

Macklemore

"Wings"

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I was seven years old, when I got my first pair
And I stepped outside
And I was like, Momma, this air bubble right here, it's
gonna make me fly
I hit that court, and when I jumped, I jumped, I swear I
got so high
I touched the net, Mom I touched the net, this is the
best day of my life
Air Max's were next,
That air bubble, that mesh
The box, the smell, the stuffin, the tread, in school
I was so cool
I knew that I couldn't crease 'em
My friends couldn't afford 'em
Four stripes on their Adidas
On the court I wasn't the best, but my kicks were like
the pros
Yo, I stick out my tongue so everyone could see that
logo
Nike Air Flight, but bad was so dope
And then my friend Carlos' brother got murdered for
his fours, whoa
See he just wanted a jump shot, but they wanted his
Starter coat though
Didn't wanna get caught, from Genesee Park to Othello
You could clown for those Probings, with the velcro
Those were not tight
I was trying to fly without leaving the ground, cuz I
wanted to be like Mike, right
Wanted to be him
I wanted to be that guy, I wanted to touch the rim
I wanted to be cool, and I wanted to fit in
I wanted what he had, America, it begins

Chorus:

I want to fly
Can you take me far away
Give me a star to reach for
Tell me what it takes
And I'll go so high
I'll go so high
My feet won't touch the ground

Stitch my wings
And pull the strings
I bought these dreams
That all fall down

We want what we can't have, commodity makes us
want it

So expensive, damn, I just got to flaunt it
Got to show 'em, so exclusive, this that new shit
A hundred dollars for a pair of shoes I would never
hoop in
Look at me, look at me, I'm a cool kid
I'm an individual, yea, but I'm part of a movement
My movement told me be a consumer and I consumed
it
They told me to just do it, I listened to what that swoosh
said
Look at what that swoosh did
See it consumed my thoughts
Are you stupid, don't crease 'em, just leave 'em in that
box
Strangled by these laces, laces I can barely talk
That's my air bubble and I'm lost, if it pops
We are what we wear, we wear what we are
But see I look inside the mirror and think Phil Knight
tricked us all
Will I stand for change, or stay in my box
These Nikes help me define me, but I'm trying to take
mine, off

Chorus:
I want to fly
Can you take me far away
Give me a star to reach for
Tell me what it takes
And I'll go so high
I'll go so high
My feet won't touch the ground
Stitch my wings
And pull the strings
I bought these dreams
That all fall down

They started out, with what I wear to school
That first day, like these are what make you cool
And this pair, this would be my parachute
So much more than just a pair of shoes
Nah, this is what I am
What I wore, this is the source of my youth
This dream that they sold to you

For a hundred dollars and some change
Consumption is in the veins
And now I see it's just another pair of shoes

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