

Float

The Feelers

In the violence, we celebrate again
It's four o'clock in the morning, we'll wait again
And I'm high all the time
I wonder why everytime

There's no more faces and no more black velvet crush
And there's no more, there's no more circles and no more strain
Cause I am floating, I'm floating
Yeah I am floating, I'm floating

See a little girl in a yellow dress
She's playing
You see a little boy in a yellow shirt
He's running circles around his shadows in the sand
He's says hi all the time
He wonders why every time

And there's no more faces and no more black velvet crush
And there's no more, there's no more circles and no more strain
Cause I am floating, I'm floating
I am floating, I'm floating away

Yeah I am floating away, I am floating away, I am floating away
I am floating, I am floating away
Yeah I am floating away, I am floating away yeah
I am floating, I am floating away