

All Awake

I Mother Earth

Look for me to climb fallen trees in yellow summer

Look for me in wide falling fields of bohemia

All awake

With a heavy hand holding me down I stay

All awake

In the only fear of failing hall of fame

We're all awake

Under the weight

Eleven ways

Why you never fall to pieces

You can't carry

We're all awake

And looking for ways

To save your self-love

Looking to define masturbation using colour

Looking for a ride to a place where

Everyone was friends

All awake

With an energy, a hustle and a fade

All awake

In the hell of free electric salad days

We were all awake

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