The Postal Service, Such Great Heights

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 it's 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 won't 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'll hear the shrillest highs And lowest lows with the windows down while this is guiding you home.

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