

Western September Sky

Flying Blind

She's staring out the window
The western September sky
Half of her is looking
For a future she will never find
Yea, she can fool herself
Like so many others do
And once you lose yourself
It'll never come back to you

I carried roses to her door
She won't accept them anymore
But on down the road
There's a girl who wants more
She said she hasn't seen anything
Like this before
Before

No help tonight
She has to face
Her own reflection now
She's so sick and tired
Of waiting for her enemies somehow
And when she goes outside
She can't help but look away
The only thing that she can do
To make it through another day

I carried roses to her door
She won't accept them anymore
But on down the road
There's a girl who wants more
She said she hasn't seen anything
Like this before
Before