

# The Bangles

## "How Is The Air Up There?"

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(S. DuboffA. Kornfeld)

Your father is a V.I.P.  
He thinks he's always right  
Your mother watches her T.V.  
Won't talk to you all night

Couldn't help sitting up so high  
He's gotta find love  
He's never seen a flower tree  
Or anything that close

And everyday I'll pass and say  
Hey!

How is the air up there  
How is the air up there  
How is the air up there  
According to you I just don't care  
I'm falling on the ground

First time that you saw me  
Said you'd hope I would change  
Well, your friends took one look at me  
And they sure acted strange

Haven't seen you in a month  
And you wonder what it's all about  
Well, next time I'm in prison, love  
Come and, well bail me out

And everyday I'll pass and say  
Hey!

How is the air up there  
How is the air up there  
How is the air up there  
According to you I just don't care  
I'm falling on the ground

You tried to put the blame on me  
You've got a lot of nerve  
You say you're so lonely, well

It's all that you deserve

When you get tired of your  
Love of life in high society  
Well, get some kicks and take a trip  
And come on down with me

And everyday I'll pass and say  
Hey!

How is the air up there  
How is the air up there  
How is the air up there  
According to you I just don't care  
I'm falling on the ground

How is the air up there...

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