

# Frank Black, Two Spaces

This gravity  
Is feeling like a tether  
I want to want to be  
So high above the weather

All frequency around  
Without a sound

And there's today  
And there's two spaces  
And too many places  
Not to go to, ooh

This big old sea  
Is feeling like a pleasure  
I look cautiously  
At all the falling treasure

With some frequency  
It comes down  
Down, down, down, down  
Without a sound

And there's today  
And there's two spaces  
And too many places  
Not to go to, ooh