

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