

Pale Blue

Vansire

Although we're windswept
We're buffered by the trees
The past couple of weeks were riddled with unease

It'd take several hours to drive
Picture living different lives
And I'd rather stay inside

When I watch the world pass by on someone else's time

Is that the sun I'm staring at
Is that my visage staring back
The turnpike's jammed no turning back
And we spin around the cul de sac

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Is that my visage staring back
And we spin around the cul de sac