

Victorian Dad

"Thin Thread"

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The jobs are worthless and the company's are dirt
Walking down my old street it's starting to hurt
Recessions hitting hard and I lost my car
Got debts up to my eyes you don't seem so surprised

It's a thin thread I'm balancing on
A thin thread I'm hanging on
A thin thread it's turning you off

They say well life has it's ways of making us pay
The wheel still turns in plunders of hate,
I got no more time for you at my door
Your bickering says we don't need to rake any more

Thin thread I'm balancing on
Thin thread I'm hanging on
Thin thread is it turning you off?

I've been sleeping on floors and taking scores
The thin line of reality pours it's not a walk in the park
it's seriously
Dark
I'm falling from my thin, thin thread

Thin thread I'm hanging on
A thin thread on balancing on
A thin thread I'm falling from

Well my body is twitching I'm heading into the storm
Recessions hitting everybody stone hard
From the top to the bottom we fly
The thin, thin thread is your third eye
Your third eye,
It's your third eye

Thin Thread
Thin Thread

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