

Chasing the Sun

Sara Bareilles

It's a really old city
Stuck between the dead and the living
So I thought to myself,
Sitting on a graveyard shelf
As the echo of heartbeats,
From the ground below my feet
Filled a cemetery
In the center of Queens I started running the maze of
The names and the dates, some
Older than others— the skyscrapers, little tombstone brothers
With Manhattan behind her, three million stunning reminders
Built a cemetery
In the center of Queens You said, remember that life is
Not meant to be wasted
We can always be chasing the sun!
So fill up your lungs and just run
But always be chasing the sun! So how do you do it,
With just words and just music,
Capture the feeling— that my earth is somebody's ceiling
Can I deliver in sound
The weight of the ground
Of a cemetery
In the center of Queens There's a history through her—
Sent to us as a gift from the future
To show us the proof
More than that, it's to dare us to move
And to open our eyes and to learn from the sky
From a cemetery
In the center of Queens You said, remember that life is
Not meant to be wasted
We can always be chasing the sun!
So fill up your lungs and just run
But always be chasing the sun! All we can do is try
And live like we're still alive It's a really old city
Stuck between the dead and the living
So I thought to myself
Sitting on a graveyard shelf
And the gift of my heartbeat sounds like a symphony
Played by a cemetery

in the center of Queens
You said, remember that life is
Not meant to be wasted
We can always be chasing the sun!
So fill up your lungs and just run
But always be chasing the sun!
All we can do is try
And live like we're still alive
All we can do is try
And live like we're still alive

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