

# Off the Floor

Arcane Roots

A simple turn of phrase  
A million miles, a million days  
All I need's a space upon your floor

Sing out for change  
And feed all the news to the poor  
We fall down the same  
But when you're done, pick me up off the floor  
When you're done, pick me up off the floor

I hear them turning the lock and thread  
And creeping in to your home  
Just to tell you where to stand  
Watching

Sing out for change  
And feed all the news to the poor  
We fall down the same  
When you're done, pick me up off the floor  
And when you're done, pick me up off the floor  
When you're done, pick me up off the floor

So can you feel it? We're moving it all for the end  
We are revolting, we are revolting  
And all the little pieces falling they kill me before I caught  
you

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