

# Ben Folds, Air

Saw a silhouette across a fluorescent  
Floating overhead, undoing his helmet  
Through the murky beams and blue-green sea life  
I saw him spinnin' towards the moonlight

I pull him in, he wasn't breathin'  
His eyes were wide and I saw two of me there  
There's an ugly buzz that hovers just above the quiet  
Found a way to make it silent

I'm comin' up for air  
I'm comin' up for air  
Air  
Air

They hold my hand and ask me to pull through  
A voice I know says "Dear, he probably can't hear you..."

Comin' up for air  
Comin' up for air  
Comin' up for air