

# 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