

# Silence

## Slick Shoes

Now I have always wondered  
How can I stand upon your shoulders  
Look around and around and round  
And not see a thing? It always seemed confusing  
Your jokes are never amusing  
You can talk, talk, talk and not say a thing  
We could fall below and never make a sound The truth is frightening now  
Will we ever get out?  
You always try to listen  
And for that gift I feel threatened By the high esteem I hold you, it hurts so much  
I wipe the dust off of my face  
It's all that's left of my dreams misplaced  
I find it hard to believe you could take much more

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