

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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