

# The Walk

Hanson

Deep in a wood  
Where nothing is seen  
A tightrope is strung to his heel  
And high on the walk  
He's down on one knee  
He waits for the slow of the breeze

Ooh, wow  
Look at him now on his feet  
High up in the sky

And every moment, extends endlessly  
If feels as though time isn't moving  
And every second, hold breath not to breathe  
And watch as he moves to the beat

Well down on the floor  
I watch from my seat  
I watch as he sways with the trees  
And slowly he moves  
But so elegantly  
I'm all on the edge of my seat

On the tightrope everything's bare  
All that there is from here to there  
On the tightrope the goal is quite clear  
Don't lose yourself in your

Fear

Everyone waits on a walk  
Some are long and some small  
But all of them tall  
And everyone must make a choice  
Will I go for it all, and possibly fall  
The tightrope is thin  
I could possibly win on the walk

Well high on the walk  
The tightrope it bends  
And nobody knows where it ends  
To win or to lose you're all on your own  
'Cause everyone must be alone

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