Untied (Dirty Projectors Remix)

The One AM Radio

there's nothing to hold us down. we'll cut the strings. we'll kiss the ground goodbye. we'll catch up a western breeze that eddies us up past the trees to sky. let the line slip free. the ballast is your memory. let it drop to the ground. we'll always be around. mother to her baby said we're never lost. we're never dead. we fly. our thoughts get spun like silken threads, cast down below like sighs. i told you baby, once; i said, we never die, we simply get u

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