

Baby wore those 501's with flare.
Baby chased the ocean without a care.
Baby said, "Our backyard spreads out past all those girls' beds
"

Tell me how the stars still smile on us.
Tell me how your footprints split the dust.
Tell me as he ripped your mother's dress that you weren't impressed.

And I can see Sal paradise in your eyes, in your eyes.

You were for running away dear.
Strange ideals made it so very unclear how your heart feels.

What if I let boredom wear my soles?
What if crucifixion's on the dole?
What the hell am I supposed to be?
What's meant for me?

And I can see Sal paradise in your eyes, in your eyes now.

You were for running away dear.
Strange ideals made it so very unclear how you're meant
To feel when you're running away dear.
Strange ideals made it so very unclear how your heart feels.