Echobelly, Gravity Pulls

Satellites fall away
Avery time I close my eyes
The sum of my own denial
Echoes for a thousand miles

Gravity pulls
Shadows on the runway
Sent to battle over me
Layers in reality

I'll find an open road
Sleep out on the back seat
I need to see the sky
The colour of the blue sea
I could be gone a while

We have come a long way
Further than our reason lies
All that still survives is stranger than we realize

I'll find an open road
Sleep out on the back seat
I need to see the sky
The colour of the blue sea
I could be gone a while

Gravity pulls
Falling from a stolen high
I'm out of the will that I put in
Nothing more to hide behind

I'll find an open road
Sleep out on the back seat
I need to see the sky
The colour of the blue sea
I could be gone a while

I need to see the sky