

# You Were in the Air

The Microphones

You were in the air  
But I picked you up  
You're on the ground  
I lost it, ohhhh

You're a cloud formed from my breath  
(A plastic bag in wind)  
A ghost from in my dream  
(Dreams of us in beautiful scenes)  
I reached for your hand  
To show you beautiful scenes  
There was nothing there  
I was reaching for air

I woke up and I can see  
I'm with you in my dream  
Oh, you don't exist