

Looking For Alaska

Hank Green

I hope you're somewhere warm and white, like the flowers in your car
That you've escaped this labyrinth of suffering wherever you are
I've got a piece of you tucked away deep inside my mind
Memories of your poetry and drinking your cheap wine

Thomas Edison's last words were "It's very beautiful over there",
I don't know where "there" is, but I believe it's somewhere
And I hope it's beautiful, like you
You're beautiful, I never really knew you at all

Your green eyes still shine with life in my memory
Your smell of grass, vanilla and smoke are still alive in me
I found a great perhaps in Blue Citrus and the smoking hole
Your end was my beginning with the kiss that I stole

Thomas Edison's last words were "It's very beautiful over there",
I don't know where "there" is, but I believe it's somewhere
And I hope it's beautiful, like you
You're beautiful, I never really knew you at all

You were the storm that came and went like lightning
You struck me by surprise with the life I thought you might bring
Someday I'll forget your boozey breath I can taste still
We'll always have class pranks and Strawberry Hill

Thomas Edison's last words were "It's very beautiful over there",
I don't know where "there" is, but I believe it's somewhere
And I hope it's beautiful, like you
You're beautiful, and I'm still looking for you
Alaska