When The Bough Breaks

Fair to Midland

The sideways man walks on his hands,
Can't keep from dragging his feet and when he tries,
I try,They twist his arms to get a head start,
Tycoons love hitting the jackpot,
To get back what they've lost,
He'd have to raise the bar,The desert heat left us all in the dark,
They buried the sun so I carried the torch,
Head over heels with eyes on the prize,
I settled for less and it's more than enough,
Just say when,Truth be told,
I'd rather be sold than juggle stepping stones,
But when he tries,
I try,They all take part to get a head start,
Big whigs love hitting the jackpot,
Taking all the cheap shots,
The referee was wrong,The way they left us all in the dark,
They buried the sun so I carried the torch,
The way they left their eyes on the prize,
I've settled for less and it's more than enough,
Just say when.The way they left us all in the dark,
Head over heels, but it's never enough,
Just say when.

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