

# Such Great Heights

The Postal Service

I am thinking it's a sign  
That the freckles in our eyes  
Are mirror images and when  
We kiss they're perfectly aligned

And I have to speculate  
That God himself did make  
Us into corresponding shapes  
Like puzzle pieces from the clay

And true, it may seem like a stretch,  
But its thoughts like this that catch  
My troubled head when you're away  
When I am missing you to death

When you are out there on the road  
For several weeks of shows  
And when you scan the radio,  
I hope this song will guide you home

They will see us waving from such great heights,  
"Come down now," they'll say  
But everything looks perfect from far away,  
"Come down now," but we'll stay...

I tried my best to leave  
This all on your machine  
But the persistent beat it sounded thin  
Upon listening

And that frankly will not fly.  
You will hear the shrillest highs  
And lowest lows with the windows down  
When this is guiding you home

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"Come down now."  
They will see us waving from such great heights,  
"Come down now."