

## 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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