

A simple word
A litte move
A bit of a smile.

A secret place
A secret code to get inside.

We often reach that point
A mental wall
Too high for us to climb.

You never know for sure
If it's worth
To get yourself behind.

All the time you'll move on
You never know how to survive

You think you'll never make it
You think you better step aside.

And all the words you want to say
Are getting stuck deep inside you
And all the courage to get through
Is leaving.

All I need is just
To move ahead,
But I didn't even try.
I feel like two foot tall.