

80 Windows

Nada Surf

Clusters of people talking
Secretly to each other
In a bar you cannot talk openly
To anyone you don't already know
Four year old's, they have got the right idea
They jump the line and hit it on the nose
When we sit and we get quiet
Then we look and see who's home across the way
There are eighty windows we can see
It's Christmas time and they all have the same tree
You tell me the patterns you already see
I wonder if they see us in our bed
You said you like the one,
With the father who always eats with his son
I like the rows of lights because they keep me calm
I feel far away from you, so what else is new?
The moon is closer to the sun, than I am to anyone
When we sit and we get quiet
Then we look and see who's home across the way
You said you like the one
With the father who always eats with his son
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Songwriters

Caws Matthew Rorison; Lorca Daniel Pc; Elliot Ira Sebastian
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