

Burning Blue

Rob Baird

If it were up to me, it'd be up to you
Lucky for us, nothing left to lose
A room and a bed with a parking lot view
Star-crossed souls without a clue

We're all just ashes floating through the night
Holding on what's left of sweet time
Learned with love, you don't have to choose
End up wasted, burning blue

Courtyard rose at the San Jose
Felt like heaven digging my grave
Tears drying like a desert rain
Sunday silence in the choices I've made

We're all just ashes floating through the night
Holding on what's left of sweet time
Learned with love, you don't have to choose
End up wasted, burning blue

Sun goes down, familiar scene
Wasn't the coming down, just the coming clean