

Bush, Out Of This World

When we die
We go in to the arms of those
Who remember us
We are home now
Out of our heads
Out of our minds
Out of this world
We're out of this time

Are you drowning or waving
I just want you to save me
Should we try to get along
Just try to get along
So we move
We change by the speed of the choices that we make
And the barriers are all self-made
That's so retrograde

Are you drowning or waving
I just need you to save me
Should we try to get along
Just try to get along

I am alive
I'm awake to the trials of confusion we create
There were times I feel when we're about to break
When there's too much to say
We are home now
Out of our heads
Out of our minds
Out of this world
We're out of this time
We're out of this time
We're out of this time
We're out of this time