

There's a picture that I found  
My first car in the falling snow  
Seems like yesterday I drove down into low tide  
And Isaac snapped a Polaroid of me pretending I was sinking  
Pressed against the glass, pleading  
I misplaced it but I'm looking

When we are young  
If only we could see beyond our fears, where we are free  
When we are lonely  
If only we could know that in our stillness we are growing

All the portraits we collected  
While we were running around in the desert  
We were trying to seem fulfilled  
To rewrite our New York City narratives  
But Emily, we were utterly dejected  
We took turns crying on the passenger side of America  
Too clouded to be empowered by towering redwoods

When did we lose the ancient truths?  
Is it what we're born bending our bodies towards?  
How can we spend our lives searching outside of ourselves  
For the inner knowledge of our oneness with the world?

Shervin, remember when my car finally quit?  
We'd drag our dirty clothes after dark to Lavanderia and wander  
Graham Ave  
Obsessing over singers we love  
I thought I was so alone but now I know I never was  
You've always been the Jenny to my Watson Twins  
Can't land the harmony but we'll keep singing it  
No photographic artifact but here is something better than that

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