

The Elevator

Guster

Boy, I know who you are
Your skin is my skin, as your blood is my blood

Nothing's wrong
It's just a celebration
I can't just keep 'em waiting
I'll miss you when I'm gone

Let me go
Here comes the elevator
I hoped I'd never say it
Gonna miss you when I'm gone

Girl, I feel where you're coming from
You're imagination, you're love made of love

Fourth of July plays in my mind
Gunpowder sky burned in blue, red, and white
Ashes to ashes and dust gone to dust

Nothing's wrong
It's just a celebration
I can't just keep 'em waiting
Gonna miss you when I'm gone
Let me go
Here comes the elevator
I hoped I'd never say it
Gonna miss you when I'm gone