

## **Jets To Brazil "Sweet Avenue"**

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tasting you in rain I walk down to the train  
try not to look down  
this day could some day be an anniversary  
everything is light and sound  
facing forwards going slowly wait for you to show me  
where this train wants to go  
living by the hour I stop for every flower  
everything is soft and slow  
now all these tastes improve through the view that  
comes with you  
like they handed me my life  
for the first time it felt right  
thank you for making me see there's a life in me  
it was dying to get out  
holding you we make two spoons beneath an April  
moon  
everything is soft and sweet  
this cigarette it could seduce  
a nation with its smoke  
crawling down my tired throat  
scratches part of me that's purring  
softly stirring  
I'm a captain of industry smoking famously  
feet up on the windowsill

look at all these trees I feel affinity with  
everything so soft and still  
budding at my fingertips  
touching you I start to bloom  
alive with trains and passing ships  
soft and sweet along your lips now  
I go "oh wow"  
thank you for taking me from my monastery  
I was dying to get out  
with tears of gratitude  
I like my latitude  
cross town train to you  
now all these tastes improve  
through the view that comes with you  
like they handed me my life for the first time it felt  
worth it  
like I deserved it.

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