

# Astronaut

Sir Sly

I know I'm tripping  
Baby I'm barely alive  
(Are my feet on the ground because my head's in the sky)  
A little paper  
A little love on the tongue  
(All my memories are rushing back from when I was young)  
A world of color  
I'm in the future and scared  
(I thought I knew what to expect but I just wasn't prepared)  
And now my brain  
A private theater  
(Is it a 35 or 40 millimeter?)  
(Is it a camera? Or is it a gun?)

Live a little, dropping acid, and I'm flying away  
I'm feeling like an astronaut in space  
I don't think that it'll ever do the damage they say  
Feeling like an astronaut in space

Lysergic feelings  
I'm breathing barium vibes  
(I'm looking down from the ceiling, I've got a bird's eye)  
I'm in the bathtub  
Swimming in lavender hymns  
(I'm discovering God and she is paper-thin)  
The question's loaded  
Am I naive?  
(I had a vision of you watching me as I was fading in and out  
In a department store  
I don't want to be alone anymore)

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Is this the comedown?  
I'm stretching back into time  
A little love on the tongue  
A little more piece of mind

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