

Atmosphere

Geographer

It is me, it is me, my dear
With my coat and a dream so clear
And the side of my face like a golden rocket
Burning in the atmosphere

Can you see me from down here?

Time like a diver flies
For the surface when it's time to die
And the pearls from his pocket falling down like snowflakes
Catch them on your tongue this year

Do you think they're gonna disappear?

Giving up my life of prayer
I'm gonna throw your ashes in the air
And I watch you while the wind blows back and forth
But it's gonna let you down somewhere
It doesn't matter how much we care.

And the frozen flower
Will never open again
But when the cold winds howl
You have to surface to live

Cover me, a night so black
That I could never find my way back
To the stream in the woods where the footprints drown you
Rain coming down like tears
Drinking up all those years.

And the frozen flower
Will never open again
Oh when the cold winds howl
You have to surface to live

Lyrics submitted by Brian.

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