

Coming up Empty

Matisyahu

Blackbird in the night
Backwards in the sky
Flying through the night
Spinning in the time
Looking for a home
Looking for a place
Looking for a branch or a leaf or a trace
Silent in the night
Spiral out of sight
Shooting through the sky
Diving through the ice
Blackbird in the night
Way above the sea
Piercing through the stars
Find your way to me

Coming up empty
Surround my sound
And nothing's left
High def
I'm ok with it
I got nothing to say
No place to be
Other then right where I am
I'm ok with it
Coming up empty

And I searched
And dug deep
Give up, just can't squeeze
Chasing a feeling for all of these years
Ascribing this meaning to make depth and dimension or
Retire and ride out on my past inventions
We been through a lot up on that mountaintop
Some survived, some couldn't handle the pain
Jumping off the train before you had a chance to hear the rain
Fizzles on the windowsill
Drizzle on the window pane
Now you got that widow chill
Now you got that widow pain
More frigid than an icicle
Colder than a winters day
Riding on your bicycle
All around BK

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