

Sky High

Ben Folds Five

Shattered at dawn, so far for so long
Feeling newly baptized
Thinking I don't want this thing to end
and all the blue sky

Where our stony paths meet
Coffee-coloured sheets
Looking down at pale knees with a cigarette
and my morning beat under the blue sky

Last night at the bar, I was wrong, I was only hurting
And you were acting too polite
When we held onto the pain, through the storms and the rain
Like a crumpled, empty, discarded Newports box.

Ah, the blue sky
Ah, sky high
Ah

Pawn-shop billboard, We Buy Gold
Old dreams just fade and twist, it's a heartache that never ended

The brightness of air
Out walking somewhere, and when they ask you,
Just tell em that you knew me back when, under the blue sky

Ah, sky high
Ah, below the blue sky
Ah, sky high