

## Flying

### "Another Day"

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I fall asleep. Wearing nothing at all. Wishing you'd be, be there to blow my mind. In the middle of silly cotton laced cartwheels I noticed you were jealous and gay. So I lay. Curled up in your shadow. As you play your baby grand piano. I hear you sing.. things look pretty good which means weve stumbled through another day.

How can we fight when there's nothing left to say to you? I might seem lacking int the way I try to say to youâ€¦ I like the way you like the way I look at you in shadowed rooms, with blanket smiles that brush against your mind. You broke my watch. Yet it's a beautiful day to fall in loveâ€¦ coddle the afterthoughts. Of why things won't mend I can't comprehend what happened on our strawberry hill. How can we fight when there's nothing left to say to you? I might seem lacking int the way I try to say to youâ€¦ I like the way you like the way I look at you in shadowed rooms, with blanket smiles that brush against your mind.

Asleep againâ€¦ this tim I'm truly alone. And so I dreamâ€¦ dream I was flying again. I saw a plane. An airplane in the sky, with me.

Jump out of bed. And blaze my way to the kitchen. Try to call but the dial tone is missing. So I cry in my coffee and writhe on the floor, this is no way to start a brand new day.

How can we fight when there's nothing left to say to you? I might seem lacking in the way I try to say to youâ€¦ I like the way you like the way I look at you in shadowed rooms, with blanket smiles that brush against your mind.

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