

Out Of This World

Bush

When we die, we go into the arms of those
Who remember us, we are home now
out of our heads, out of our minds,
out of this world, out of this time.

Are you drowning or waiving, I just want you to save me,
Shall we try to get along, just try to get along
so we move
We change the speed of choices that we make
And the barriers are all self made
That's so retrograde

Are you drowning or waiving, I just need you to save me,
Shall we try to get along, just try to get along

I'm alive, I'm awake to the trials of confusion we create,
There are times I feel the way we're about to break,
but there's too much to save

We are home now,
out of our heads, out of our minds
out of this world,

Out of this time (4x)