

No Place

Wye Oak

We live in a place
That is no place
We breathe our words
And when we are hungry
We eat our ideas
One thought as one red apple
One thought as one red apple

We live in a place
That is no place
Afraid of getting sick
We do not kiss
We do not shake hands
We do not run till we're out of breath
We do not climb to the tall places

And we do not lock eyes
With strangers and ask them

Who are you
Who am I
Where are we
What's happened to us

Who are you
Who am I
Where are we
What's happened to us