

Hank Green, Looking for Alaska

I hope you're somewhere warm and white, like the flowers in your car
That you've escaped the labyrinth of suffering wherever you are
I have a piece of you tucked away deep inside my mind
Memories of your poetry and drinking your cheap wine

Thomas Edison's last words were it's very beautiful over there
I don't know where there is, but I believe it's somewhere
And I hope it's beautiful, like you
You're beautiful, I never really knew you at all

Your green eyes still shine with life in my memory
Your smell of grass and vanilla and smoke are still alive in me
I found my great perhaps in Blue Citrus and the smoking hole
Your end was my beginning with the kiss that I stole

Thomas Edison's last words were it's very beautiful over there
I don't know where there is, but I believe it's somewhere
And I hope it's beautiful, like you
You're beautiful, I never really knew you at all

Thomas Edison's last words were it's very beautiful over there
I don't know where there is, but I believe it's somewhere
And I hope it's beautiful, like you
You're beautiful, did anyone ever really know you at all?

You were the storm that came and went like lightning
You struck me by surprise with the life I thought you might bring
Someday I'll forget your boozey breath that I can taste still
We'll always have Crest and pranks and Strawberry Hill

Thomas Edison's last words were it's very beautiful over there
I don't know where there is, but I believe it's somewhere
And I hope it's beautiful, like you
You're beautiful, and I'm still looking for you
Alaska