

## On Edge

Piano Magic

This life winds me up too much  
I am taut as a wire  
And the pressure's building up

I am up to the neck  
I am cut to the quick  
I Am stuffed to the gills  
I am sicker than sick

You think you know me  
But you don't know me  
You get a version  
You cast aspersions

My back is up  
But you'd never know  
I hide it well  
It doesn't show

This life winds me up too much  
I am taut as a wire  
And the pressure's building up

I'm a pot on the boil  
I'm a trap on the spring  
I am pushed to the brink  
I could pull out the pin