

## HÃ¼sker DÃ¼ "Up In The Air"

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Pass away the hours, hear the footsteps of the past  
Walking up the stairs of time, knowing that I'm trapped  
Cold winds of indifference persuade a movement  
south  
Thinking that it's better there  
The warmer climes that we seek out

Poor bird flies up in the air, never getting anywhere  
And how much misery can one soul take?  
Trying to fly away might have been your fist mistake  
Poor bird flies up in the air  
Never getting anywhere

Picking petals off a flower, loves me, loves me not  
Is love another way to count the things you haven't got?  
We wish the best to all our friends, young and old alike  
When the dust has settled in the sky, you can have  
anything you like

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