

Out Of Season

"Gravity"

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You are lighter than air
So high you can barely bear the freedom
To do as you choose
No, nothing gets you down
No boundaries no chains around your soul
Making your own truth
But don't you know balloons never really reach the
moon
And even birds high in the sky must come down

With the Gravity
That pulls you to your knees
There has to be a final reckoning
Gravity
You know you won't escape
By grace or grave you'll feel the gravity

When you're nearing the end
Of your journey don't pretend
No, the light you see, it might not be the sun
For your heart will melt like wax
When your arms discover that the wings you've made
Cannot take you home
Oh don't you know balloons never really reach the
moon
And even birds high in the sky must come down

Let the Gravity
Pull you to your knees
There has to be a final reckoning
Gravity
You know you won't escape
By grace or grave you'll feel the gravity

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