

The skyline looks like a graph measuring hope and loneliness in  
Los Angeles  
The pendulum goes back and forth, come take a ride on the swing  
set of sorts

A teardrop in slomo  
20 thoughts, 50 thoughts, speed of light, a hundred thoughts fl  
ow  
Feels like I can fly  
I'm crawling out my window  
To chase the sparks

See the beauty  
Sing the B-sides  
You've been living like, been living like, been living like you  
died

And there's an older man at the corner store  
And through his weathered eyes still sees a big bright world

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Do you ever feel like letting go?  
Is it rare that you recognize yourself?  
And are you at sea on the street that you live on  
Just treading water?  
How much longer can you go?

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To chase the sparks  
The sparks  
Sparks