

Bad Astronaut "Catherine Morgan"

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Among the strange it had to be

Over the gems, over the ice

Sheltered from the sun
Pissed in a cup in

The corner of what seems like a box

Trapped in the game

I know it's right

and sheltered from the pain
And captain tells us to enjoy

No one can smell the cobwebs and moss

I know this sounds ambiguous

But here's a different tune
One more day we raise the captain

The futile gesture isn't empty....yet
So i was up to a feeling

I haven't felt in over 5 years

The sound of failure isn't here.....yet

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