

Can you feel how much hotter it is up here?
Straight down, wow
but look at all the tiny homes,
straight down now
they look bigger way up close.
Planes fly into it, straight ahead.
From down there I'm a piece of the sky.
It looks like you can just reach out and I'm yours.
But reach, your hand never touches the sky.
Night falls, and the moonlight shines
straight down,
I shine don't I
your hand never touches the sky.
The moonlight makes the sun run wild
spinning whirlwinds in your chest
I can see you reaching.
It spins the air around my face.
You reach and I imagine you've touched me.
Bang your hand against my cliff
make it crack and break
you can bring me close enough to reach
release me from the sky
straight down

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