

## Poi Dog Pondering "Tall"

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Standing tall as a woman but acting tough as can be  
Curling your lip directing your poetry at me  
When I know it was written for another time  
and place  
It doesn't touch me  
You're so bitter the past so close behind  
You're so curling and churning how could your  
angel give in  
When there's nothing to blame but your price  
(Chorus)  
And I guess you need an excuse to fall  
If you're gonna pretend to fly at all

You can curl up cradled in your past  
But it isn't as warm there is it will nothing ever last  
Your painting your pictures with shards of your pain  
You'd prick your fingers for blood to paint  
You sing your strife like a sonnet I believe  
(Chorus)  
(Bridge) You sing your strife like a sonnet  
But you buy your hat with a sweat stained  
brim already on it  
Chaos and fate your enemies at least that's  
the way you've sold them to be  
You can put yourself on a cross but not for me  
(Chorus)

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