

One Am Radio, The "Untied"

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There's nothing to hold us down, we'll cut the strings,
we'll kiss the ground goodbye (goodbye)
We'll catch up a western breeze that eddies us up past
the trees to sky (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" (we fly)
Our thoughts get spun like silken threads, cast down
below from our hands like sighs (sighs)

Let the line slip free. The ballast is your memory. Let it
drop to the ground. We'll always be around.

Told you baby, once I said, we never die, we simply get
untied.

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