

When I Fall

Barenaked Ladies

I look straight in the window, try not to look below
Pretend I'm not up here, I try counting sheep
The sheep seem to shower off this office tower
Its Nine-point-eight straight down I can't stop my knees

I wish I could fly
From this building
From this wall
And if I should try
Would you catch me if I fall?

My hands clench the squeegee, my secular rosary
Hang on to your wallet, hang on to your rings
I can't look below me, or something might throw me
I curse at the windstorms that October brings

I look in the boardroom; a modern pharaoh's tomb
I'd gladly swap places, if they care to dive
They're lined up at the window, peer down into limbo
They're frightened of jumping, in case they survive

I wish I could step from this scaffold
Onto soft green pastures, shopping malls, or bed
With my family and my pastor and my grandfather who's Dead

I look straight in the mirror, I watch it come clearer
I look like a painter, behind all the grease
But paintings creating, and I'm just erasing
A crystal-clear canvas is my masterpiece

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