

# 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  
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  
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