

# Winded

Nathaniel Rateliff

The air I owe  
All of it sold and be  
My mean too low  
And too low to offer you

Honey, I do lay again  
All the air I lost in bed  
In the end it cuts the same  
So call the blows

The air for all  
All of its salt in me  
My name in rows  
They still owe than offering

Oh, to bare themselves again  
It's only eyes if nothing's said  
In the end I love her name  
Heart and all

The air I owe  
The air I want to be

Running over me in my head  
All the ashes rise again  
All the crawling that I did  
To come running home

The air I owe  
The air I owe  
The air I owe it all to you