

Ben Folds

"Air"

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Saw a silhouette across a fluorescent
Floating overhead, undoing his helmet
Through the murky beams and blue-green sea life
I saw him spinnin' towards the moonlight

I pull him in, he wasn't breathin'
His eyes were wide and I saw two of me there
There's an ugly buzz that hovers just above the quiet
Found a way to make it silent

I'm comin' up for air
I'm comin' up for air
Air
Air

They hold my hand and ask me to pull through
A voice I know says, "Dear, he probably can't hear you"

Comin' up for air
Comin' up for air
Comin' up for air

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