Wheat "Off The Pedestal"

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wait there i'll find my shotgun shells and aim to blow your top off the pedestal you're asking me to climb down from my treehouse and dance upon the smallest limb you're asking me to jump and shout and shake myself to the ground i fall upon my head i never seem to get these feet beneath my legs to land up like a cat who's taken back his lives for ones not going right i never was that good i don't want to dance no more you were never worth the fall

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