BEMY, Oxygen

When live keeps bringing me down
I pick you up of the ground
and give you oxygen
for you to fly again

Im the tick, she is the tock of a broken clock
She is the pretty shoe and I am the ugly sock,
I happen to be the software and she is the glitch,
I am the power and she is the swith

She is got me, she is got me cravin
faster then I can imagine

When live keeps bringing me down
I rest upon your chest
like a life vest or a birds nest

When live keeps spitting you out
I pick you up of the ground
and give you oxygen
for you to fly again