

Falling Up

Will Wood

Your stratospheric fear of catastrophe's near, fast it's here
Atmosphere past your ears, fall but you'll neverland
Second star to the right...

I'm gripping the grass and I'm pulling up daisies
Thank matter for mass and the comfort of gravity
Airplane eclipses over spirals of math, would or could the impact kill me?
Yes, yes, yes. No, no, no, no, no
It's just the high-noon moon saying "shoot for the stars!"
"Be the next big constellation, connect the dots between your parts!"

Dandelion seeds yet to ride on the breeze
You make a wish upon the dead but turn and call it a weed
Only plastic flowers never die

With the bones of a crow and ambitions of candlewax
What do you know of control? The wind is simply at your back
It really seems pollen's more clever than bees, so you cue the final words of
Leary:
And cry "Why, why, why? Why not? Why not? Why not?"
I'd rather be a hot-
air Hindenburg than an elephant tied right down to its stake
Cut ties, shed the dead weight. I ain't saying it's fate, but there are no mistakes

And dandelion seeds yet to ride on the breeze
You make a wish upon the dead but turn and call it a weed
Only plastic flowers never die

While I cry on skies of blue linoleum
Clouds of spilt milk, but am I the cup?
Here comes the sun, am I falling up?
Falling up
Here comes the sun, am I falling up?

Disney-Pixar Ludovico, Shirley Temple maraschino
Hotel rooms of Motley Crüe, Broadway producer improv troupes
Ray-Bans in your living room, eyeline hurts to be in view like
Stage fright only when its karaoke night with friends leave early
Did I earn this stupid hat? Is now really a good time for a new tattoo?
Oh, is now really a good time for a new tattoo?

The larger they are
The harder they tend to fall
Much larger than life cause from such height
Life looks awful small

And dandelions grow in dirt
Magic mushrooms grow in piles of bullshit
I grew up in suburbia
Love us or hate us, pick us you're killing us, and
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You make a wish upon the dead but turn and call it a weed
Only plastic flowers never die

While I cry on skies of blue linoleum
Clouds of spilt milk, but am I the cup?

Here comes the sun, am I falling up?
Falling up
(Dandelion seeds yet to ride on the breeze
You make a wish upon the dead but turn and call it a weed
Dandelion seeds yet to ride on the breeze, you make a wish.)
Here comes the sun, am I falling up?
Falling up
(Dandelion seeds yet to ride on the breeze
You make a wish upon the dead but turn and call it a weed
Dandelion seeds yet to ride on the breeze, you make a wish.)
Here comes the sun, am I falling up?

Did I earn this stupid hat? Is now really a good time for a new tattoo?
Oh, is now really a good time for a new tattoo?

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And straight on 'till you die