Oxygen

JJ72

Short sleeves and warm skin
Losing coins, calling next of kin
Dropping words about the city we're in
Ponds compressed by heavy air
Us without care just sprawling there
God's in our worldAirports and undergrounds
Waiting to find the unfound
Rising to pure insanity
Here when you want me
True love has no simplicity
God's in our worldYou and I were going so high
The air is gettin' thin
Our land does not breathe in
We don't need oxygen
It's dreams that binds us and locks us in
The rest are impaled by senseYou and I were going so high
The air is gettin' thin
Our land does not breathe in
We don't need oxygen
It's dreams that binds us and locks us in
The rest are impaled by sense

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