

The Walk

The Honeydrips

The Walk

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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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