

Kris Delmhorst, Gravity

Gravity don't work on me
The ground don't pull me down
I can jump any thing I come to
I do not need to come down

Driving back from your house it's first gear all the way home
I got my window wide wide open so I can feel the snow
Could get so stuck on you but I think I won't
I could sink into this but I would rather just float

So I won't stick to you like glue
I will drift by you just like smoke
I'll leave you nothing but some dirty laundry
Nothing but a little catch in your throat

See the pretty rainbows in the oil slicks on the highway
Hear the lovely music of the sirens passing by
I could love every single person in this truck stop
I would not even have to try

So I won't stick to you like glue
I will drift by you just like smoke
I'll leave you nothing but some dirty laundry
Nothing but a little catch

And I throw it all away
Live on ice and wine
I'm made of skin and appetite
And I do not want to call you mine

So maybe last month's paycheck is just a jingle in my pocket
Maybe last night's love is all a pack of lies
Maybe last year's questions still got no answers
But I still look down when I want to see the sky

And I won't stick to you like glue
I will drift by you just like smoke
I'll leave you nothing but some dirty laundry
Nothing but a little catch in your throat

Gravity don't work on me