

# Dancing On A Tightrope

I the Mighty

You carry yourself  
Like the lines in your pocket  
But you lack the simple courage  
To move out of your parents' house  
I'm calling you out

You seem so sure  
Without a back-up plan  
But I pierce the skin  
Here we are  
Holding up your out-of-shell with both hands

You're stuck on the path  
You built yourself to self-destruct  
You never stop

I can't help it  
I won't let you bury yourself  
Bury yourself  
It'll all come back to you  
All that you can't pretend  
'Cause life has a way of equaling itself  
Out at both ends

I'll say it again

You seem so sure

Without a back-up plan  
And you disappear and here we are  
Counting down the days  
That you're going on both hands

You're stuck on the path  
You built yourself to self-destruct  
You never stop

I can't help it  
I won't let you bury yourself  
Bury yourself  
Bury yourself, bury yourself

I can't help it  
I won't let you bury yourself  
Bury yourself  
I know you're desperate to find someone  
To ease that pretty mind  
When nobody's listening  
Just know I'll be there for you still  
I've got your back you know I will  
No, I'll never let you bury yourself

Bury yourself, bury yourself, bury yourself