

# 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