

Hey Mr. lemonade straining for seeds
can you pour me the bigger ones don't let me see
I'll taste the sweet bitterness and choke on the risk to be me

Hey Mr. tailor please weave me a suit
With truth on my sleeve and a rock in my boot
So there is no mistaking my taking a risk to me

Face the bottom There's no shoot now
Ground come faster Falling down on me

Come on sweet lady please take me away
To the mountain of comfort in weakness chalet
Where I'm happily snow-blind to seeing my risk to be me

The dragons and daemons that burn me alive
Don't deserve to be caged with no chance to survive
Just as the butterfly change is a risk to be me

Face the bottom There's no shoot now
Ground come faster Falling down on me

I've been a prisoner of my own greed
to be safe and secure without any need
to give up my right to be judging my risk to be me

The last drop of rainfall to dry in the sun
My life is protected and finished I've won
But I'm am forsaking not taking my risk to be me

Face the bottom There's no shoot now
Ground come faster Falling down on me