

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