

Flying Blind, Western September Sky

She's staring out the window, the western september sky
Half of her is looking for a future she will never find
Yeah she can fool herself like so many others do
And once you lose yourself it'll never come back to you

I've carried roses to her door
She won't accept them anymore
But on down the road, there's a girl who wants more
She says she hasn't seen anything like this before
Before

No help tonight, she has to face her own reflection now
She's so sick and tired of waiting for her enemies somehow
And when she goes outside she can't help but look away
The only thing that she can do to make it through another day

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But on down the road, there's a girl who wants more
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Like this before