

# Float

## The Feelers

In the violence, we celebrate again  
It's four o'clock in the morning, we'll wait again  
And I'm high all the time  
I wonder why everytime

There's no more faces and no more black velvet crush  
And there's no more, there's no more circles and no more strain  
Cause I am floating, I'm floating  
Yeah I am floating, I'm floating

See a little girl in a yellow dress  
She's playing  
You see a little boy in a yellow shirt  
He's running circles around his shadows in the sand  
He's says hi all the time  
He wonders why every time

And there's no more faces and no more black velvet crush  
And there's no more, there's no more circles and no more strain  
Cause I am floating, I'm floating  
I am floating, I'm floating away

Yeah I am floating away, I am floating away, I am floating away  
I am floating, I am floating away  
Yeah I am floating away, I am floating away yeah  
I am floating, I am floating away