Virtue

Harvard

Virtue is relative at best
There's nothing worse than a sunset
When you're driving due west
And I'm afraid that my love
Is gonna come up short there is no there there
I guess I'm scared
'Cuz I want to have good news to report
Every time I come up for air
Now I'm cruising through a chroma key blue sky
And I know that in an hour or three
The sun is gonna be in my eyes
And I know that sometimes all I can see
Is how I feel like the whole world is on the other side
Of a dirty windshield
And I'm tryin' to see through the glare
Yes, I'm struggling just to see what's there
The one person who really knows me best
Says I'm like a cat
Yeah, the kind of cat that you just can't pick up
And throw into your lap
No, the kind that doesn't mind being held
Only when it's her idea
Yeah, the kind that feels what she decides to feel
When she is good and ready to feel it
And now I am prowling through the backyard
And I am hiding under the car
I have gotten out of everything
I've gotten into so far
I eat when I am hungry
And I travel alone
And just outside the glow of the house
Is where I feel most at home
But in the window you sometimes appear
And your music is faint in my ears

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