

# Michigan, The Gravity

Here we stand  
In the corner of the street  
We used to live there  
In this tainted land  
I am longing in my head  
And my feet

You look so sweet to me  
So pretty in the night  
We're praying to the stars  
Travelling by car  
You look so sweet to me  
My pretty little child  
The gravity  
Is what keeps you down

It's time again  
I am drowning in town  
Oh yes I'm sinking  
There's a lot of pain  
Even more than I can take  
Or pay for  
I hate it all

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So pretty in the night  
We're praying to the stars  
Travelling by car  
You look so sweet to me  
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Pretty in the night  
Travelling by car

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Pretty in the night  
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