

Skyline

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There's a body lying in the middle of a busy street
He's painted red and staring at the sky
He leans out his car window and says, "Get the hell out of my way
I'll be late, I've gotta be on time"

And then he goes up and up towards the heavens
He's begging to come down
But nobody's there, nobody cares
He stops fighting it, let it all go
Caring about all the things
That never made him happy at all

I am coming
I am letting the sun in
I stopped running
From you, from me
From every little thing

Now you're speeding past the skyline
Anything could happen next, you're grinning, and you're open to
the night
Maybe I could hitch a ride, and we could do whatever we like, anything we like

And then we go up and up towards the heavens
We're ready to come down
But nobody's there, nobody cares
We stop fighting it, let it all go
Caring about all the things
That never made us happy at all

I am coming
I am letting the sun in
I stopped running
From you, from me
From every little thing