Burden Of A Day "It's Lonely At The Top"

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The chips are down
And we are drowning in the flood
It's such a cruel mistress
A bitter taste tonight
Amidst the rising tide of good tries
The goodbyes make the ride home
On the wrong road
Seem Oh! So trite

The seatbelt is keeping me trapped The art form of not holding back The seatbelt is keeping me trapped The art form of not holding back

It's arduous this glamorous life It's arduous don't stop now

This is not a cautionary tale
[The fuse is lit so run for help]
Thirty minutes will burn faster than incinderary bomb's
Whoa oh! oh!
Whoa oh! oh!
Whoa oh! oh!

In standing here we learn to fall
In holding tight we lost it all
In thirty minutes we believe
We're gonna chase this falling star
Whoa oh! oh!
Whoa oh! oh!
Whoa oh! oh!
Whoa oh! oh!

Thank you for coming here tonight I see the wonder in your eyes Don't let me steer you wrong Don't let me steer you wrong

Thank you for coming here tonight I see the wonder in your eyes Don't let me steer you wrong

Don't let me steer you wrong
I wrote this down to tear you up

This is our labor, this is our labor of love for you, love for you

This is our labor, this is our labor of love for you, love for you

This is our labor, this is our labor of love for you, love for you

This is our labor, this is our labor of love for you, love for you

I'd rather bleed than live to see the day the song died out

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