breath of the morn-ing  I keep for-get - ting. The smell of the warm_ sum-mer air._
I wish that they'd sweep down   in a coun - try lane,    late at night_ when I'm
_  
driv - ing.

I live in a town    where you can't smell a thing,
Take me on board    their beau - ti - ful ship._

you watch your feet    for cracks in the pave - ment.
show me the world    as I'd love to see it.

(2.) I'd

2nd time
Up above, aliens hover, making home movies for the folks back home, of all these weird creatures who lock up their spirits, drill holes in themselves and live for their secrets.

They're all uptight,
up-tight, up-tight, up-tight,
up-tight,
CODA

shut me away, But I'd be all right,

al right, I'd be all right,

I'm all right, I'm just