

State Shirt "Highway"

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high above cesar chavez boulevard
above the traffic gridlock courtyard
exhale the last bit of smog

way back down through the old man's shop
from his eye falls one last tear drop
a bigger man he wants to be
i won't ever ever see

fly down to earth
never coming down for what it's worth
i can't be seen
words come out but i don't know what they mean
bring me down, falling down

once again the wind currents shift
young boy on his bicycle
it was a gift from his dad
he met for the first time last night

thrown away rattled around
static noise closer to ground
filled with voices of people i've never met
pass through them, felt them, but they never get

fly down to earth
never coming down for what it's worth
i can't be seen
words come out but i don't know what they mean
i can't be heard
the way i feel must make me look absurd
bring me down, falling down

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