

Air Catcher

twenty one pilots

I don't fall slow like I used to
I fall straight down
You've stolen my air catcher
That kept me safe and sound
My parachute will guide me
Safely to ground
But now the cord's not working
And I see you staring me down
I won't fall in
Love with falling
I will try to avoid
Those eyes I think you would beat
The moon in a pretty contest
And the moon just happened to be
The very first thing that I missed
I was doing fine on my own
And there wasn't much I lacked
But you've stolen my air catcher
And I don't know if I want it back
I won't fall in
Love with falling
I will try to avoid
Those eyes 'Cause I'm not sure
I want to give you
Tools that can destroy
My heart
And judges don't say
What you want to hear
So I'll write my fears
And I don't believe
In talking just to breathe
And falling selfishly
I won't fall in
Love with falling
I will try to avoid
Those eyes
But now I'm here
To give you words
As tools that can destroy
My heart

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