

Little Bit Of Blue

Christopher Dallman

I pray on my Holy Ghost
And I philosophize
I keep things moving in my head,

But everything that I shift
Leaves an empty space
Sadness rushes in in its stead

Because everywhere I turn I see a little bit of blue
And I can't help but feel I should be better than,
better than this
City so full of dreams that won't ever come true.
I know now.

How do you measure a dream
Fit it to your form
When you dreamt it as a kid in school?

Can you wear it despite
Time's ever-quickenning flight
And all of the times you felt a fool?

Because every song I sing has got a little bit of blue
And I can't help but feel I should be better than,
better than this
Dream that I held so tight, but maybe outgrew
What do I do?
What do I do?

I give myself another dare
Rip up the map and just don't care
And move on

Through highways packed with fancy cars
Hills littered with broken stars
Who hold on
I won't wait
I'll move on

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