

# Owl City, Early Birdie

Good evening shuttle bus  
Tell me where you're going to take us  
Someplace that I have never been  
It's chic transportation to new destination  
Where I leave my reflection on the glass  
I'd ask but we don't know how far these interstates go  
Or how deep the city roots go down  
In chilly sub-depth railways  
The weathered concrete stairways  
Provide me with a means of getting home  
If I ever leave

On crystal sand we sleep hand-in-hand  
While soothing words...

So many sights to see  
So wake up like an early birdie  
And we'll get a head start on the day  
Stained-glass skyways and crowded 6 lane highways  
If I look back when I begin to leave  
Will they remember me?

Circuit flights bend the lights when I am spent  
And tour guides make happy brides feel heaven-sent

On crystal sand we sleep hand-in-hand  
While soothing words hover like hummingbirds