

Motorcycle Drive By

Third Eye Blind

Summer time and the wind is blowing outside in lower Chelsea.
And I don't know what I'm doing in this city,
The sun is always in my eyes,
It crashes through the windows, And I'm sleeping on the couch,
When I came to visit you,
That's when I knew, That I could never have you,
I knew that before you did,
Still I'm the one who's stupid,
And there's this burning, Like there's always been,
I've never been so alone, And I've never been so alive.
Visions of you on a motorcycle drive by,
The cigarette ash flies in your eyes, And you don't mind,
you smile,
And say the world doesn't fit with you.
I don't believe you, You're so serene.
Careening through the universe, Your axis on a tilt, You're guileless and free,
I hope you take a piece of me with you,
And there's things I would like to do that you don't believe in
,
I would like to build something, But you'll never going see it happen,
And there's this burning, Like there's always been,
I've never been so alone, And I've,
I've never been so alive,

And there's this burning, There is this burning ay ay ay.
Where's the soul. I want to know, New York City is evil.
The surface is everything, but I could never do that,
Someone would see through that.
And this is the last time, We'll be friends again.
I'll get over you, you'll wonder, who I am.
And there's this burning, Just like there's always been,
I've never been so alone, alone, alive, alive, I've never been
so alive, so alive

I go home to the coast. It starts to rain, I paddle out on the water alone,
Taste the salt and taste the pain. I'm not thinking of you again,
Summer dies and swells rise,
The sun goes down in my eyes,
See this rolling wave,
Darkly coming to take me home,

And I never been so alone, And I've never been so alive.