

## Curved Air

David Crosby

Flashes and curved air  
I can't trust my eyes  
The things that I'm seeing  
Look like lies  
The wind has shoulders  
Pushing me aside  
The sky is a cavern open wide

I thought I was leaving  
I got no time for that  
It's too strange here to be serious  
Too rocky to be flat  
Too serious to be calm  
So moderate and white  
I heard, "inside the fence, you're alright"

If I could get some traction here  
A little solid ground  
A piece of working action here  
I might get found  
Might get found

I remember silence  
The moment that I knew  
All the air turning solid  
Curved and blue  
Throwing us across the road  
Into that rigid wall  
I woke up in the dark  
Across the hall

If I could get some traction here  
A little solid ground  
A piece of working action here  
I might get found  
Might get found