

Riding Elevators

Mads Langer

Waiting to put my feet on the ground*
I'm tired of going up and down
But sometimes it feels safer, waiting.

It's beautiful at the top
But I never really get a chance to stop
It feels like I am falling again

Doors are opening, doors are closing,
People come and go,
But I'm still riding elevators

Never here or there,
On the ground or in the air
People come and go
But I'm still riding elevators

Everyone seems to have somewhere to go
I dream of going with them but I don't
I'm looking down always on every floor
But I never really find what I'm looking for
But I keep looking for you

Doors are opening, doors are closing,
People come and go,
But I'm still riding elevators

Never here or there,
On the ground or in the air
People come and go
But I'm still riding elevators

If I get off and I could get lost
Or better, if you were there,
I wouldn't have to keep riding elevators

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