

Bird on a Wire

Rogue Wave

Are you hoping to get out of this mess?
Truckloads of coffee, conditioned to confess
You're a bird on a wire
And you're wrestling

Who's dirty laundry are you turning out fresh?
Little miss bossy is brimming with breast
You're a bird on a wire
And you're wrestling
No station is final

Popping the pricks and the pins
Are you stopping to smell the good sins?
Are you stopping to lift the good dress?

Geriatric at 20 years old
Break like a matchstick as soon as you're told
You're a bird on a wire
And you're wrestling
No station is final

Don't do what I do

(You're rotting now)
"Yah whatever," she said