

I'm going up the volcano sky is calling  
Old as the earth is, the mountains keep on falling  
Out of reception and I'm not sure how to follow  
Lines and the colors on the ground all running all over  
I'm going up over lakes and over mini car lots  
Up over breakfast table conversations open as a notebook

Would you believe?

Would you rely on the scientific method?  
Often a thing falls apart the closer up you inspect it  
I'm going up to a place where no one ever gets hurt  
She's in the voicemail in my pocket as I float above the woods  
in a t-shirt

Would you believe?

Would you?