

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.