Where Gravity Is Dead

Laura Veirs

Where gravity is dead
And the airplanes fly around
Above the roaming bees
And the buzzing townAbove the tattered flags
And the rotten show posters
Above the clubs and microphones
Above the jealous mouthsThat's where you found yourself
Riding into the sun
On a raft made for oneRed painted radio
Towers sing you songs
Not, not that something's wrong
You've got, I'm in your headBut doesn't it get lonely
Riding up there to the sun
On a single raft for one
Don't you wish for someoneTo pull you on a string
Down from atmospheres
Down into a clearing
To kiss and box your earsThat's where you found yourself
Riding into the sun
On a raft made for one

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