

Powderfinger "Pockets"

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By now you know that I never arrived
I was too tired to move
I was gonna invent an elaborate excuse
But I'm tired of them too

Little pockets of air in the atmosphere
Make it easy to breathe
So farewell to unpleasant scenes
I want you to stay, stay, stay

Blinding flash of circling stars
Left relatively shallow scars
Played your faux renaissance card
To starry eyes and wild applause

Little pockets of air in the atmosphere
Make it easy to breathe
So farewell to unpleasant scenes
I want you to stay, stay, stay, want you to stay

It's not your, not your destination
Something, something better happen
It's not your, not your destination
Something, something better happen

Little pockets of air in the atmosphere
Make it easy to breathe
So farewell to unpleasant scenes
I want you to stay, stay, stay

I want you to stay, stay, stay
Oh, I want you to stay, stay, stay
I want you to stay, stay

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