

# 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 doors Still 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 warm Still 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 fell 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 it, I don't understand it Sweet escape, that's tranquilizer  
Sweet escape, every direction  
Sweet escape, now a choice is taken  
Sweet escape, the holy meditation I don't understand it, I don't understand it, I don't understand it

Lyrics provided by

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