

Searching With My Good Eye Closed

Brandi Carlile

Painted blue across my eyes and tie the linen on
And I'm on my way, I'm on my way
Looking for the paradigm so I can pass it off
Is it on my side, on my side?

Is it to the sky?
Is it to the sky?
Is it to the sky now?
Searching for the ground with my good eye closed

If I took you for a ride, would you take it wrong?
Or would you make it right, make it right?
I'm looking for a pedestal that I can put you on
And be on my way, I'm on my way

Is it to the sky?
Is it to the sky?
Is it to the sky now?
Searching for a ground with my good eye closed
With my good eye closed

Stop, you're trying to bruise my mind
I can do it on my own
Stop, you're trying to kill my time
It's been my death since I was born
I don't remember half the time
If I'm hiding or I'm lost
But I'm on my way, I'm on my way

Is it to the sky?
I'm on my way
I'm on my way
Is it to the sky?
Is it to the sky?