

# You Will Pull Through

Barcelona

First floor people  
I'll take my place among the throngs  
Everyone reading books on how not to fall

Some may say, the world looks the same through red eyes  
No way  
Covered in dirt off the floor, I'm seeing straight

Don't be scared if you know  
Help me to explain myself

Who am I to fool now if you're gone, you're gone?  
If I am found below the ground  
I'm searching, desperate.

Prepared people, take your places on deck.  
I'm a lost boy with no one to tell me I am safe

Overarching rules have told me not to think about,

Who am I to fool now if you're gone, you're gone?  
If I am found below the ground  
I'm searching, desperate.

This hole is deeper by the hour  
My hands are bleeding I spin around  
You're nowhere  
I'll throw away my ugly plans  
They're too tired to push me anywhere but down

So who am I to fool now if you're gone, you're gone?  
When I am found below the ground  
I'm searching, I'm desperate