

Radical Face, Along The Road

There, along the road, was a tiny home
The yard held dead machines behind its fences
Like they were its kids
Broken down, but still worth a lot to someone
It made me stop and grin

Light from a dying moon
It blurs our eyes
And we wear a cape of fireflies
And after the world's in bed
All the ghosts come sing along
But we'll forget them
When the morning comes

And I slept on the ocean last night
I could see you all, and you all were dancing sideways
Your feet stuck to the skies
And I could see the airplanes dance behind your eyes
And I was glad I found the time