

The Classic Crime, Seattle

My real estate
My life is dull
And dried up like the sound
A voice makes when the heart grows cold
And it's going that way

I think I'll move out of state
Somewhere far from Seattle city lights
They burn my eyes
California sounds nice but California's a lie
Maybe I'm out of luck
Or maybe I'm just blind
All this time

Rain on my hopes
Rain on my soul
Rain on everything that I know
It feels so ludicrous
The pursuit of this dream
We thought we'd be there long ago

My life is like a rolling river
So muddy and absurd
And although I might be mistaken
I know that I'll be heard
And I find the second I try to pull away
I'm thrown back in line
All this time

So
Rain on my hopes
Rain on my soul
Rain on everything that I know
It feels so ludicrous
The pursuit of this dream
We thought we'd be there long ago

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And we are all looking for the same thing
The same thing

Seattle is calling me back home
Back home

So
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