

Or Down You Fall

Gil Scott-Heron

I sail out on my paper ship
The sea is made of fire
I ride my horse of nuts and bolts
We made to never tire

R:
The world is just a simple circle
I've got to keep on turning, yeah
I've got to keep on turning
'Til I fall

Down to the top of a mountain
Inside a hollow stone
I pretend that I'm an iron man, yeah
Instead of flesh and bone

The world is just a simple circle
And it keep on turning, yeah
And it keep on turning
You've got to

Go away
I can't stand to see your face
Cause you've seen the weakest me
And now you know I'm only human
Instead of all the things I'd like to be

R: