

## Skepticism

### "Heaven"

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Got a picture of your house,  
And your standing by the door,  
It's black and white and faded,  
And it's looking pretty worn.

See the factory that I worked,  
Siluheted in the back,  
The memories are gray but man,  
They'r really comming back.  
And I don't need to be the king of the world,  
As long as I'm the hero of this little girl...

Heaven isn't too far away, closer to it every day,  
No mater what your friends might say.

How I love the way you move,  
And that sparkle in your eyes,  
Here is a color deep inside them like a blue suburban  
sky.  
When I come home late at night,  
And your in bed asleep,  
I wrap my arms around you so I can feel you breathe.

And I don't need to be a superman,  
As long as you would always be my biggest fan!  
Heaven isn't too far away, closer to it every day,  
No mater what your friends might say, well find a way.

Now the lights are going out,  
Around the boulevard,  
The memories come rushing back and it makes it  
pretty hard...  
I've got no where else to go,  
And no one really cares,  
I don't know what to do,  
But I'm never giving up on you!

Heaven isn't too far away closer to it every day,  
No mater what your friends might say,  
I know we're gonna find a way...

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