

# 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