

Brendan Benson

"Poised and Ready"

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You're poised and ready, unable to make a sound
Your hands are sweaty as you look down
You're running already when you've hit the ground

You're willing and able, so nice to have around
The head of the table is tightly wound
The noise is loud, so turn it down

When you think about it, try to wrap your head around it
You find none of it makes any sense at all
And people you once trusted are now looking so
disgusted
And they're waiting anxiously for you to fall

You take for granted and take what you can grab
Forsake what's landing into your lap
You shake the hand and take a stab

There's no need to doubt it
There's never been two ways about it
It takes a thick skin
There's ways around it but no way in

And when you think about it, try to wrap your head
around it
You find none of it makes any sense at all
And people you once trusted are now looking so
disgusted
And they're waiting anxiously for you to fall

And there you go, turning everybody you know
Turning a one man show, so take a look around you
now
And suck it up and take a bow

You're living and crawling and trying to catch a breath
You're stalling and dying a sudden death
And all the while you second guess

And now the time has come to for it to stop
The crowd was done, so call the cops
You're like a boy who turned and shot

You're poised and ready, unable to make a sound
Your hands are sweaty if you look down
You're running already when you hit the ground

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