

# Pivotal

## Cursive

Strung out on leaving  
One leg stretched for the curb  
The other one grounds itself against rebirth  
So the swallows will stay in the barn  
The finches left a long time ago  
The fall must be oh so close I cannot exist in this circumference  
I keep a crippled leg on home base Where I hang my crutches  
I'm so weak and needy  
My knees are so weak  
Crutches keep me from kneeling  
I need something I can fall back on  
Something to relate to  
Something to rotate to, now Nothing's so far away  
And nothing so good can ever stay  
Now, could it?  
And I know that the stars all have names  
Some of them just aren't as good as others  
Some of them are just letters and numbers Sometimes I forget  
That the smallest things can be oh so big Where'd you hang my crutches?  
I'm so weak I'm bleeding  
I bleed every week  
Crutches keep me from kneeling  
And there's nothing here to fall back on  
Nothing to relate to  
Nothing to replace you Now, nothing seems so far down  
Down, I'll shove my foot  
Deeper into the ground

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