

Proxima B

Ben Gibbard

Oh, this world's starting to bring me down
The ocean's rising and we're all gonna drown
There's a place where you and I can go
We can start this whole mess all over

Proxima B, bathed in the glow of Centauri
Proxima B, careless and free

Don't try to tell me that there's no second act
Say your goodbyes and get your suitcase back
So what's the point of trying to save this place
There's another out in outer space

Proxima B, from where return isn't guaranteed
Proxima B, the stars are a sea
Proxima B, bathed in the glow of Centauri
Proxima B, careless and free

You and I are gonna get it right
We won't make the same mistakes twice
Everybody's starting to figure it out
And our little planet's slowly drawing a crowd

Proxima B, I remember when it was just you and me
Proxima B, careless and free
Proxima B, from where return isn't guaranteed
Proxima B, the stars are a sea