

Cruising down the stratosphere, found a friend who understands.
So lower your stares and slither down.
I've been tired and this could be fun, this could be fun.

Back inside and keeping near the blank,
fake trees, and they don't breathe.
But neither do you, so let's go inside
and find a room and get real weird, and get real weird.

And I could feel you slipping away,
and I could know that you were away.
I could know my arms and legs,
but I've been why, are you leaving now?
Are you leaving now?