

Kingsbury Manx

"Handsprings"

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I'll get bold, I'll get wise
See the roots of my demise
And make some plans for ringing in another year
I'll screw up and misspell
All the names I know so well
And curse myself to find a different hemisphere

Get thee gone
All the lines can be redrawn
To give yourself the perfect little piece of land
To turn your handsprings on
And string the days along
You were right and I was wrong

You lean in for a word
Tell me things that might occur
If only we'd been born into some other life
On a lark, on a whim
When the doubts are wearing thin
Save the chase, the midnight race for another time

Get thee gone
All the lines can be redrawn
To give yourself the perfect little piece of land
To turn your handsprings on
And string the days along
You were right and I was wrong
[x2]

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