

Anya Marina **"Space Monkey"**

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I've been on the ground
Feet slowly dragging
I've been on a bender for weeks but
It feels like I'm on the wagon
And you're out of range
High in the atmosphere
Cellphone's overblown
And it sounds like I gotta
Gotta get out of there

Houston, there's trouble here
I'm outta reach outta love and I'm
Mostly out of you
And just as I say the word "impossible"
They tell me space monkey's landed on the moon

Not keeping track
But the phone rang two days ago
My face is a map in the tears
And decay
I got a way's to go

Houston, there's trouble here
I'm outta reach outta love and I'm

Mostly out of you
And just as I say the word "unbearable"
They tell me space monkey's landed on the moon

Are you happy or sad
Or just feeling the same
I know it at once, and it's nonchalance
I know it's pressing

Houston, I'm begging you
To give a shoutout to all the peeps
And the posse, oh
Ok, for real
Could you relay a message fast
To the astronaut who wanted to know?

Yes, I do

I do believe in the sun
And I do, I do
Concede there is one
And you, do you believe in the one?
Do you, do you, do you
Believe in...

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