

## **Flobots**

# **"By The Time You Get This Message..."**

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By the time you get this message  
I will be behind the wheel  
Watchin' dotted yellow hexagrams  
Stretch into the dark  
Left hand surfin' on iced tinged winds  
Chewin' up a cardboard box

Singin' at lung top, one stop  
Left 'til I meet you in the concourse  
St. Louie, encore, do we have a shot?  
Caught, no dwellin' on the thought  
What the hell we haven't got  
So I'm headed from the dot to the spot

Where your plane touches down  
For a six hour layover  
Don't say a word, I found it on the map  
Calculated it just a half a day to get from  
Where you're not to where you will be  
My hair is filthy, I'm drinkin' coffee

I can barely feel the trace  
From the only time you kissed me on the face  
Question mark, space  
I know you're with me underneath the star-scape  
Treadmill, pick up our pace  
Head-start on a jet in a car chase

Is this the part where my heart breaks?  
One asleep, one awake, back to back  
'Cause you wouldn't turn towards me  
Had me battlin' fractals, keeping track of all the chords  
We created sound clash of swords back and forth  
Couldn't poke through the sash

Slash through the plasterboard  
You packing your passport, me on a crash course  
To show you that I have the passion that you asked for  
Floorin' the gas, tryin' a fast forward  
Fifteen months, I'll see you once the sun shines  
through  
The glass above the dashboard

The stars I see aren't even there  
It's only light in the air  
(By the time you get this message)  
The stars I see aren't even there  
(By the time you get this message)  
It's only light in the air

By the time you get this message I'll be  
Either on my second flight or already  
All the way to my destination  
Ridiculous that I could honestly expect you  
Waitin' at the gate when I arrive  
A sixteen hour drive

I've been feeling so silly  
Goin' on now several months  
As our obsession runs together  
And whoever comes to have you, I'll be jealous of  
And when above all else  
You put her I'll know what it was

To feel so needed  
Sorta wish that I was more of a romantic  
And could give you back the utmost  
But I've never seen it up close  
From everything that I can tell  
There are several possibilities

Maybe we're in love really  
Maybe it's too early to really see  
Maybe we're just searching for something  
To hold onto amidst confusion and fragility  
Maybe we've lost all sensibility  
Will it become our 'Splendor In The Grass'?

When the facts have asserted themselves  
And the memories pass into poetry and words that we  
tell  
What only then can we be sure that we felt  
Guess I prefer to be unhappy  
Or weren't you looking at me  
When my back became a wall?

Searched for your reflection  
Saw exactly what you saw  
Two kinds of different skin  
Two minds exist within  
Trying to just transcend all space and time  
And lift their chin

And find some sense of purpose some sense of hope  
Press my cheek against the window surface  
We've been afloat  
But now I'm nervous, has this been a joke?  
We're landin' and it's time to close the envelope  
Maybe I'll see you at the finish line

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The stars I see aren't even there  
Light in the air

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