

A Night Without Cars

Brandon Boyd

Picture this, a falling star
Adorns a kite string
The two of us are holding fast
Oh where will the fall leave us

You were a prisoner
And so was I
Another hunter
Open eyed
Into the arms of
A threat that's real

This is our burden
We've got to find another way out
If there are no such things as walls
You're not a prisoner at all
Another way out
When there is nothing holding you
So run like a caribou
Whoa oh oh oh

Picture this, a night without cars
Just hooves and long legs
The two of us are horned and proud
The city is ours again

You were a prisoner
And so was I
Another hunter
Open eyed
Into the arms of a threat that's real
This is our burden
We've got to find

Another way out
If there are no such things as walls
You're not a prisoner at all
Another way out
If there is nothing holding you
So run like a caribou
Whoa

Another way out
If there are no such things as walls
You're not a prisoner at all
Another way out
If there is nothing haunting you
So run like a caribou
Whoa