

# Tightrope

Fanfarlo

Tightrope, blank sheet  
Everything could change today

Look ahead, don't look away  
It's a fine line to a single point

A deaf ear, a blind eye  
Red-handed with your head in the sand

But thoughts get lost again, like letters...  
And soon our car sick minds will pull over

Just let it go  
Just walk in a straight line  
We've been holding it down  
We've been keeping it down  
Just walk in a straight line

Tightrope, from there to here  
There was never a point of return

It cries out through our telephones:  
We know it all but we don't know how to use it

Heartbeat, fast luck  
Everything could change today

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