

Aereogramme, Exits

it's not my choice to be here, there's been a little room
I've never found an exit, I doubt I'll find one soon
I cursed you all for leaving, I pushed you all away
how long will this last, will I stay?

won't you help me to find, a way out, some exits, a life line?

will I only come out to a bigger room?
and we've all got exits, we keep on running to
so grab yourself a bottle, it's yours as much as mine
we toast the air, the sky, and anything that we can find

won't you help me to find, a way out, some exits, a life line?

There's no way out, and no way in, and I won't be needing this oxygen