

Falling or Flying

Grace Potter & The Nocturnals

We got lost again
Drove to the end of the road
And a red-faced man
Taught us to do what we're told
And on the twenty-third night
Things aint bad but things aint right
Are we falling or flying?
Are we living or dying?
I guess we'll never know
The air's so heavy
It could drown a butterfly if it flew too high
And I get the feeling
That the truck driver aint shy
Cuz he's looking at me
But nowhere near my eyes
And on the thirty-fifth morning
Things aint good but things aint boring, no
Are we falling or flying?
Are we falling or flying?
Are we living or dying?
I guess we'll never know
Striking rock but hitting gold
Sometimes it's hard to tell
If there's a life behind this song
But I know tomorrow
Today won't feel so long, no
Cuz on the forty-second night
The room was dark but the stage was bright
Are we falling or flying?
Are we falling or flying?
Are we living? Are we dying?
Cuz, my friend, this too shall pass
So play every show like it's your last

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