

Colors and Shapes

Mac Miller

If it were colors and shapes we imagine every
Instead of all of this weight that we have to carry
Would you be able to breathe?
And if you could just find where that comfort resides
No distraction or movement that fucks with your mind
Would you let them see?
While beneath the ocean I met with the captain
Who sank to the floor on his ship
All of his passengers escaped to safety
But he was not done with his trip
He looked up and smiled, asked me "how do you do?"
I told him I'm losing my grip
He told me "son, if you want to hold onto yourself
Then let yourself slip"

Fall
Ooh
Fall
Oh
Fall
Oh, it feels good to fall

These puzzles are so hard to make into pictures
Of something that'll they understand
They could open their eyes, still be blind to the beauty
But march on the heart of this land
Oh oh, why don't you turn around and go home?
They invade your minds and then fill them with nonsense
These things that a man doesn't need
Take out the love and the passion and hope
And they fill it with nothing but greed
While floating to galaxies they said I could
And I noticed how sad one can get
Cause the ignorant mind is so peaceful I find
I can't understand nothing no more
If I jump let me fall
If I jump let me fall

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