

The Immigrants **"Feel"**

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Here I stand in front of you
Hypnotized by what I see
And the days have swept me through
Outside of where I want to be

And I'm searching for the center
Where I hear the water flow
And I'm feeling so much better
From this side of the window

And I feel
Feel to hang on the lines holding me
And I Feel
Feel to hang on to that which carries me

And we're trying to get through
To the center of each other
But each time we're thrown askew
By distractions in the weather

And I fall down
And touch the ground
And embrace the gravity that we found
Down here
It's all so clear
The objects aren't as they'd appear

And I feel
Free to hang on the lines holding me
And I feel
Free to hang on to that which carries me

And I don't feel so strong
When I see what's all around me
Ground me deep inside
Sensify
What I taste and touch and see
And make me feel alive

Here I stand in front of you
Hypnotized by what I see
And the days have swept me through

Outside of where I want to be

And I feel

Free to hang on the lines holding me

And I feel

Free to hang on to that which carries me

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