

## **Dawes**

# **"From A Window Seat"**

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I'm buckle in my seat belt, plug my headset in a chair  
And to the music, I watch flight attendants move  
They are pointing out the exits, but it looks more like a  
prayer  
Or an ancient dance their bloodline reaches through

These planes are built for sifting through the warriors  
from the men  
I've got time to sit and watch them for a while  
You can see everywhere they're going, everywhere  
they've been  
And how they look out at the clouds each time they  
smile

And I think, maybe he's in town for someone's birthday  
Maybe he makes trouble everywhere  
But as much he resists the conversation between the  
rivers and the freeways  
He knows it's always there

As the northwest passage sits somewhere below me as  
I sleep  
I dream of captains and explorers eating boots  
When I ask if I can join them and they offer one to me  
I wake up as my home comes into view

So I reach out down for my notebook to see what  
impressions could be spun  
But it's just buildings and a million swimming pools  
So I leaf back through the pages to see where I am  
from  
Or for some crumbling map of what it's leading to

And I find that the hero in this song that I am writing  
Doesn't know he's just an image of myself  
But as much he resists the conversation between the  
rivers and the freeways  
He's somehow always asking them for help

I want to make out all the signs I've been ignoring  
How the trees reach for the sky or in the length of  
someone's hair

'Cause when you don't know where you are going  
Any road will take you there

So maybe I'm in town for someone's birthday  
Maybe I make trouble everywhere  
But as much I resist the conversation between the  
rivers and the freeways  
I know it's always there

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