

Staring Down The Sun

Josh Pyke

I know it's foolish, and I feel so wrong,
but I've been holding this candle up to the sun for
much too long.
But when the day takes its leave of the night,
I can cast aside the flame,
but the morning brings obsession and obsession brings
that vigil on again.

Not too sentimental, but I want you to know,
that I drove past your street tonight on my way back
from a show.
I was less than one hundred footsteps away from you I
suppose,
and I could feel your sweet eyes, watching headlights
roll by,
maybe you noticed one, swept by a little too slow,
and on down that road.
On down that road.

We ask these questions, then we cover our ears,
but I think a question unanswered's much worse than an
answer you don't want to hear.
When your silence grows wings and your doubts start to
travel
now the seams between the virtual and real they unravel
now.
What have you done?
Don't you know not to stare into the sun,
but on down that road?
but on down that road?
but on down that road
What have you done? Don't you know not to stare into
the sun? translate