

Tony Lucca

"By A Thread"

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I'm hanging here at the end of my rope again
Wondering how I got to the end of my rope again
Praying to God from here at the end of my rope again
Painfully aware it's the end of my rope again

Stretched like a canvas
Nailed to a frame
This is as far as I can go
Who could have planned this
Who's left to blame
Must I always be the last to know

When cracks begin to show
My paintings fall to pieces
Tiny pieces
With no one to claim me
I'm

Hanging here at the end of my rope again
Wondering how I get to the end of my rope again
Swinging like some laughingstock sort of joke again
Praying to God from the end of my rope again

Thought I was able
Thought I was sure
Thought I could keep this thing alive
Much like a diamond
Stuck in the rough
Patience the key to my survival

Well I've no need
To wait for those around me
I'm the one who's found me
And you're wondering why
I'm

Hanging here at the end of my rope again
Wondering how I get to the end of my rope again
Swinging like some laughingstock sort of joke again
Praying to God from the end of my rope again

Dangling, I'm dangling
Swinging, I'm swingin
Dangling, I'm dangling
Swinging, I'm swingin'

Hanging here at the end of my rope again
Wondering how I got to the end of this here rope again
Swinging like some laughingstock sort of joke again
Dangling by a thread
Dangling by a thread

It's raining, it's pouring
It's raining, it's pouring

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