

Jonny Craig, What I Would Give To Be Australian

Set it up, this is what I'm talking about,
Let me do my thing, here we go.

Waking up, I feel such a sense that my life has succumb to rely,
A cross between where I live my life and where I'm really at.

How do we get so close without us knowing where we would be?
And how do we get so old without us knowing we can't get out?

Needle leads thread, I see no point in flying low this time,
We have come for what we're owed, I'm bleeding it dry.

How long have we both lived for the same style,
I would die for what I can do, I would die for what you can't,
Why can't we just believe in taking it so far,
That our feet don't touch the ground?

How do we get so close without us knowing where we would be?
And how do we get so old without us knowing we can't get out?

Needle leads thread, I see no point in flying low this time,
We have come for what we're owed, I'm bleeding it dry.

Can you feel how close we are? Reach out and grab it,
One of the shapes afraid of us, I'll bury you there,
This mistake won't be the end of us,
Stare into nothing, we are alive.

How do we get so close without us knowing where we would be?
And how do we get so old without us knowing we can't get out?

Needle leads thread, I see no point in flying low this time,
We have come for what we're owed, I'm bleeding it dry.