

# David Fonseca, The Longest Road

You lie on your bed like a submarine  
With an open window letting the water in  
Like a voice in a choir  
A flicker on a fluorescent tube  
An injured bird wandering around the room  
That was caught in the wire  
So don't you go playing tough  
I know this game and I had enough  
So let's keep it clear  
Free from all those little schemes  
A little bit more like dreams

It's right in front of you  
The longest road for you to walk through  
If this is the place to start  
Then go, follow your heart

You're famous for you dancing feet  
But you're tap-dancing on wet concrete  
Hey Fred, cool it down  
You're pointing cameras at hurricanes  
Like you could stop them lock  
Them in frames  
A scream with no sound  
So don't you go and be the best  
There's no one running, this ain't a test  
It's you and me here  
This is like nothing you've seen  
Like a nightmare, like a dream

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