

Taught To Look Away

[Matt Pond PA](#)

No one knows why we were taught to look away
There might be something wrong with me
There's nothing that I can't believe
Are you listening two thousand miles from here?
Is the same sky just as clear? Out of the window the slow light morning
First hits your hands, touches your face
Though it's uncomfortable, though it is awkward
Days leave the night, eyes in the light The only time you're listening
When we run from all the things we could say
I don't know what you could be hearing
The sounds have gone so far, far away I don't know why we were taught to look away
There might be something wrong with me
There's nothing that I won't believe
Are you listening two thousand miles from here?
Are the crickets just as clear?

Songwriters

MATTHEW MORRIS POND Published by

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Other patents pending.

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