

Midwestern Clay

Squirrel Flower

We live of midwestern clay
A vantage point above it all
The space between the fields of corn
The fields, and the flat clouds

I got no idea what's keeping me in the air
But nothing's keeping me on the ground
I got no idea what's keeping me in the air
But nothing's keeping me on the ground

I biked pretty far out, up a few hills
Sat next to a dirt road to watch the sky
A truck drove by full of hay bails
Kicked up the dirt then left

I got no idea what I'm doing here
But I'm here 'cause I got no place else to be
I got no idea what I'm doing here
But I'm here 'cause I got no place else to be