

When I Die

Beirut

When I die
I want to travel light
Or rinse my hands
So I catch the satellite
Don't cry
I promise that I'll get it right
I've been practicing my whole life

When I'm fine
I become a different man
All these distances and abandoned light
In time, passing forces did collide
Into her arms of rot
And it was alright

Now I, I feel right
What would death steal that could harm me?
Now I feel right
In the darkest lair
I feel right again