

Brand New Kind of Blue

Gold Motel

The newsreel is rolling; words are at an all time cheap.
The more they are talking; the less it means to me.
Terrifying feeling creeping in without a sound.
I know it'll pin me if I stop to turn around.

Casting off again.
Not knowing where to land.

Drifting in a brand new kind of blue.
Hoping that I'm only passing through.
The ache of a decade cure is overdue.
For this brand new kind of blue.

Floating through the ceiling; high up over the trees.
Soft panoramic view of my whole history.
The city was all buzzing on every wire and track.
Through it all I heard a voice calling me to come back.

All those birthday cards; buried out in the yard.
Casting off again.
Not knowing where to land.

Drifting in a brand new kind of blue.
Hoping that I'm only passing through.
The ache of a decade cure is overdue.
For this brand new kind of blue.

Drifting in a brand new kind of blue.

Lyrics submitted by Danny Fritz.

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