

Float Away

The Greeting Committee

Glad it's raining so I don't have to go outside
And pretend I'm happy just to be alive
You know I hate dying. I've only tried
So I cross my fingers and count to five

I call it weed. You call it function
I hate these drugs but you love watching
Your reverie on display
You leave yourself and float away
And float away

My life don't feel like mine these days I find these days
Stale rye, once an apples eye. I'm losing sight I'm
Lost in my head
Haven't felt this since
Listening to the 1975 while getting high
In somebody's basement party
My life don't feel like mine these days I find these days

Don't pay no mind to my alarms
I'm down a fight, but up in arms
You're so perfect until I need you
You might've been there, but I couldn't see you

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Stale rye, once an apples eye.
I'm losing sight I'm

Don't let me hang out on the wire
Sinking fast. I'm sinking further
Treading water's getting harder
Don't let me fall another martyr

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