

# Sky High

Ben Folds Five

Shattered at dawn, so far for so long  
Feeling newly baptized  
Thinking I don't want this thing to end  
and all the blue sky

Where our stony paths meet  
Coffee-coloured sheets  
Looking down at pale knees with a cigarette  
and my morning beat under the blue sky

Last night at the bar, I was wrong, I was only hurting  
And you were acting too polite  
When we held onto the pain, through the storms and the rain  
Like a crumpled, empty, discarded Newports box.

Ah, the blue sky  
Ah, sky high  
Ah

Pawn-shop billboard, We Buy Gold  
Old dreams just fade and twist, it's a heartache that never ended

The brightness of air  
Out walking somewhere, and when they ask you,  
Just tell em that you knew me back when, under the blue sky

Ah, sky high  
Ah, below the blue sky  
Ah, sky high