Map On a Wall

Lucy Dacus

Oh please, don't make fun of me,
of my crooked smile and my crowded teeth,
of my pigeon feet, of my knobby knees.
Well, I got more problems than not.But I feel fine and I made up my mind
to live happily, feeling beautiful beneath the trees
above a ground that's solid at the core.
Oh please, don't make fun of me.
Oh you know I get frightened so easily
when I'm all alone and the floorboards creak.
It's those noises in the dark.But I am alive and I made up my mind
to live fearlessly, running wild beneath the trees
above a ground that's solid at the core.
Send my regards to the north my friends.
I am built for the heat, I regret to admit.
My fear of freezing keeps me on my feet
and so far my whole life's one long lucky streak.
They say you should take the credit when it comes,
but I believe in haunted wood.Oh please, don't make fun of me.
Oh I'll try my best to tell it like it is,
but I'll bite my tongue and I'll close my lips
when nobody wants to hear it.But here we are and something about it doesn't feel like an accident.
We're all looking for something to adore
and how to survive the bending and breaking.I've walked on two legs since I was a child,
but when did I realize that some ways out,
past the horizon for thousands of miles
there are people like me, walking on legs like mine?
Coming closer and farther away.
Coming to me and from my embrace.
Hoping good comes from good
and good comes from bad anyway.Oh please, don't make fun of me
with my heart of gold and my restless soul.
Oh please, don't make fun of me.
This smile happens genuinely.If you want to see the world, you have to say goodbye
cause a map does no good hanging on a wall.
If you want to see the world, you have to say goodbye
cause a map does no good hanging on a wall.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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