

## Slow Motion Addict

Carina Round

Today I'm not present  
Footsteps disguised as wings  
Neither poison my brain  
With memories that tease and sting

Step out into the sun  
Let light into my eyes  
My feet don't touch the ground  
My head fills up the sky

Try to hold on  
Makes no difference  
There's no choice if you never had it  
Try to move on  
Makes no difference  
To a slow motion addict

I float through dreams like a helium balloon  
One trip and the morning comes too soon  
Try to hold it, try to hold it

My blood  
Carries the ghosts  
Like bulls filling the streets  
Like everything in this universe  
Is on it's way to me

Try to hold on  
Makes no difference  
There's no point if you never had it  
Try to move on  
Makes no difference  
To a slow motion addict

I float through dreams like a helium balloon  
One trip and the morning comes too soon  
Try to hold it, try to hold it