

Fair "Disappearing World"

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A little says a lot
when writing from across the world
under the cover of the air
open your letterbox
each day to catch a glimpse of me
someone who's trying just to breathe

Don't ask my love
where is that your peace comes from

I found it in a disappearing world
I found it in a disappearing world

I'm running out of time
to make a sentimental plea
pass off this trivial affair
that made me motion sick
to be displaced in history
and separated by a scare

Don't ask my love
where is that your peace comes from

I found it in a disappearing world
I found it in the beauty of the world

his intentions were not
as clear as they could be
who's reflection was not
made to look like me
and who's intentions were not
as clear as they could be
who's reflection was not
made to look like me

I'm running out of time
to make a sentimental plea

Don't ask my love
where is that your peace comes from

I found it in a disappearing world

I found it in the beauty of the world
I found it in a disappearing world

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