# Air

## Alex Machacek

You wanted to be weightless, you didn't want to wait
We are the sad, sad people, those scared, scared, scared
Scared eyes, insane, unseen an island, inside, inside out minds
Unbeing dead isn't being alive, what's wrong with the air?
What's wrong with the air? What's wrong with the air?
What's wrong with the air?
The red line when the sky ends, the pretty ugly lives
Can't take your car to heaven, can't take God for a drive
Unbeing dead isn't being alive, what's wrong with the air?
What's wrong with the air? What's wrong with the air?
What's wrong with the air? What's wrong with the air?
What's wrong with the sky? What's wrong with your eyes?
What's wrong with the air? What's wrong with the sky
Around you, around you, around you, around you?
In mourning for the morning, you laughed yourself into the afternoon
You thought was endless, you wanted to be weightless
Unbeing dead isn't being alive, what's wrong with the air?
What's wrong with the air? What's wrong with the air?
What's wrong with the air? What's wrong with the air?
What's wrong with the sky? What's wrong with your eyes?
What's wrong with the air? What's wrong with the sky
Around you, around you, around you, around you
Around you, around you, around you, around you?
You wanted to be weightless, you didn't want to wait
You wanted to be weightless, you didn't want to wait
You wanted to be brainless, you didn't want to think
You wanted to be shameless, you didn't want to, want to

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