

# A Night Without Cars

Brandon Boyd

Picture this: A falling star  
adorns a kite string  
the two of us are holding fast  
oh, where will the fall leave us?you were a prisoner  
and so was I  
well we're the hunted  
that opened my eyes  
into the arms of  
a threat that's real  
this is our burdenwe've got to find  
another way out  
if there are no such things as walls  
you're not a prisoner at all  
another way out  
yeah, there is nothing holding you  
so run like a caribouPicture this: A night without cars  
just hooves and long legs  
the two of us are horned and proud  
the city is ours againyou were a prisoner  
and so was I  
well we're the hunted  
that opened my eyes  
into the arms of  
a threat that's real  
this is our burdenwe've got to find  
another way out  
if there are no such things as walls  
you're not a prisoner at all  
another way out  
yeah, there is nothing holding you  
so run like a caribouanother way out  
if there are no such things as walls  
you're not a prisoner at all  
another way out  
there is nothing holding you  
then run like a caribou

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