

# Where Gravity Is Dead

Shamir

Where gravity is dead  
And the airplanes fly around  
Above the roaming bees  
And the buzzing towns  
Above the tattered flags  
And the rotten show posters  
Above the clubs and microphones  
Above the jealous mouths

That is where you've found yourself  
Riding into the sun  
On a raft made for one

Red painted radios  
Towers sing you songs  
Not, not that something's wrong  
You've got 'em in your head  
But doesn't it get lonely  
Riding up there to the sun  
On a single raft for one  
Don't you wish for someone

To pull you on a string  
Down from atmospheres  
Down into a clearing  
To kiss and box your ears?

That's where you've found yourself  
Riding into the sun  
On a raft made for one