

## Recycled Air

### The Postal Service

I take a breath and pull the air in 'til there's nothing left  
I'm feeling green like teenage lovers between the sheets

Ba ba ba ba ...

Knuckles clenched to white as the landing gear retract for flight  
My head's a balloon inflating with the altitude

Ba ba ba ba...

I watch the patchwork farms' slow fade into the ocean's arms  
And from here they can't see me stare  
The stale taste of recycled air  
I watch the patchwork farms' slow fade into the ocean's arms  
Calm down, release your cares  
The stale taste of recycled air