

Air Born "Telepathy"

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One day I heard of an accident
Just one more day I thought again
There are a lot of things going on

A little hard to be on edge all the time
To see the world makes me this confound
There are a lot of things going on

However I thought all was cool
Next moment I don't what I'm to do
There was a singel thing that went on

Before the phonecall everything was chill
But then it came and disturbed me with a din
There was a singel thing that went on

My stomach took a turn
My throat began to burn
A lesson I would learn
Forever with concern

No more kind and naive
It will lead to my grieve
Sadness, all I achieve
The death is a relieve

If I only knew
What it is you do
You're too far away
I cannot hear what you say

Communication's dead
Sending mail instead
But the mailman has fled
I have to use my head

I've got psychic disorders
I can hear your thoughts

Anytime she could die
My life could say goodbye
No longer standing by

Anytime she would die

If I only knew
What it is you do
You're too far away
I cannot hear what you say

Communication's dead
Sending mail instead
But the mailman has fled
I have to use my head

I've got psychic disorders
I can hear you

I've got psychic disorders

I've got psychic disorders
I can hear your thoughts
I've got telepathy
I am an outcast

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