

## 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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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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