

Switchfoot, Throwing Chairs

Seat belts, no smoking, sedated, but I wanna be
Throwing chairs not sleeping on a plane
The dirt, and the energy, the real world, where I wanna be
Throwing chairs not sleeping on a plane

I want to wake up low
In the world below
I want to wake up low

The failure, and the hunger, ignored so far below us here
Middle class still sleeping on the plane

I want to wake up low
In the world below
I want to love life low
Where we need it most
I want to wake up low
Wake up alone

I want to wake up low
In the world below
I want to love life low
Where we need it most
I want to wake up low
I want to wake up low