

## **The Grownup Noise**

# **"The Oldest Running Feature"**

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We all agree you're like the sea, we climb in tiny boats  
to breathe  
The air you move, a gentle cold, the oldest living  
teacher  
And I float on your blue lagoon beneath the yellow  
moon  
Your hands touch me and I forget just who I was before  
I would swim if you would let me, wait for me

We all agree you're like the sun, we climb in tiny ships  
that burn  
To catch a glimpse of what you stole, the oldest  
running feature  
And I wait for your gravity to pull me in you see, but  
your eyes  
Tell me that your afraid of what you mean to me  
I would die if you would let me, wait for me

If the sky would fall and I could reach  
I'd sort 'em out the things you need  
This film is old, but it still plays on every screen inside  
my brain  
So I will twist and I will bend  
The final scene to change the end

We all agree you're like the sea we climb in tiny boats  
to breathe

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