

## It's Lonely At The Top (Or So I've Heard)

Burden of a Day

The chips are down  
And we are drowning in the flood  
It's such a cruel mistress  
A bitter taste tonight  
Amidst the rising tide of good tries  
The goodbyes make the ride home  
On the wrong road  
Seem Oh so trite

The seatbelt is keeping me trapped  
The art form of not holding back

It's arduous this glamorous life  
It's arduous don't stop now  
This is not a cautionary tale  
The fuse is lit so run for help  
Thirty minutes will burn faster than incinerary bomb's (Whoa oh oh)  
In standing here we learn to fall  
In holding tight we lost it all  
In thirty minutes we believe  
We're gonna chase this falling star (Whoa oh oh)  
Thank you for coming here tonight  
I see the wonder in your eyes  
Don't let me steer you wrong  
I wrote this down to tear you up

This is our labor, this is our labor of love to you, love to you  
I'd rather bleed than live to see the day the song died out