

Will you be there when I fail the first time
I swear it's my last try?
When I need the motivation
you implant in me with your eyes.
I can see the sky.
I can see the sky
but sometimes I'm belly down
and I was wondering if you'd be a mirror
so I could see my way around.

would you, will you, I was wondering,
be there,
do that,
catch me when I'm stumbling?
Will you be there for me?

Will you be there watching me unzip my chest,
exposing my heart to the toxic air?
I need the antiseptic
only your words can provide.
I can hear the laughter.
I can hear the laughter,
but sometimes it's muffled into fear and screams.
I was wondering if you'd be an amplifier
so I could pick up the little things.

Will you be there when
I'm stumbling because of the war in my head
between the static and fuzz?
I'm numb to every touch but your hands on
my back to push me on.
I can feel the weight.
I can feel weight,
but sometimes it pushes me in dangerous ways.
I wondering if you'd be a compass
so I could get my focus back.
Will you be there when I kiss the third rail?
You know, I haven't slept in three days again.
I need you to drag me inside and make me go to bed.