

I Mother Earth "All Awake"

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Look for me to climb fallen trees in yellow summer
Look for me in wide falling fields of bohemia
All awake
With a heavy hand holding me down I stay
All awake
In the only fear of failing hall of fame
We're all awake

Under the weight
Eleven ways
Why you never fall to pieces
You can't carry
We're all awake
And looking for ways

To save your self-love

Looking to define masturbation using colour
Looking for a ride to a place where
Everyone was friends
All awake
With an energy, a hustle and a fade
All awake
In the hell of free electric salad days
We were all awake

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