

Astronauts

Grieves

We used to fly around the world in a cardboard box, now you're waiting for the bus trying to fit in with the flock, different socks, on one hand you've got a wild imagination, and on the other, is man against the clock, it never stops, we used to look up at the clouds and see shapes now the only thing we see in 'em is rain, it's not the same, 'cause after all the giant dragons disappeared the only battle left to fight was with your chains, cut 'em loose, I liked it better when our dreams were real, we respected what it was to feel, nobody ever put a limit on the things that that made the littlest of kings seem strong enough to cut through steel, grip the wheel, it's a windy little road you paved, it's a shame you had to lose that light, 'cause if it wasn't for the blanket fort walls and the bumps in the night you'd be nothing but a string without a kite

You're not the astronaut you used to be,
Ain't it shame that you couldn't keep the starlight in your eyes?
You're not the hero that you used to be,
Fading away until you're falling out the sky

We used to sail around the world in a porcelain tub, now we fill it to the brim and try to wash away the mud, it isn't us, in one world you got a wide-eyed adventure in the other, is a person giving up, it never jumps, we used to play connect the dots with the stars, now we try to make a connection in bars, it's getting hard, 'cause after every little planet's been exploded it's impossible to find out where you are, I take it home, I miss the feeling of a brand-new start, what it meant to be a child at heart, no matter how it was explained it always felt like if I wanted to I could've built a city in my own backyard, disembark, you don't have to be a kid to believe or see potential in a pile of leaves, if it wasn't for them deep sea dives or the whisper from the trees you'd be nothing but a want without a need

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I remember you were stuck in a half-empty cup, you studied the sun like it was meant to touch, got to clutch, it's not enough to escape like the ducks 'cause they always come back to the muck, struggle from a brush with luck so we could judge your guts like, "you still on that such and such?" they can cut the budget but the puppet struts on two crutches over drums that rush

like busted nuts, it's too much now, you want to strike like the
light without the thunder wonder whatcha doing uptown, you del
ivering nothing but love, but cant seem to catch a dream when f
ishing from up above, I don't believe that there's a bad bet, '
cause everybody's gonna breathe that last breath, but the thing
s you write, got wings for life, it's the freedom flight, that'
s how we sleep at night

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