

Owl City, Early Birdie

Good evening shuttle bus
Tell me where you're going to take us
Someplace that I have never been
It's chic transportation to new destination
Where I leave my reflection on the glass
I'd ask but we don't know how far these interstates go
Or how deep the city roots go down
In chilly sub-depth railways
The weathered concrete stairways
Provide me with a means of getting home
If I ever leave

On crystal sand we sleep hand-in-hand
While soothing words...

So many sights to see
So wake up like an early birdie
And we'll get a head start on the day
Stained-glass skyways and crowded 6 lane highways
If I look back when I begin to leave
Will they remember me?

Circuit flights bend the lights when I am spent
And tour guides make happy brides feel heaven-sent

On crystal sand we sleep hand-in-hand
While soothing words hover like hummingbirds