

R.E.M., The Lifting

Grounded 5 a.m.
The nightlite is comforting.
But gravity is holding you.

Once settled into sleep
You have watched on repeat,
The story of your life
Across the ceiling;
And in review,

You've said the air was singing
It's calling you you don't believe
These things you've never seen.

"Good morning, how are you?
The weather's fine, the sky is blue-
It's perfect for our seminar..."

"Now close your eyes,
And start to breathe.
Allow the noise to recede...
...Allow yourself to drift and fly away.
But you just stay.

You've said the air was singing
It's calling you you don't believe
These things you've never seen, never dreamed.

Did you hear these voices calling

Locked into a conference room,
"We're only what our minds assume..."
And rationale is leaving you.

This conceit these systems of belief,
Your counselor agrees,
"You've always mark these boundaries now you're free..."
And with relief.

You've said the air was singing
It's calling you you don't believe
These things you've never seen, never heard, never dreamed.

You said the air was singing
It's calling you you don't believe
These things you've never seen.

Never [x19]

Once you had a dream
Of oceans, and sunken cities
Memories of things you've never known