

Nada Surf, 80 Windows

clusters of people talking secretly to each other.
in a bar you cannot talk openly to anyone you don't already know.
4 year olds, they have got the right idea: they jump the line and hit it
on the nose.
when we sit and we get quiet, then we look and see who's home.
across the way there are 80 windows we can see,
it's christmastime and they all have the same tree.
you tell me the patterns you already see,
i wonder if they see us in our bed.
you said you like the one with the father who always eats with his son.
i like the rows of lights because they keep me calm.
i feel far away from you. so what else is new?
the moon is closer to the sun than i am to anyone.