

## Desa

# "Daydreaming Of Rescue"

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Staring in a daze at this empty page  
Waiting for a thought to move me  
Black pen ready to fly across the lines  
How many million times will I think of nothing  
before a knock at my door draws me from this chair?  
an angel with gold hair will be there to grab my hand  
and drag me with her

Where?  
As long as it's not here, I hardly care  
How I'd love to hook up my headphones  
and bail on my stale home with you tonight

Take me where you go  
Desert, sea, or snow  
My bedroom makes me feel so claustrophobic  
I could use some sky  
Sun for bloodshot eyes  
My lungs are black with smoke  
My heart is half-broke

The walls are closing in  
My high gone with the wind  
that sings through the bulletholed window  
Why do i feel so spent?  
Sunny Sundays worked to pay the rent  
How not awesome  
I wanna hook up my headphones  
and bail on my stale home with you tonight

Staring in a daze at this empty page  
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