White Snow

Red Wanting Blue

[Verse 1:]
At this moment, monks are in deep meditation somewhere
Unaware that cellular phone conversations are interrupting their prayer
NASA is beaming coordinates to satellites around Mars
From their radar, through my body, then out to yours, then out to the stars[Pre-chorus:]
Baton toss from them to me to you
From them to me to you
Baton toss from them to me to you
From them to me to you[Chorus:]
White Snow. We're static. We can't help but interfere with this
It's automatic and tragic and scientifically so magic
We can't see what's running through us
We follow hearts where eyes won't let us go
Let love exist between the lines just like white snow[Verse 2:]
Invisible to us, we must trust that they won't bring us harm
While the ghosts who walk among us
Are more than a little jealous
They are sounding their dead alarm[Repeat Pre-chorus][Repeat Chorus (X2)][Repeat Pre-chorus]

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