

The Running Styles of New York

The Tallest Man on Earth

I hear beauty in things like the neighbors return to their love and pride
Their day like a wicked ride
But then to belong
And their kids running by given riddles and tales for their way to be
Little buddies, the mystery
Of just being around

And all that I fear is that all that I have given you
Is a ship out to nowhere that wants to be out of control
But I see the light in oh so many things out here
And a lifetime gently now sits on the stairs to my home

We're running out
But moving on
Into the days of our grace returning

And the dancer just turns until they spin fast enough for the biggest show
Take some pics of the afterglow
Then do it again
I see stars in the sky and I wish they'd return to be in me now
Make up for what I lack somehow
When it's all been too much

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Is a ship out to nowhere that wants to be out of control
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And a lifetime so gently now sits on the stairs to my home

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And I'm curly to the bone
But then you straighten me again
I carry you to bed
Let the hours sweep away
Your day has been hard

I will whisper to heal and not wake up the listening thoughts in me
They're revealing dark poetry
And this shadow they sell
There is beauty out here like peculiar running styles some are wild
And the breath on the other side
Of getting around

And all that I fear is that all that I have given you
The ship out to nowhere that wants to be out of control
But I see the light in oh so many things out here
And a lifetime so gently now sits on the stairs to my home

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