

# Virtue

## P16.D4

Virtue is relative at best  
There's nothing worse than a sunset  
When you're driving due west  
And I'm afraid that my love  
Is gonna come up short there is no there there  
I guess I'm scared  
'Cuz I want to have good news to report  
Every time I come up for air  
Now I'm cruising through a chroma key blue sky  
And I know that in an hour or three  
The sun is gonna be in my eyes  
And I know that sometimes all I can see  
Is how I feel like the whole world is on the other side  
Of a dirty windshield  
And I'm tryin' to see through the glare  
Yes, I'm struggling just to see what's there  
The one person who really knows me best  
Says I'm like a cat  
Yeah, the kind of cat that you just can't pick up  
And throw into your lap  
No, the kind that doesn't mind being held  
Only when it's her idea  
Yeah, the kind that feels what she decides to feel  
When she is good and ready to feel it  
And now I am prowling through the backyard  
And I am hiding under the car  
I have gotten out of everything  
I've gotten into so far  
I eat when I am hungry  
And I travel alone  
And just outside the glow of the house  
Is where I feel most at home  
But in the window you sometimes appear  
And your music is faint in my ears

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