

Chandelier

"Call For Life"

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He hates the desk, that is grotesque
With all its documents and lists and the screen
Outside the sun, he wants to run away to face the day
Without destroying his way
Hurry up! Don't dare to stop!
Something inside him screams
It's creeping in, it's sweating out
The fear of flying, the fear of dying, a roundabout
It's time to decide, to choose the question mark or to
hide
From the fire still burning inside
On the radio, 'though the level's low, he hears The
Stones
See how I'm flying it's the call for life
Just pretend your wings are stronger than all the things
That put you down and start your crying
She's through the door of the seventh floor
Her naked body lies dead on the ground
Tears in his eyes asking for the wherefores and the
why's
And searching for the pure or at least the nice
Not only on the radio, don't keep the level low, we
receive the call
See how I'm flying it's the call for life
Just pretend your wings are stronger than all the things
That put you down and start your crying
See how I'm sailing in the eye of the storm
Leave your fears behind or soon you'll be blind
For the miracle called Life

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