

It's Lonely At The Top (Or So I've Heard)

Burden of a Day

The chips are down
And we are drowning in the flood
It's such a cruel mistress
A bitter taste tonight
Amidst the rising tide of good tries
The goodbyes make the ride home
On the wrong road
Seem Oh so trite

The seatbelt is keeping me trapped
The art form of not holding back

It's arduous this glamorous life
It's arduous don't stop now
This is not a cautionary tale
The fuse is lit so run for help
Thirty minutes will burn faster than incinerary bomb's (Whoa oh oh)
In standing here we learn to fall
In holding tight we lost it all
In thirty minutes we believe
We're gonna chase this falling star (Whoa oh oh)
Thank you for coming here tonight
I see the wonder in your eyes
Don't let me steer you wrong
I wrote this down to tear you up

This is our labor, this is our labor of love to you, love to you
I'd rather bleed than live to see the day the song died out