

Ropes and Carabiners

I like living on the edge	Granite cliff or old sea stack
Balanced on the highest ledge	Plan the route that I'll attack
I like clinging onto rocks	Feel the wind upon my face
Hanging cliffs or boulder blocks	Step across the empty space
Exposure is the thing I love	Belay off and belay on
Lead climb on the pitch above	Living now the climb's begun
Fingers pressed into a crack	Pressed into the chimney side
Empty space behind my back	Exposed, alone, nowhere to hide
Figure four or figure nine	Excelling in the technical
Stretch my body out of line	Crafted on the climbing wall
Shake the fear right out of me	Balance feet and gripping hands
Pressed up to geology	Swinging on the overhang

CHORUS

Ropes and carabiners
The lifeline stretched between us
Ropes and carabiners
Cut-loose to the sky

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INSTRUMENTAL – Synth & guitar solos
I fell in love with altitude
Evolved into a climbing dude
My goal to reach the greatest height
With just the rope to save my life
Sat upon the bosun's chair
Above the void just spinning there
Looking down to you below
Rigid with your vertigo

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OUTRO