

The Classic Crime "The Precipice"

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I wish I could play the violin
I'd play 'til tears roll down your cheek and chin
And if you sang along
We could write the saddest song

Sometimes I indulge my every whim
And piece by piece I build the cell i'm in
But I only stay here long
Enough to write the saddest song

I dreamt I stood on a hill
That I wisesh was a mountain
To look back on all my accomplishments
Well they must have been small
'Cause I couldn't seem to find them
So I took a leap off of the precipice

I wish I could play piano well
I'd hit the keys that made your spirit swell
And if you sang along
We could write the saddest song

I dreamt I stood on a hill
That I wished was a mountain
To look back on all my accomplishments
Well they must have been small
Because I couldn't seem to find them
So I took a leap off of the precipice

Whatever the cost, whether it works out or not
Whatever the cost, whether it works out or not
I'll follow you, I'll follow you
I'll follow you with my heart

Whatever the cost, whether it works out or not
Whatever the cost, whether it works out or not
I'll follow you, I'll follow you
I'll follow you with my heart

I dreamt I stood on a hill
That I wished was a mountain
To look back on all my accomplishments

Well they must have been small
Because I couldn't seem to find them
So I took a leap off of the precipice

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