

## Static

J Church

When you fly west over hours of excess,  
Your breath grows short and weak,  
Down on the ground,  
You take ten trains to the next town,  
You're travelling interplanetary,  
You're travelling interplanetary

You drive erratic,  
You feel the static,  
You feel the static as you're hardly home,  
Now I know you are not all like me,  
It's okay, I knew it all along secretly

I'm impressed by all of your excess,  
You've got our machine dreams down,  
Now I observe as we speed through the curve,  
I cling to the west like the east

I count the money,  
The eggs are too runny,  
I should have stuck to some local dish,  
No land, no past, no country,  
I need more proof that I don't exist  
Like I need more proof that I don't exist

You drive erratic,  
You feel the static,  
You feel the static as you're hardly home,  
Now I know you are not all like me,  
It's okay, I knew it all along secretly

It's OK (OK),  
It's OK (OK),  
It's OK (OK),  
It's OK (OK)