

## Grace Potter & The Nocturnals "Falling Or Flying"

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We got lost again  
Drove to the end of the road  
And a red-faced man  
Taught us to do what we're told

And on the twenty-third night  
Things ain't bad but things ain't right

Are we falling or flying?  
Are we falling or flying?  
Are we living or dying?  
I guess we'll never know

The air's so heavy  
It could drown a butterfly if it flew too high  
And I get the feeling  
That the truck driver ain't shy  
'Cuz he's looking at me  
But nowhere near my eyes

And on the thirty-fifth morning  
Things ain't good but things ain't boring, no

Are we falling or flying?  
Are we falling or flying?  
Are we living or dying?  
I guess we'll never know  
Striking rock but hitting gold

Sometimes it's hard to tell  
If there's a life behind this song  
But I know tomorrow  
Today won't feel so long, no

'Cuz on the forty-second night  
The room was dark but the stage was bright

Are we falling or flying?  
Are we falling or flying?  
Are we living? Are we dying?  
'Cuz, my friend, this too shall pass  
So play every show like it's your last

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