

Are you sick of all this change
In a century that keeps feet so firmly off the ground?
You can't stand this place.

Well, I'm with you 'til the end,
So let us both go to outer space.
With nothing but pens and one will say,
"When we come back..."

Sleepy thoughts seeing us as astronauts,
But in your passenger seat I feel limitless.
Success in the end, it all depends
On whether you're still my oldest friend.

On the days you're suffering,
Then the world is on my shoulders, too.
And if you ever died,
I'd question going on without you.

Would I make it 'til the end?
Would I bother going to outer space
With nothing but a broken mind to keep me straight?
With nothing but a broken mind to keep me safe?
And would I come back?

Sleepy thoughts seeing us as astronauts,
But in your passenger seat I feel limitless.
Happiness in the end, it all depends
Success in the end, it all depends
On whether you're still my oldest friend.

Sleepy thoughts seeing us as astronauts,
But in your passenger seat I feel limitless.
Success in the end, it all depends
On whether you're still,

On whether you're still,
On whether you're still my oldest...

Sleepy thoughts seeing us as astronauts,
But in your passenger seat I feel limitless.
Success in the end, well, it all depends
On whether you're still my oldest friend.