

Recycled Air
The Postal Service

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

REFRÃO:

C
Ba ba ba ba
F
Ba ba ba ba
C G
Ba ba ba ba ba ba

C F C
G
Knuckles clenched to white as the landing gear retract for flight.
C F C G
My head s a balloon, inflating with the altitude.

REFRÃO

C F C F
I watch the patchwork farms slow fade into the ocean s arms
C F
and from here they can t see me stare
C F
the stale taste of recycled air.
C F C F
I watch the patchwork farms slow fade into the ocean s arms.
C F
Calm down, release your cares.
C F C
The stale taste of recycled air.