

The Postal Service "Recycled Air"

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I take a breath and pull the air in
'Til there's nothing left
I'm feeling green like
Teenage lovers between the sheets

Ba, ba ba ba, ba, ba ba ba
Ba, ba ba ba, ba, ba ba
Ba, ba ba ba, ba, ba ba ba
Ba, ba ba ba, ba, ba ba

Knuckles clenched to white
(Knuckles clenched to white)
As the landing gear retract for flight
My head's a balloon
(My head's a balloon)
Inflating with the altitude

Ba, ba ba ba, ba, ba ba ba
Ba, ba ba ba, ba, ba ba
Ba, ba ba ba, ba, ba ba ba
Ba, ba ba ba, ba, ba ba

Ba, ba ba ba, ba, ba ba ba

I watch the patchwork farms
Slow fade into the ocean's arms
And from here they can't see me stare
The stale taste of recycled air

I watch the patchwork farms'
(I watched)
Slow fade into the ocean's arms
(Slow fade)
Calm down, release your cares
(Calm down)
The stale taste of recycled air
(The stale)

I watch the patchwork farms
Slow fade into the ocean's arms
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I watch the patchwork farms
Slow fade into the ocean's arms
Calm down, release your cares
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