

Chasing the Sun

Sara Bareilles

It's a really old city
Stuck between the dead and the living
So I thought to myself, sitting on a graveyard shelf
As the echo of heartbeats, from the ground below my feet
Filled a cemetery in the center of Queens

I started running the maze of
The names and the dates, some older than others
The skyscrapers, little tombstone brothers
With Manhattan behind her, three million stunning reminders
Built a cemetery in the center of Queens

You said, remember that life is
Not meant to be wasted
We can always be chasing the sun!
So fill up your lungs and just run
But always be chasing the sun!

So how do you do it,
With just words and just music, capture the feeling
That my earth is somebody's ceiling,
Can I deliver in sound, the weight of the ground
Of a cemetery in the center of Queens

There's a history through her
Sent to us as a gift from the future, to show us the proof
More than that, it's to dare us to move
And to open our eyes and to learn from the sky
From a cemetery in the center of Queens

You said, remember that life is
Not meant to be wasted
We can always be chasing the sun!
So fill up your lungs and just run
But always be chasing the sun!

All we can do is try
And live like we're still alive

It's a really old city
Stuck between the dead and the living
So I thought to myself, sitting on a graveyard shelf
And the gift of my heartbeat sounds like a symphony
Played by a cemetery in the center of Queens

You said, remember that life is
Not meant to be wasted
We can always be chasing the sun!
So fill up your lungs and just run
But always be chasing the sun!

All we can do is try
And live like we're still alive

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