The Walk

David Newton

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 loose
You're all on your own
And everyone must be alone
On the tightrope
Everythings bear
all that it is, is from here to there
On the tightrope
The goal is quite clear
Don't loose yourself in your
Fear...
Fear...

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