

# Fighting For Air

Bernard Fanning

How'd we end up here? Like souvenirs  
From another time, fighting for air  
A light is casting shadows, darkened by despair  
Through that faded line, follow me there

I got a mind to see how fine it is to be your fool  
A mark in time till I get back to you  
I can't fight the shaking in my mind  
A mark in time till I get back to you

The echoing empty space in your heart  
Where my love used to hide, disclosing parts  
And every time I followed you into the dark  
It chilled me to the marrow, left me fighting for air

But I got a mind to see how fine it is to be your fool  
A mark in time till I get back to you  
I can't fight the shaking in my mind  
'Cause I'm no good when you're gone  
I'm no good when you're gone

How'd I end up here? Like a mutineer  
Against my back, fighting for air  
So lay down by my side one more time before I go  
Let our hearts collide, let our secrets be known