

Kris Delmhorst

"Gravity"

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Gravity don't work on me
The ground don't pull me down
I can jump any thing I come to
I do not need to come down

Driving back from your house
It's first gear all the way home
Got my window wide, wide open
I can feel the snow

Could get so stuck on you
But I think I won't
Could sink into this
I would rather just float

So I won't stick to you like glue
I will drift by you just like smoke
I'll leave you nothing but some dirty laundry
Nothing but a little catch in your throat

See the pretty rainbows in the oil slicks on the highway
Hear the lovely music of the sirens passing by
I could love every single person in this truck stop
I would not even have to try

I won't stick to you like glue
I will drift by you just like smoke
I'll leave you nothing but some dirty laundry
Nothing but a little catch

And I throw it all away
Live on ice and wine
Made of skin and appetite
I do not want to call you mine
Don't want to call you mine
I do not want to call you mine

So maybe last month's paycheck is just a jingle in my
pocket
Maybe last night's love is all a pack of lies
Maybe last year's questions really still don't have no
answers

But I still look down when I want to see the sky

So I won't stick to you like glue
I will drift by you just like smoke
I'll leave you nothing but some dirty laundry
Nothing but a little catch in your throat

Gravity don't work on me
Gravity don't work on me
Your gravity, it won't work on me
Gravity don't work on me

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