Man on Wire

Stornoway

I had been planning for a winding line to take me to a coast of dreamers.

I was careering, just flash of red running over railway sleepers.

Now I'm nearer you, I'm lifted to a higher plane,

Where the mainline is a slack line, and I'm balancing my weight,

Putting one foot then the other, a slow dance to the rising sun.

As I take a step from the ledge, you keep me hanging on invisible threads,

In a solitary burning dream I've been suspended.

Right over your head...

In the growing space here between our crowded buildings,
From a headline to a blank page and a silence on the airwaves,
I move one foot then the other and place my faith in the web you spun.
As I take a step from the ledge you keep me hanging on invisible threads
In a solitary burning dream I've been suspended.
When the morning mist lifts away.

When the morning mist lifts away,
You'll see me reaching for invisible threads,
For a momentary burning dream I'll be remembered.

I put one foot then the other
a slow dance to the rising sun

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