

## Spiritus Mortis

### ""...Listen"

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Can't you see that I'm trying to get through to you  
This door keeps slamming on my hands  
I'm thinking about the way you used to be the one who  
said to me  
"Your song keeps playing in my head"  
Maybe I should write it down  
And turn another page, then just rip it out  
There's so much left to say

[Chorus:]

We live tonight again and again  
And it's all I've ever wanted, all I've dreamed and  
more, and I'm sure  
That when we first way up somewhere in the middle of  
New York and California  
Where are you? Where are we going to?

I've got wheels on my bedroom floor, and oil in my  
closet  
My best friends all live next door  
Do you remember all the things you said?  
Turn back another page like I never left  
Until I leave again

[Chorus]

It's just another stretch of highway, I never asked for  
ordinary time  
And time change  
If I rewrote this it might just sound the same  
It might just sound the same

[Chorus]

(When we first wake up somewhere in the middle)  
Where are you? (Where are we?)  
(Going to)

