

On a High Ledge

Boston Manor

Father, I think I'm different
I don't like playing with the other boys
Father, I'm different
I like the way the flowers smell

On a high ledge
[repeat]

I want to cry but I don't know how
My lips are chapped, my hands are soft
Circles don't fit into squares

On a high ledge
(Man up, man)
[repeat]