

80 Windows

Nada Surf

Clusters of people talking secretly to each other,
In a bar you cannot talk openly to anyone
You don't already know,
4 year olds, they've got the right idea,
They jump the line and hit it on the nose,

When we sit and we get quiet, then we look and see
Whose home across the way, there are 80 windows we can see,
It's Christmas time and they all have the same tree,

You tell me the patterns you already see,
I wonder if they see us in our bed,
You said you like the one
With the father who always eats with his son,
I like the rows of lights because they keep me calm,
I feel far away from you, so what else is new?
The moon is closer to the sun than I am to anyone

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