

Clinging to a hope
Dust that makes me choke
A tiny piece of dirt
Happiness assured
Can't be too far
Can't be too hard
Traction having slipped
I think I've lost my grip
Mine
But not for long
Mine
Think I'm losing pressure
Think I'm losing ground
Think I'm losing pressure
Think I'm losing
Ground down
Falls down
Hurts me
Much less
So good, so good
So perfect like
How could, how could
How could you try
What for, what for
What better life
Once more, once more
It all slips
By me...again
By me
Think I'm losing pressure
Think I'm losing ground
Think I'm losing pressure
Think I'm losing
Once more
Put it in a package of perfect like
Leave it in package of perfect size
Never opened up and it can't slip
By
It all slips by