

Metric, Love is a place

There's spring in the air
They're sweeping the streets
Wind is a breeze
The sun becomes her he agrees
What's holding up her face?
Nothing but blue skies
Passage ways to windows
That don't close
Where do you live?
Love is a place
Where are you from?
She says, ask yourself ask anyone
What's holding up her face
Nothing but blue skies
Passage ways the mind's eye
Contemplates