

Taking Off

Highly Suspect

Nobody can be saved
My mind is on overdrive
I've got a whispering way
Of saying goodbye
The shadow hits your face
Just for a second, that's all that I need
And when you bat your eyes
I'm going on my other space

I'm taking off
You can't follow me
Taking off
Into my brand new space
So shake it off
Try again next week
Taking off
You can't follow me

These faces are dark
I lost interest in everything here
Let's put our feelings on the table
Then stick our fingers down our throats and throw up
See, look at all these losers
Come on, we can do better than this
But since there's nowhere to go
Just give me all your pocket drugs

I'm taking off
You can't follow me
I'm taking off
On my brand new space
Shake it off
I'll be back next week
Taking off
You can't follow me