

# Air

## Ben Folds Five

Saw a silhouette across a fluorescent  
Floating overhead, undoing his helmet  
Through the murky beams and blue-green sea life  
I saw him spinnin' towards the moonlight I pull him in, he wasn't breathin'  
His eyes were wide and I saw two of me there  
There's an ugly buzz that hovers just above the quiet  
Found a way to make it silent I'm comin' up for air  
I'm comin' up for air  
Air  
Air They hold my hand and ask me to pull through  
A voice I know says, "Dear, he probably can't hear you" Comin' up for air  
Comin' up for air  
Comin' up for air

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