The city below the Citadel
Holding my own hand
The city below the Citadel
Holding my own

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