

The One AM Radio

"Untied"

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There's nothing to hold us down
We'll cut the strings, we'll kiss the ground goodbye,
goodbye
We'll catch up a western breeze
That eddies us up past the trees to sky, sky

Let the line slip free
The ballast is your memory
Let it drop to the ground
We'll always be around

Mother to her baby said
We're never lost, we're never dead we fly, fly
Our thoughts get spun like silken threads
Cast down below, down from our heads like sighs,
sighs

Let the line slip free
The ballast is your memory
Let it drop to the ground
We'll always be around

I told you baby once I said
We never die we simply get untied

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