

At the Stars

Better Than Ezra

MAYBE I SHOULD DROP YOU AT YOUR DOOR.
OR LEAVE TONIGHT AND VANISH UP THE SHORE.
ANYWHERE BUT HERE.

IT'S THREE O'CLOCK WE'RE DRIVING IN YOUR CAR,
YOU'RE SCREAMING OUT THE WINDOW AT THE STARS,
"PLEASE DON'T DRIVE ME HOME!"

BLAME US BECAUSE WE ARE WHO WE ARE.
HATE US BECAUSE YOU'LL NEVER GET THAT FAR.
AND WHO'D SUPPOSE YOU WOULD GO?
I'VE ALREADY LEARNED ENOUGH TO KNOW.

TELL ME ALL THE PLACES WE COULD GO.
AND COUNT THE HEADLIGHTS PASSING ON THE ROAD,
A LONG, LONG TIME AGO.

BLAME US BECAUSE WE ARE WHO WE ARE.
HATE US BECAUSE YOU'LL NEVER GET THAT FAR.
AND WHO'D SUPPOSE YOU WOULD GO?
I'VE ALREADY LEARNED ENOUGH TO KNOW.

HERE WE ARE.
FOREIGN TO THEIR WORLD.
STRAIGHT AND COMPOSED.
YOUR SERMONS I CAN DO WITHOUT
AND I FINALLY FOUND.
THAT EVERYBODY LOVES TO LOVE YOU
WHEN YOU'RE FAR AWAY.

COULD IT BE WE'VE DONE SOMETHING WRONG
WE'D MAKE IT BACK TO YOUR PLACE BEFORE DAWN
"PLEASE, DON'T TAKE ME HOME."
"PLEASE, DON'T TAKE ME HOME."

BLAME US BECAUSE WE ARE WHO WE ARE.
HATE US BECAUSE YOU'LL NEVER GET THAT FAR.
AND WHO'D SUPPOSE YOU WOULD GO?
I'VE ALREADY LEARNED ENOUGH TO KNOW.