

Pockets

Powderfinger

By now you know that I never arrived
I was too tired to move
I was gonna invent an elaborate excuse
But I'm tired of them too Little pockets of air in the atmosphere
Make it easy to breathe
So farewell to unpleasant scenes
I want you to stay, stay, stay The blinding flash of circling stars
Left relatively shallow scars
You played your faux renaissance card
To starry eyes and wild applause It's not your destination
So something, something better happen

Songwriters

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