

# Vibrations In Air

Josh Pyke

Thinking 'bout the times  
I know I should have taken photographs  
Something to rely on,  
sharper than a memory,  
'Cause chemistry dictates them,  
they're not coloured by emotion,  
They're coloured by the shades  
Of how things used to be.

And nothing breaks the heart  
much more than looking at old photographs  
When you can taste the moment,  
and worse still, if it's passed  
They're gone now to the future,  
but you still can't deny them,  
like a song that's sung.

Regret, is like a filter,  
that colours all your endeavours  
And once put on becomes a feature of your current works  
What i fear,  
is that all of these things I hold dear,  
never become more than vibrations in air.  
Vibrations in Air.

Voices in the air,  
they echo in my head like radios,  
scratchy frequencies and static in between words  
They're all on the wind now,  
but I bet I never told you,  
I missed you when you were gone.

Regret, is like a filter,  
that colours all of your endeavours,  
and once put on becomes a feature of your current works  
You gotta change your focus,  
turn your eye to something else  
'Cause once put on becomes a feature of your current  
works

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