

McKinley, Icarus Over Kansas

(McKinley)

There's an astronaut missing his children tonight
sitting in his silver machinery.

He's in love with the world and stunned by her size.

From where he sits she looks mostly empty.

From here on the ground I know how he feels.

The curve of the world beneath me
seems impossibly large when I think of where you are,
how I can sing my heart out and you won't hear me.

If I put my hand up and blow a kiss,
it'll never make it to you.

It'll go down over Kansas like Icarus,
sink like Amelia's last SOS.

I could drive to the divide
where rains run to your side or mine,
put a bottle with a note in a river running to your coast
asking you how the world got so wide.

If I put my hand up and blow a kiss,
it'll never make it to you.

It'll go down over Kansas like Icarus,
sink like Amelia's last SOS.