

Air Pollution

Page France

I once adored a chemical reaction
Her eyes were made from pieces of the moon
But now I fight the angels for her halo
She feels that she has nothing left to prove

We once had dreams of being something useful
A sword someone would keep at their side
A friction that would spark a revolution
A radio in tune with the sky
Well, we tried

Now everyone can share what's left
We can share our breath
We can share the air pollution
We can all control the sun
That's what we'll become
You'll become a resolution

Oh, I adore a chemical reaction
Her features look just like my disguise
We see the world through identical lenses
So I never ask what's going through her mind
It's mine

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[x2]