

# The Postal Service, Recycled Air

I take a breath  
Hold the air until there's nothing left  
I'm feeling green  
Teenage lovers between the sheets

ba ba-ba-ba ba ba-ba-ba ba ba-ba-ba ba ba ba

Knuckles clenched to white  
as the landing gear detracts for flight  
My head's a balloon  
Inflating with the altitude

ba ba-ba-ba ba ba-ba-ba ba ba-ba-ba ba ba ba (x3)

I watch the patchwork farms  
Slowly fade into the ocean's arms  
and from here you can't see me stare  
The stale taste of recycled air

I watch the patchwork farms  
Slowly fade into the ocean's arms  
Calm down, release your cares  
The stale taste of recycled air

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