

The Builders And The Butchers

"Find Me in the Air"

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Find me, oh find me
Find me, oh find me
In the air, lord, in the air.

Find me, oh find me
Find me, oh find me
In the air, lord, in the air.

(Find me, oh find me
Find me, oh find me
In the air, lord, in the air.)

And the weight on every man
The weight is sharp and great
And he who travels long travels late

And the weight on every man
The weight is sharp and great
And he who travels long travels late

You waited your whole life,
Said you're lookin' hard for somethin'
You look so hard, and you never find nothin'
And the chances run like sand through your hand

You waited your whole life,
And you're lookin' hard for somethin'
You look so hard, and you never find nothin'
And the chances run like wind through your hair

Find me, oh find me
Find me, oh find me
In the air, lord, in the air.

Find me, oh find me
Find me, oh find me
In the air, lord, in the air.

And we had ourselves a time
Readin' the bible of the devil

And we had ourselves a time

We're burnin' the bridges to the city

You waited your whole life,
Said you're lookin' hard for somethin'
You look so hard, and you never find nothin'
And the chances run like sand through your hand

You waited your whole life,
And you're lookin' hard for somethin'
You look so hard, and you never find nothin'
And the chances run like wind through your hair

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