

# Air Pollution

## Page France

I once adored a chemical reaction  
Her eyes were made from pieces of the moon  
But now I fight the angels for her halo  
She feels that she has nothing left to prove  
We once had dreams of being something useful  
A sword someone would keep at their side  
A friction that would spark a revolution  
A radio in tune with the sky  
Well, we tried  
Now everyone can share what's left  
We can share our breath  
We can share the air pollution  
We can all control the sun  
That's what we'll become  
You'll become a resolution  
Oh, I adore a chemical reaction  
Her features look just like my disguise  
We see the world through identical lenses  
So I never ask what's going through her mind  
It's mine

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