

# Chasing the Sun

Sara Bareilles

It's a really old city  
Stuck between the dead and the living  
So I thought to myself, sitting on a graveyard shelf  
As the echo of heartbeats, from the ground below my feet  
Filled a cemetery in the center of Queens

I started running the maze of  
The names and the dates, some older than others  
The skyscrapers, little tombstone brothers  
With Manhattan behind her, three million stunning reminders  
Built a cemetery in the center of Queens

You said, remember that life is  
Not meant to be wasted  
We can always be chasing the sun!  
So fill up your lungs and just run  
But always be chasing the sun!

So how do you do it,  
With just words and just music, capture the feeling  
That my earth is somebody's ceiling,  
Can I deliver in sound, the weight of the ground  
Of a cemetery in the center of Queens

There's a history through her  
Sent to us as a gift from the future, to show us the proof  
More than that, it's to dare us to move  
And to open our eyes and to learn from the sky  
From a cemetery in the center of Queens

You said, remember that life is  
Not meant to be wasted  
We can always be chasing the sun!  
So fill up your lungs and just run  
But always be chasing the sun!

All we can do is try  
And live like we're still alive

It's a really old city  
Stuck between the dead and the living  
So I thought to myself, sitting on a graveyard shelf  
And the gift of my heartbeat sounds like a symphony  
Played by a cemetery in the center of Queens

You said, remember that life is  
Not meant to be wasted  
We can always be chasing the sun!  
So fill up your lungs and just run  
But always be chasing the sun!

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