

# 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 othersÂ 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 feelingÂ 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 herÂ  
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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