

The Postal Service, Recycled Air

I take a breath
Hold the air until there's nothing left
I'm feeling green
Teenage lovers between the sheets

ba ba-ba-ba ba ba-ba-ba ba ba-ba-ba ba ba ba

Knuckles clenched to white
as the landing gear detracts for flight
My head's a balloon
Inflating with the altitude

ba ba-ba-ba ba ba-ba-ba ba ba-ba-ba ba ba ba (x3)

I watch the patchwork farms
Slowly fade into the ocean's arms
and from here you can't see me stare
The stale taste of recycled air

I watch the patchwork farms
Slowly fade into the ocean's arms
Calm down, release your cares
The stale taste of recycled air

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