Waking World

Son Volt

Still breaking through, still breaking, breaking through, still
The dogs have drowned, stealing young
Slow motion highway, dreams of dust
80s and hearts are burning through
So here goes, through narrow doorsStill breaking through, still breaking, breaking through, still
Reckless days I've wandered
Breaking the fall with trampoline feet
Worked it on, stand clear of the closing doors
Faces are extreme or weary or warmStill breaking through, still breaking, breaking through, still
Oh, I've been real tired
Shaken and stirred inside the waking world
Fake fires and justice on the wishing well
Face down in the dirt, far the dream fellI don't understand it, I don't understand it, I don't understand it
I don't understand it, I don't understand it, I don't understand it
I don't understand it, I don't understand it, I don't understand itSweet escape, that's tranquilizer
Sweet escape, every direction
Sweet escape, now a choice is taken
Sweet escape, the holy meditationI don't understand it, I don't understand it, I don't understand it

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