

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