

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