

Spectacular Views

Rilo Kiley

In steep cliffs, rocks all piled up
Mysteries of your passing luck
Ages past, shells and bits of bone
Forming new limestone
To give things their turn.

There are no bad words for the coast today

You never knew why you felt so good
in the strangest of places
Like in waiting rooms and long lines that made you late and mal
l parking lots on holidays.

There are no bad words for the coast today
When we hold our breath until nothing's left
It all starts to fade.

We can see the stars
From where the birds make their homes
staring back at us
Indifferent but distanced perfectly
Projected endlessly
It's so fucking beautiful.

There are no bad words for the coast today
Then you ask what's a palisade
And if we're too late for happiness?