

# No Way Down

## Slingbacks

He's the son of a government man  
And a pillar of salt  
I was born with blood on my hands  
And have all the signs of a bleeding heart  
Living high on a giant hog  
On a mountain so steep  
Keep your head in a hollow log  
As the ruling fog are about to creep  
What have we done?  
How'd we get so far from that sun?  
Lost, lost in an oscillating phase  
Where a tiny few catch all of the rays  
Out beyond the western squalls  
In an Indian land  
They work for nothing at all  
They don't know the mall or the layaway plan  
Dig yourself a beautiful grave  
Everything you could want  
Maybe those invisible slaves  
  
Are too far away for a ghost to haunt  
What do we charge  
Letting go of a claim so large  
All, all of our working days are done  
But a tiny few are having all of the fun  
Get used to the dust in your lungs  
Is there no way down  
From this peak to solid ground  
Without having our gold teeth  
Pulled from our mouth  
Make me a drink strong enough  
To wash away this dishwasher world, they said was lemonade  
Walk with me after the show  
Maybe we can find a way through the minefield in the snow  
What are they charged?  
Letting go of a claim so large  
All, all of our working days are done  
But a tiny few are having all of the fun  
Apologies to the sick and the young

Get used to the dust in your lungs

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