

Waking World

Son Volt

Still breaking through, still breaking, breaking through, still
The dogs have drowned, stealing young
Slow motion highway, dreams of dust
80s and hearts are burning through
So here goes, through narrow doors

Still breaking through, still breaking, breaking through, still
Reckless days I've wandered
Breaking the fall with trampoline feet
Worked it on, stand clear of the closing doors
Faces are extreme or weary or warm

Still breaking through, still breaking, breaking through, still
Oh, I've been real tired
Shaken and stirred inside the waking world
Fake fires and justice on the wishing well
Face down in the dirt, far the dream fell

I don't understand it, I don't understand it, I don't understand it
I don't understand it, I don't understand it, I don't understand it
I don't understand it, I don't understand it, I don't understand it

Sweet escape, that's tranquilizer
Sweet escape, every direction
Sweet escape, now a choice is taken
Sweet escape, the holy meditation

I don't understand it, I don't understand it, I don't understand it