Nick Swisher "Airwayes"

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Move on, like the breeze.

Sit down, and take life at ease.

There's too much that these shivering hands can handle.

All was intercepted, and didn't go as planned;

I'll stay, but this is my last stand.

I'll travel through airwaves,

But never on foot.

Oh, no, never on foot.

There's an ocean in my bedroom, Every time I need to make some headroom.

But you never notice,

No you never notice,

The poker face that I have on,

And what's really going on,

And what's wrong with these...

Melancholic skies.

You'll tend to think the sun revolves around you. You'll never get it 'til you have someone new To replace what you have lost.

So I just...

Move on, like the breeze.

Sit down, and take life at ease.

There's too much that these shivering hands can handle.

All was intercepted, and didn't go as planned;

I'll stay, but this is my last stand.

I'll travel through airwaves,

But never on foot.

Oh, no, never on foot.

Move on, like the breeze (like the breeze)

Sit down, and take life at ease (take life at ease)

There's too much that these shivering hands can handle.

All was intercepted (intercepted),

And didn't go as planned (didn't go as planned);

I'll stay, but (I'll stay) this is my last stand (my last

stand).
I'll travel through airwaves (airwaves),
But never on foot.
Oh, no, never on foot.

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