

Polar Bear

Ride

She knew she was able to fly,
Because when she came down,
She had dust on her hands from the sky,
She felt so high, the dust made her cry.

She knew she could fly like a bird,
But when she said, "please raise the roof higher" nobody heard,
They never noticed a word,
The light bulbs burn, her fingers will learn.

Why should it feel like a crime?
If I want to be with you all the time.
Why is it measured in hours?
You should make your own time, you're welcome in mine