

Nora, For The Travelers

You hear it.
You feel it.
You pin it to your fucking heart like the rest of us.

You hear it.
You feel it.
You pin it to your heart and you keep moving.

We're not going to save the world.
We're just learning how to live.
We're not going to save the world.
We're just learning how to breathe.

Breathe it in.
(As long as it's something, we're more than nothing.
It just might get us through.)

We can learn to breathe the smoke,
And we can set the fires.
It's in a thousand different places;
I heard it in a thousand different songs.

You hear it.
You feel it.
You pin it to your fucking heart like the rest of us.

You hear it.
You feel it.
You pin it to your heart and keep moving.

I remember these roads with different voices,
Singing different songs.
Different faces and different places,
Setting the same fires.

This is how we burn.
(This is) for the travelers.