On the Shoulder

Smoking Popes

My life passes me on the shoulder
And leaves me nowhere
I know a place that I can go
Please take me thereThat voice says, take it to the bridge
I'm falling, falling
And when I almost loose my grip
That voice keeps callingDay in, I'm out of patience
Punch in, day out, I'm wasting my time
I know what I want, stand up
And it's mine, mine, mineI slide my hand around
The back of your neck
You tell me you love me
And sing with me

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