

So There

Duncan Sheik

So there is a flare of pinkish light
Of clean blue sky, a morning sight
And I'm so fine and another same
Now I see their aeroplanes

A past approach to cross, collide
But still more distant than lost love's eyes
So there it is what seems to me
Wish to think of all things free

Some still hold trajectory
They're not so free, not you, nor me
Even here in this immensity

So there, so there, so there, so there
So there, so there, so there