

National, The "Son"

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and if you follow me son
the window wrap around you
carry from the ground
you will never be alone

you wait one turn to sunlight
that's falling on a girl
you're still outside the world

she's reading books from empty women
they're givin beauty tips from empty hips

and how is the water of the rain
and how is the air of the wind
and how are the arms of your mother
she's holding you in

watch them as they try to fly their kites inside their
bedrooms
that were only built for drinking
your thoughts they never lasted long when you were
under the sky
above it you can hold a thought forever

and how is the water of the rain
and how is the air of the wind
and how are the arms of your mother
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