

Natalie Grant

"Cold Air"

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Waiting for the last leaf to fall,
Can I hear a cry for a dead man to crawl,
Asleep like stones in the well,
Empty as you leave your dry sea shell.

Never seen you came this far,
Never thought I'd hope this hard.

Like air,
Always looking down upon yourself,
Like air,
You live two feet above yourself,
Somewhere,
We will always be in parallel,
Out there,
It's a place without a hope in hell.
Like air...

Haven't made a sound all week,
Trying to gather up some promises to keep,
I watched as the icicles fell,
Pinned to the bottom or drowning, it's hard to tell,

You may be human after all,
Never seen you came this far,
Must you build yourself so tall.

Like air,
Always looking down upon yourself,
Like air,
You live two feet above yourself,
Somewhere,
We will always be in parallel,
Out there,
It's a place without a hope in hell.
Like air...

Trying to wash your trace off my skin,
Cover up the footprints I've been walking in,
Easier to cut you cold,
You can keep your waste of space, I'm half way home.

You may be human after all,
Never seen you came this far,
Must you build yourself so tall.

Like air,
Always looking down upon yourself,
Like air,
You live two feet above yourself,
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