

Measure the Globe

Astronautalis

Sitting on a futon mat, in a squat in Darmstadt,
Kevin Seconds said to me in passing,
"Age never meant shit to me. It's all about heart and stupidity",
And I thought that there's no better way to live.
We were on the stairs in Brno, when she bit my lip and choked my throat,
And a hi-ball glass shattered above our heads.
It seemed her lover listened through the walls, while we were kissing, arm in arm,
I left and spent the night alone instead. I couldn't tell you dear, which one whispers in my ear, the Devil or St.
Andrew...
But I know its time to go.
I'm sure you got a great theory, if I'm hunting something or its haunting me,
But i know there ain't no right way to measure the globe...oh no. I know what you dream of, I dream of it too.
Of roads that are endless and rooms that are huge.
Are these visions of heaven or nightmares I'm living?
All I know, is that I'm scared of the truth And if the world could end very soon,
And all we've accomplished is moot,
I'll coat the carpet in gasoline, strike our last match and leave,
Before the whole house is consumed.

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