

Reaching Through

Nadia Reid

I keep the art separate from the love
I always keep the truth separate from my heart
If I knew how to ride it, I would surely understand
That love will grow thicker in search of foreign land

Who knew that I was reaching through?

Name all of the planets and their distance from the sun
Tell her she was worth it and the only one
And if I am bound for something, honey, won't you know
That I will always take the shortest fuckin' road?

Who knew that I was reaching through?
Who knew that time would heal our wounds?

I've been walking forward only to forget
Where that I have been and who that I have met
If I am bound for something, honey, understand
That love will grow thicker in search of foreign land

Who knew that I was reaching through?
Who knew that time would heal our wounds?

I keep the art separate from the love
I always keep the truth separate from my heart
If I knew how to ride it, I would surely understand
That love will grow thicker in search of foreign land