Fire Escapes

Smoke or Fire

Riding my bike over the Mass Ave bridge,
and I'm staring at the cityscape.
Seems like forever since we started this adventure
and the days are getting shorter again.And so we ride, ride over the water,
though some days I think I'd rather jump in.
Below the buildings, they surround me like a blanket
and I wonder what is keeping me here.What's keeping me here?Looking out and looking up for an answer
and still nobody's making any sense.
Finding quiet in the city is like a treasure
and I never would have expected it here.They say eight stars is all you get,
but I don't want to make the same mistake.
Sometimes I wish this all would burn to the ground
and we'd have to start all over again.We'd have to start all over again.
We'd have to start all over again.
We'd have to start all over again.

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