

Her Space Holiday "The Telescope"

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Rainy days it's the end of summer
I'm locking myself inside of my room
I pressed my eye to that telescope
I thought what I saw was you

But you were just steam coming off of the road
The same stretch that runs right by my home
It will take you to my front door
And you'll say hey babe are you ready for the world?

Probably not

So we walked until our feet were bloody
We spoke until our ears grew warm
You felt in your heart a certain safety
With all your goodbyes you were finally adored

But I was just steam coming off of the road

The same stretch that plowed right through your home
I pinned a note to your front door
It read, "Hey babe are you ready for the war?"

Probably not

I killed my rage and turned around
I saw you sitting inside my house
With my books and your tears and glowing hope
Looking at me through that old telescope

Because we're just a dream with broken hearts
We're ripped at the seams and covered in scars
But we'll follow that map just like we planned
And put down that "x" wherever we land

Probably not

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