

Flytape

"High In The Wires"

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I can see us wired in summertime
Laughing, riding our bikes, committing the same
crimes
Not a lot to say just a few boys on their way
To manhood or some other such play
I can see us dreaming under red skies as we snuck
around
Meeting while the sprinklers sprayed, the police chased
us around town
Drinking that cheap box wine and a ripped-off case of
Coors
And the girls' eyes shone in the promise of a new night
The promise of a new night

But something must have been not quite right with you
We're all a little crazy but we keep it inside
And I was just about to show you a door
But I guess you won't be needing that anymore

I can pluck the taught strings of adolescence
I can feel our laces break as we jump over that great
fence
Pot smoking, university-laden
The mind can only hold so many things
The mind can only hold so many things

When you climbed those wires
So high
In a dive of honesty
Did you think to ask me?

Something must have been not quite right with you
We're all a little crazy but we keep it to ourselves
And I was just about to shut that front door
And keep it to myself just once more

So I sit alone, at my desk working
Drive home in traffic, kiss my wife goodnight
No one asks, no one inquires,
If it was really me who pushed you from those wires

Was it really me who pushed you from those wires?

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