

# Alt-J, Philadelphia

Am I cold? I cannot tell  
Have I fallen? Or am I falling down this stairwell?  
Oh, the cadence of the glow  
Concussive flashes of distant memories  
Good God, I feel your hands on me  
In the dying of the light, my aggressor runs under the lamps  
Morning light they'll get to see the crime committed on me  
Sonny Green is feeling slow  
Pepped up with a bag so righteous he sings all of Rubber Soul  
Oh, the cadence of the glow  
Percussive flashes over dimly lit country  
Good God, I feel your hands on me  
In the dying of the light, my aggressor runs under the lamps  
Morning light they'll get to see the crime committed on me  
Silk, dampened, unknown, over final thoughts  
Where will I be in two years?  
Euphoria breaks over the bow, washing up the macabre  
Out to sea to my mother's arms  
And I'm losing my ability to fathom  
Awake and not awake  
And I'm losing my ability to fathom  
Awake and not awake  
And I'm losing my ability to fathom  
Awake and not awake