

It all makes sense  
Seeing you, again  
Like transit was the only routine that fits  
In here, when my bag was all zipped up  
And what will we do  
When what we've done the most?  
Is seen each other between coast to coast  
Weekends away  
Romantic as hell

Can you bring me around?  
When I'm feeling under  
When I'm lost, not found  
Can we make dependence sweeter  
Than all the distance we've covered?  
Trying to keep from harm  
You're a keeper  
Holding my highest regards

I wonder if trees  
Feel concrete or the sun  
When does rain become the river that runs  
Can we stop trying to fit these shoes  
Not made for our feet?  
Or where we belong  
In love with the city and the sea, what's wrong  
With loving it all the ways I love you?

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