

The Lever

Silverchair

Living your life like a bull in the trade,
He doesn't know how it feels,
Under my thumb like a bone under nail,
She's in the know, how's it feel?

Live your life, under machine guns
Canary down the mine

Maybe I'm on the lever
Maybe I'm on the lever
Maybe I'm on the lever

Spoiling my broth like a radio kid
Program computerized minds
Waving my luck under your nose
Like I found a four-leaf clover

Live your life under machine guns
Canary down the mine

Maybe I'm on the lever
Maybe I'm on the lever
Maybe I'm on the lever

So the mirrors face the wall
Don't you feel a little weak?
And I catch you when you fall
But you're falling all the time
Do you need it anymore?
Do you need a little more?

Maybe I'm on the lever
Maybe I'm on the lever
Maybe I'm on the lever
Maybe I'm on the lever
Maybe I'm on the lever
Maybe I'm on the lever

Turn the mirrors face the wall,
Don't you feel a little weak?
And I catch you when you fall,
But you're falling all the time
Do you need it anymore?
Do you need a little more?
Do you need it anymore?
Do you need a little?