

## Postal Service "Recycled Air"

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I take a breath and pull the air in 'til there's nothing left  
I'm feeling green like teenage lovers between the  
sheets

Ba ba ba ba ...

Knuckles clenched to white as the landing gear retract  
for flight  
My head's a balloon inflating with the altitude

Ba ba ba ba...

I watch the patchwork farms' slow fade into the ocean's  
arms

And from here they can't see me stare

The stale taste of recycled air

I watch the patchwork farms' slow fade into the ocean's  
arms

Calm down, release your cares

The stale taste of recycled air

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