

# Sky Eats Airplane, Patterns

Falling from a second story window,  
patterns collide when I hit the ground.  
Remind me never to look down again.

Come on, come on, dance it up,  
get on the dance floor and bring it all night.  
Come on, come on,  
get on the dance floor.

Now I have eyes again.  
Replace sorrow with sight.  
Now I have eyes again.  
Replace sorrow with sight.

Come on, come on.  
Replace sorrow, replace sorrow.

Come on, come on.  
Come on, come on, replace...