

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