

## Staring Down The Sun

Josh Pyke

I know it's foolish, and I feel so wrong,  
but I've been holding this candle up to the sun for  
much too long.  
But when the day takes its leave of the night,  
I can cast aside the flame,  
but the morning brings obsession and obsession brings  
that vigil on again.

Not too sentimental, but I want you to know,  
that I drove past your street tonight on my way back  
from a show.  
I was less than one hundred footsteps away from you I  
suppose,  
and I could feel your sweet eyes, watching headlights  
roll by,  
maybe you noticed one, swept by a little too slow,  
and on down that road.  
On down that road.

We ask these questions, then we cover our ears,  
but I think a question unanswered's much worse than an  
answer you don't want to hear.  
When your silence grows wings and your doubts start to  
travel  
now the seams between the virtual and real they unravel  
now.  
What have you done?  
Don't you know not to stare into the sun,  
but on down that road?  
but on down that road?  
but on down that road  
What have you done? Don't you know not to stare into  
the sun? translate