

What's the point of searching if I just end up lost?
And what's the use in loving you if it just makes me crazy?
And what's the point of taking your hand if we just turn and walk away? I'm deadweight

I think about you night and day I think I'm going crazy. Do I come off crazy?
I think I'm crazy, crazy

Skywriter speaks in clips and phrases
Bright white puffs on the bluest pages
But hangs his head at the rush of the wind
If only he could say it again
Some nights he screams into the infinite
Tries to write a line that will outlive him
Thinks of her and breathes something intimate
To match her elegance, should they end up face to face here
But it only comes out phrases
Does he come off crazy?
Skywriter speaks in clips and phrases

(I'm deadweight)
What's the point of searching if I just end up lost?
(I'm deadweight)
And what's the use in loving you if it just makes me crazy?
(I'm deadweight)
And what's the point of taking your hand if we just turn and walk away?
Don't think about it too much it might just make you crazy
Don't think about it too much it might just make you crazy
It might just, it might just, it might just make you crazy

Did the wind blow you down?
Was it your greatest enemy?
I'd love to keep you here with me on the ground
Yours is the only sky I see

(I'm deadweight)
What's the point of searching if I just end up lost?
(I'm deadweight)
And what's the use in loving you if it just makes me crazy?
(I'm deadweight)
And what's the point of taking your hand if we just turn and walk away?

I think about you night and day I think I'm going crazy