

# Held

## Smog

For the first time in my life  
I let myself be held  
Like a big old baby  
I surrender to your charity I lay back in the tall grass  
And let the ants cover me  
I let the jets fly, not wishing for their destruction  
Born to black in a perfect blue sky For the first time in my life  
I am moving away, moving away, moving away  
From within the reach of me  
And all the wild being held like a big old baby

Lyrics provided by

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