

Decision Of The Skies

Blues Traveler

When you're living in a series of atmospheres
You don't stand upon the world, but within it
And the faster that you move, the lighter you become
The farther out you go, the better the view

And you wanna rise
So that you can last
Take it all in slowly
Real fast

The capsule goes at 17,000 miles an hour
To make the sky act like a pond
And if it should slow down
Then the mighty ship will sink
As if falling through the sea
So your destination for the outskirts
Thinks the answer lies beyond
But the slower that you go
The more substantial you become
Come to rest against the pure and solid center

And you wanna last
So that you might rise
Take it all in slow
That's the decision of the skies
The decision of the skies

Your best discovery will always be
Simply what you see
And there's something to look at
...everywhere
Devoid of any destination
Yes, you're part of a relation
From the cold ocean floor
And beyond the softest air

When you're living, you're just a series of atmospheres
Whatever velocity appeals
And no matter how you move
You're going to become
You cannot end and there's no beginning
The farthest you can go is right behind you
The closest you can get is nowhere near
And it could make you wonder where
When you're discussing here or there
And do you really have to get going

And nothing lasts
And only time really flies
And you're always free
From the decision of the skies
Decision of the skies