

# Periphery Waltz

[Jolie Holland](#)

When the supreme authorities of our culture  
Tell us to get down on our knees  
And beg for salvation from some divinity  
Is it any wonder there are people  
Begging on the street for salvation from poverty? Well, it's no surprise to me  
I left my home in the church I left my home in the suburbs to wander  
I did it all for my dreams and the star  
That I followed fell from the periphery  
the street lights slipping down  
My windshield fell like falling stars Down a dark country road  
I first left my home when I was seventeen  
And I paid my respects to my fellow rejects  
But I tended to wander alone like I was listening  
To the words of a song, whispered soft and low It's kind of like dancing  
It's kind of like losing your mind  
And I've often considered  
The impracticability of my life  
The moon behind the clouds is ill-defined I got lost so many times but I could not  
Be consigned to a fate of obsolescence  
And decline, so I'll take the chance again  
And the Mockingbird is my friend when he sings  
A song in the warm midnight wind, I'll follow  
My old tune and I'll wish you good morning

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