

Recycled Air

The Postal Service

I take a breath and pull the air in 'til there's nothing left
I'm feeling green like teenage lovers between the sheets

Ba ba ba ba ...

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

Ba ba ba ba...

I watch the patchwork farms' slow fade into the ocean's arms
And from here they can't see me stare
The stale taste of recycled air
I watch the patchwork farms' slow fade into the ocean's arms
Calm down, release your cares
The stale taste of recycled air