Fallen Leaves

Air Formation

Fallen leaves on the overground
Riding the blue train's empty line all around
On the evening run, I say you're the only one
All around the golden low sinking bright of the sun
See a simple spark
Bleed a burning flame
It seems so now
Everything's so near
Oh, come on over
The future's here
So brighten up

There is more to become
Fasten down every day
Cos nothing's tied, nothing stays
And I need a driving life
Cos the static weight draws too much useless dust
It gather up, it blocks the way
Watch the landing lights
On a passing plane
It seems so now
Everything's so near
Oh, come on over
The future's here

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