Raking What's Left

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Raking What's Left

Stand on your soapbox and look around town

they can only see you when you're off of the ground

you're a little bit short of being as tall as they are.

Shout at the top of your little lungs

as you're climbing up a ladder to the very top rungs

you're up there wanting to hang on to a shooting star.

No one notices you till you're a head taller

or can take out and spend just one extra dollar

till your head lost your body standing on top of a car.

It hurts when you're up and fall to the ground

and hurts a bit more with the people standing around

raking what's left of you over a fire.

Stay down low so no one will see

and hide in the shadows that's where it's best to dream

you're bound to live longer though you may not get very far.

Say nothing that you want others to hear

for it may come back to haunt you and you'll fear

screaming up there wanting to get down from that cross bar.

People will only notice when there's news to tell

of your downward journey and how they escaped their hell

as your head lost your body and rolled in to a jar.

It hurts when you're up and fall to the ground

and hurts a bit more with the devil standing around

raking what's left of you over a fire.

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