

The Whitest Boy Alive, Above You

In the battle for belonging
Every doorbell has its code
With a stare it can be opened
Now you have it now you don't

There are buildings there are people
Walk around and look up to
Every swallow has its season
Every gallow has its noon

By the rythm of your language
By the sparkle in your stride
Talk in riddles or be candid
With a shield or open wide

The lesson you must learn
No one could ever teach
Open up and reach for the stars

Above you
Above you

If you have a way of knowing
Every river can be crossed
Lose the sparrow that had landed
For the one that never was

There's a song for every dreamer
As they climb over this fence
Trading roses for the real world
As the second week commences

Where no one has control
Where the young clipse the old
Predjudice and wisdom
All the same

I want you
I want you