

The Pulls

Steam Powered Giraffe

Gravity, it makes no sense to me
but it pulls me, just like you do

The higher I am, the harder into ground I will slam
it will kill me, it'll be messy

Here I am, planted on the ground and waiting, waiting for it to
pull me

If my logic isn't sound, what's keeping our feet on the ground?
An equation, or special occasion

Don't get me wrong, I'd rather be up in the clouds,
but I'd worry, about coming down

Here we are, feeling worlds apart, yet sharing, the pull of gravity

Is it wrong, is it wrong, to be pulled along, by a song

By now, I should have it all figured out,
but you've pulled my outer space apart

If Gravity is embrace, and time the love we chase,
well my darling, you must be a star

Here I am, a meteoric stance as I give in, into the pulls