

# Air

## John Schneider, well-tempered guitar

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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