

# Distance

A Common Year

We're living in the airwaves  
And blocking out the static  
Doing anything to make us nearer  
And so we begin to let go  
Of anything that tries to draw  
A line between where we find ourselves

Will we make it now  
When the world comes crashing down  
And the sky is growing darker  
I'll be close to you  
When the walls come caving in  
And the distance makes this harder

I'm standing on top of the highest hill  
Wondering if the wind could carry me where I belong  
Staring silent at this map  
Wishing that the inches between cities  
Were the distance between you and me

Will we make it now  
When the world comes crashing down  
And the sky is growing darker  
I'll be close to you  
When the walls come caving in  
And the distance makes this harder