

Grace Potter and the Nocturnals, Falling Or Flying

We got lost again
Drove to the end of the road
Met a red faced man taught us to do what we're told
and on the twenty-third night
Things aint bad but things ain't right

Are we falling or flying?
Are we falling or flying?
Are we living or dying?
I guess we'll never know

The air so heavy
It could drown a butterfly
If it flew to high
and I get the feeling
That the truck driver ain't shy
Because he's lookin' at me but no where near my eye
and on the thirty-fifth morning
Things ain't good but things ain't boring

Are we falling or flying?
Are we falling or flying?
Are we living or dying?

I guess we'll never know
Striking rock or hitting gold

Sometimes it's hard to tell if there's a life behind a song?
But I know tomorrow
Today won't feel so alone
Because on the forty-second night
The room was dark but the stage was bright

Are we falling or flying?
Are we falling or flying?
Are we living, are we dying?

'cause my friend this too shall pass

So play every show like its your last