

# 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