

Intro to the Radio Room

Falling Up

War will hit the blue
Cause they might be the few
But lines our bended hope
Like races down in slopes

But as for me now

I'll lay beneath the willow
Close my heavy eyes
Dream that I will shine for you

And then I will be something
Perfect in your eyes
And I would make your dreams come true

War will hit the green
But most will follow three
The three like on his belt
And arching as he knelt