

A loose grip on a thin line  
Leaves me trailing behind  
I know Ive far to go  
But your steps are too small  
Now and again  
Take me down a peg  
You know I can get so lost  
Even if it's true  
From anyone but you  
Nothing would get through my wall  
I lose touch in your goals  
Its vertigo  
And your words are like  
Music to the beast  
Its all lights and smoke  
Its political  
And my grip remains true  
Though the line may swerve