

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