

Far Away

Sleater-Kinney

Seven thirty a.m.
Nurse the baby on the couch
Then the phone rings
Turn on the TV
Watch the world explode in flames
And don't leave the house

And the sky overhead
Is silent, waiting
Clear blue holds its breath
And the heart is hit
In a city far away
But it feels so close

(I'm standing here on a one way road and I fall down, and I fall
all down)

Don't breathe, the air today

(No other direction for this to go and we fall down, and we fall
all down)

Don't speak, of why you're afraid

Why can't I get along?

Why can't I get along?

Why can't I get along with you?

And the president hides
While working men rush in
And give their lives
I look to the sky
And ask it not to rain
On my family tonight

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