I heard you cryin through the atmosphere I felt the water on the top of my head and I know It must be something if there's nothing to see I could be nothing but its something to me And I know that-We bought problems from our fathers They're al stored away And all the lessons from our brothers All float away Do we say worse things when we talk to their faces Does the air run out in these popular places I bet I heard you cryin at the top of your lungs I tried to warn you but I wasn't allowed and I know I should be worried how you're getting around And how you plan on getting out of this town But I don't cause