

# Without Any Airs

Fruit Bats

I really wish I had some vision of hope  
Some beacon in the dark  
The glimmer keeps getting dimmer, oh no

Something to save us from the slippery slope  
A sliver of hope  
But the sliver keeps getting slimmer, oh no  
And the slope, it's getting slicker, it is

Without a reason, without a way  
Without any [?] in the lake  
Without a crest of our family name  
Without any airs  
Without any airs  
Without any airs

I really wish I had some vision of hope  
A lighthouse in the night  
But the shimmer keeps getting dimmer, oh no  
No, the glimmer keeps getting dimmer, oh no

Oh no  
Oh no  
Oh no