

Hasker Da "Up In The Air"

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Pass away the hours, hear the footsteps of the past
Walking up the stairs of time, knowing that I'm trapped
Cold winds of indifference persuade a movement
south
Thinking that it's better there
The warmer climes that we seek out

Poor bird flies up in the air, never getting anywhere
And how much misery can one soul take?
Trying to fly away might have been your first mistake
Poor bird flies up into the air

Never getting anywhere

Picking petals off a flower, loves me, loves me not
Is love another way to count the things you haven't got?
We wish the best to all our friends, young and old alike
When the dust has settled in the sky, you can have
anything you like

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