## Blues Traveler, Decision Of The Skies

When you're living in a series of atmospheres You don't stand upon the world, but within it And the faster that you move, the lighter you become The further out you go, the better the view

And you wanna rise So that you can last Take it all in slowly Real fast

The capsule goes at 17,000 miles an hour To make the sky act like a pond And if it should slow down Then the mighty ship will sink As if falling through the sea And you wanna last

So you're destinationed for the outskirts Thinks the answer lies beyond But the slower that you go The more substantial you become Come to rest against the pure and solid center

And you wanna last So that you might rise Floating endlessly From the decision of the skies ...the decision of the skies

The farthest you can go is right behind you And the closest you can come is nowhere near And it could make you wonder where When you're discussing here or there And do you really have to get going

When you're living, you're just a series of atmospheres Whatever velocity you're in And no matter how you move You're going to become You cannot end and there's no beginning

And nothing lasts
And only time really flies
And you're always free
From the decision of the skies
The decision of the skies