

Heather Small

"Don't Look Down"

Visit "[Don't Look Down](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Keeping me in the dark
Behind my back in my back yard
Shaking my head, stealing my seat
Keeping quite alone and meek

I don't know if she can resist
She don't when she sees my kess
She's got a winning touch, she's preserved in gin
She draws the line, it's fine this mess I'm in (?)

I'm fine
I'm fine

Don't look down, you don't cast a shadow
Peter pan with a baseball bat
You're old fashioned (?) like a good-looking cousin
Why can't you be like that

Never been dumb, never take any bets
Pockets bulge, we'd be riddled with debt
Moving our heads ? ? ? ? ?
We'd be driving ? ? ? ? ?
So they can't hear you complain
So they can't hear you complain

Coach bob, the president and god
Said we're gonna leave you black and blue
I wouldn't want you to be misled
No one will recognize you

That's better, you're down on the mat now
You're concrete and nobody's guess
Get married and I'd probably hate it
Why won't you settle for less?

Don't look down, you don't cast a shadow
Peter pan with a baseball bat
You're old fashioned (?) like a good-looking cousin
Why can't you be like that

