

Shelter

Poor Rich Ones

I find shelter
In this way
Undercover
Hide away
Can you hear
When I say
I have never
Felt this way
Maybe I had said
Something that was wrong
Can I make it better
With the lights turned on
Could I be
Was I there
It felt so crystal
In the air
I still want to drown

Whenever you leave
Please teach me gently
How to breathe
And I'll cross oceans
Like never before
So you can feel the way I feel it too
I'll mirror images back at you
So you can see the way I feel it too
Maybe I had said
Something that was wrong
Can I make it better
With the lights turned on
Maybe I had said
Something that was wrong
Can I make it better
With the lights turned on

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