

Somewhere up There

Passion Pit

Baby, I get so lost
I saw you falling apart and I thought it was all my fault
But now you sing
Oh, how you sing!
With your voice like an angel attached to a broad pair of wings
But that's the point
Because once we joined
The crowd started screaming and we couldn't hear over the noise
you spoke and said-
(But in my head, I kept passing the blame for excuses to help me tread)

Oh, caught in the middle of deceptions
Just to get a part of the others, our authority figures
That would look like the others
The truths and the liars that were holding us both to the flames
So, now I cry -- I'm only trying to turn our hell to reality
And it's so divine
Because the pain
And the time it takes to end all of the talking
And finally meet on a plane

And up there somewhere
And up there somewhere

You know when children are very little, the child-mother, or nurturer, let's call her mother. The mother bond is developed- from day one, starts real early and continues.

There are three fundamental attachments that you can be:
Secure, ambivalent
Or distant
...in your attachment -- in other words, insecure in your attachment. So, um...

Hi Mike, this is Mom. Sorry I missed your call, I was out. I'm out in the garden, gardening, my favorite thing. Um, anyway, thanks for the call. I love you too, um, hope you're doing well. Anyway, um, uh, okay. Just hanging out there. We're here and, everybody else is elsewhere. Matt's coming home this week from school and, um, whatever. Okay. Talk to you. Love you. Thanks for calling. Bye.