

Waking Ashland, Telescopes

Now the silence breaks my walls
Looking through a telescope
My back is wide, all the time
A thousand miles can't fall asleep
White lines beneath my feet
The start light, becomes mine

I'm calling, calling for you
You're calling, calling for me, yeah

Is it for real?
Do I see what I want to believe?
Are you for real?
Spinning around so incomplete

Search the sky for signs of life
All I found were satellites
My hands are tied, all the time
Daylight seems only steps away
Wishing I could see your face
My hands are tied, to the open night

I'm calling, calling for you
You're calling, calling for me, yeah

Is it for real?
Do I see what I want to believe?
Are you for real?
Spinning around so incomplete
I said hold on child, hold on to me
I'll get you through this
Hold on child, hold on to me
You're closer than you think

Can I believe, in times like these?
Can I believe, in times like these?

Is it for real?
Do I see what I want to believe?
Are you for real?
Spinning around so incomplete
I said hold on child, hold on to me
I'll get you through this
Hold on child, hold on to me
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