

Blackbird Sky

"Fly"

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Uneasy is this soul that breathes
This stale air is probably killing me
No wind has stirred these trees since I don't know when
I hope I fly before I'm in the dirt

Oh God lay your hands upon me
Oh help me believe in something more than here

Desperate arms in desperate need
for something, for anything
for a spaceship to come down and blow us all away
I hope I fly before I'm in the dirt

Oh God lay your hands upon me
Oh help me believe in something more
Oh help me believe in something more
So I can feel

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