

# Tall

## Poi Dog Pondering

Standing tall as a woman but acting tough as can be

Curling your lip directing your poetry at me

When I know it was written for another time

and place

It doesn't touch me

You're so bitter the past so close behind

You're so curling and churning how could your

angel give in

When there's nothing to blame but your price

(Chorus)

And I guess you need an excuse to fall

If you're gonna pretend to fly at all You can curl up cradled in your past

But it isn't as warm there is it will nothing ever last

Your painting your pictures with shards of your pain

You'd prick your fingers for blood to paint

You sing your strife like a sonnet I believe

(Chorus)

(Bridge) You sing your strife like a sonnet

But you buy your hat with a sweat stained

brim already on it

Chaos and fate your enemies at least that's

the way you've sold them to be

You can put yourself on a cross but not for me

(Chorus)

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