

Fuzzy Blue Lights

Owl City

If I could look across the country
From California to New Jersey
Then I would count the parks and lake resorts
And number all the jets and airports All those rather dreary rain clouds
Still bother me
'Cause I look through the camera eyepiece
And cannot see If I could open up my window
And see from Tampa Bay to Juneau
Then I would survey all those open miles
And line them up in single file Everywhere I look
I see green scenic sublime
And all those oceanic vistas
Are so divine If I was standing on the balcony
And you were walking down below
I'd feel rather depressed and out of place
And lonely just to watch you go If you were swinging from the highway overpass
Within the western hemisphere
I'd feel rather afraid and insincere
If you began to disappear If I was walking through a sad art gallery
And you were driving through the night
I'd feel rather alone and ill at ease
Beneath the brilliant showroom light If I was flying on a plane above your town
And you were gazing at the sky
Somehow I'd feel intact and reassured
If you began to wave goodbye

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