

# Where Gravity Is Dead

[Laura Veirs](#)

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

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