

# 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