

## **Cobalt Skies**

### **"Untitled"**

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The jacket's in the car if you decide you're getting cold  
A stripe, a line, a fade design,  
This fountain light is made of gold  
And your saving your coins for someplace  
That you think you'll love  
And your saving your last words for someone  
Who knows what they're made of  
You're my way home  
You're my way home  
There's muscles in your hands  
That keep the music flowing, flowing  
Until those sleepy heads are gone  
And I wake up with sound in my head  
I don't remember what happened last night, or what I  
said  
But you're my way home  
You're my way home  
You're my way  
Home, home, home  
You're my way  
Home, home, home  
You're my way

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