

Distance

A Common Year

We're living in the airwaves
And blocking out the static
Doing anything to make us nearer
And so we begin to let go
Of anything that tries to draw
A line between where we find ourselves

Will we make it now
When the world comes crashing down
And the sky is growing darker
I'll be close to you
When the walls come caving in
And the distance makes this harder

I'm standing on top of the highest hill
Wondering if the wind could carry me where I belong
Staring silent at this map
Wishing that the inches between cities
Were the distance between you and me

Will we make it now
When the world comes crashing down
And the sky is growing darker
I'll be close to you
When the walls come caving in
And the distance makes this harder