

## Aireline

# "People Like These"

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Drifting above rows of houses and cars there's a  
feeling here

That anyone can fly.

But like all theones who have fallen before,

We are letting go, but they wont let us die.

And I hear them say,

"don't talk about what it's all about

It's just enough to know.

Forget about what you've heard about,

It's all what you see."

Far below here there's a quaint little town

Where I sued to live and others used to die.

And everyone talked about people like these who were  
just like birds

And watched us from the sky.

And I heard them say

"don't talk about what it's all about,

It's just enough to know.

Forget about what you've heard about,

It's only what you see

Let it go, there's nothing to know.

Keep your eyes on the gound,

And forget about what you've heard about,

It's all what you see"

Breathe and we'll float away.

Breathe and we'll float away so slow.

Breath and this is what you'll see

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