

Navigate Below

The Revivalists

The sun itself is colorblind
To the light it's putting out somehow

I watched it pass as a rider
Gaze away from the seat
Digital map live driver
Stomach's full head is hungry

The women of the highway do their best to get by
My best is unrealized
The worst is when the best goes untried
You can call it fear of failure, dying to succeed
The wind blows at closed windows
The billboards advertise their greed

Take a look at my outlet
Lend your ear to the beat
You think you heard something
It's just the jingling of my spare key

We can work it out
We're not heroes no
Look up to the sky
Navigate Below

The thrills sought after
They are numerous now
You can find them in the ether in any part of any town
In any heart that's crooked or straight
In the sunlit hours or when it's late
Wander the prism
Witness the schism
See the Yin-Yang cousins dancing Buddha rhythm

Feel the sheet rock rattle below
See the confidence surely grow
With an army of days reflected through the haze
Wisdom will accumulate.

We can work it out

We're not heroes no
Look up to the sky
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Lyrics submitted by Unknown.

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