

Held

Smog

For the first time in my life
I let myself be held
Like a big old baby
I surrender to your charity I lay back in the tall grass
And let the ants cover me
I let the jets fly, not wishing for their destruction
Born to black in a perfect blue sky For the first time in my life
I am moving away, moving away, moving away
From within the reach of me
And all the wild being held like a big old baby

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