

Surface Pressure – Lin-Manuel Miranda

I'm the strong one, I'm not nervous
I'm as tough as the crust of the earth is
I move mountains, I move churches
And I glow 'cause I know what my worth is
I don't ask how hard the work is
Got a rough indestructible surface
Diamonds and platinum,
I find 'em, I flatten 'em
I take what I'm handed,
I break what's demanding, but
Under the surface
I feel berserk as a tightrope walker
In a three-ring circus
Under the surface
Was Hercules ever like,
"Yo, I don't wanna fight Cerberus?"
Under the surface
I'm pretty sure I'm worthless
If I can't be of service
A flaw or a crack
The straw in the stack
That breaks the camel's back
What breaks the camel's back, it's
Pressure, like a drip, drip, drip
That'll never stop, whoa
Pressure that'll tip, tip, tip
'till you just go pop, whoa
Give it to your sister, your sister's older
Give her all the heavy things
We can't shoulder
Who am I if I can't run with the ball?
If I fall to
Pressure like a grip, grip, grip,
And it won't let go, whoa
Pressure like a tick, tick, tick
'til it's ready to blow, whoa

Give it to your sister,
Your sister's stronger
See if she can hang on a little longer
Who am I if I can't carry it all?
If I falter
Under the surface
I hide my nerves, and it worsens,
I worry something is gonna hurt us
Under the surface
The ship doesn't swerve as it heard
How big the iceberg is
Under the surface
I think about my purpose,
Can I somehow preserve this?
Line up the dominoes
A light wind blows
You try to stop it tumbling
But on and on it goes
But wait,
If I could shake
The crushing weight of expectations
Would that free some room up for joy
Or relaxation, or simple pleasure?
Instead, we measure this growing pressure
Keeps growing, keep going
'Cause all we know is
Pressure like a drip, drip, drip
That'll never stop, whoa
Pressure that'll tip, tip, tip
'til you just go pop, whoa-oh-oh
Give it to your sister, it doesn't hurt
And see if she can handle every family burden
Watch as she buckles and bends
But never breaks
No mistakes just
Pressure like a grip, grip, grip,
And it won't let go, whoa
Pressure like a tick, tick, tick
'til it's ready to blow, whoa
Give it to your sister and never wonder

If the same pressure
Would've pulled you under
Who am I if I don't have what it takes?
No cracks, no breaks
No mistakes, no pressure



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych