

## Along The Road

Radical Face

There, along the road, was a tiny home  
The yard held dead machines behind its fences  
Like they were it's kids  
Broken down, but still worth a lot to someone  
It made me stop and grin

Light from a dying moon  
It blurs our eyes  
And we wear a cape of fireflies  
And after the world's in bed  
All the ghosts come sing along  
But we'll forget them  
When the morning comes

And I slept on the ocean last night  
I could see you all, and you all were dancing sideways  
Your feet stuck to the skies  
And I could see the airplanes dance behind your eyes  
And I was glad I found the time