

Tightrope

Fanfarlo

Tightrope, blank sheet
Everything could change today

Look ahead, don't look away
It's a fine line to a single point

A deaf ear, a blind eye
Red-handed with your head in the sand

But thoughts get lost again, like letters...
And soon our car sick minds will pull over

Just let it go
Just walk in a straight line
We've been holding it down
We've been keeping it down
Just walk in a straight line

Tightrope, from there to here
There was never a point of return

It cries out through our telephones:
We know it all but we don't know how to use it

Heartbeat, fast luck
Everything could change today

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