

## Walkabouts

### "Coming Up For Air"

Visit "[Coming Up For Air](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

Suckin' alabaster in a ventilator shaft  
Chewin' on surrender because it's cheap and it lasts  
This ain't hell, it's a holding tank  
Where memory and the future draw a big, fat blank  
I know this tunnel leads somewhere  
But it takes mystery and a torch  
And a reason to care  
I know this tunnel leads outside  
Down to the river where the elephants die

Comin' up  
Up, Up, Up, Up  
Comin' Up for Air

There is no better story than a man in a hole  
This is where he laid still  
This is how he rolled  
This is how he fed, on the marrow of his bones  
This is where he shuffled  
Playin' doomsday alone  
A suicide miner  
With a depth charge timer  
Rathole lover  
Diggin' deep for a cover  
You suffocate first  
Then you learn how to breathe  
The sweet of the sewer  
Shows you the way to leave

make room for the cleanup crew  
They're the last to the scene  
and the first to be fooled  
The townsfolk line thick  
Along the riverside  
Lookin' for a place  
to watch the elephants die

Visit [Walkabouts](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.

