

The Spill Canvas

"Teleport: A & B"

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Alright, that's it, I've had enough, I'm on my way to you
It's nauseating and I'm sick of waiting
For all these pointless calls to go through

But no, I'm not a skeptic anymore
At last I see what all of this ridiculous hard work is for
The moisture in the air is begging for release
And the memory of your stare is raining down on me

Hypothetically if you were point A
And theoretically if I was point B,
We would be, we would be frantically melting
Into one massive point
That could overcome anything

Constantly you're working through the mileage in my
head
Oh, I'm calculating, yes I'm sick of waiting
How many hours until I reach your bed?

But no, I'm not a skeptic anymore
At last I see what all of this ridiculous hard work is for
The moisture in the air is begging for release
And the memory of your stare is raining down on me

Hypothetically if you were point A
And theoretically if I was point B,
We would be, we would be frantically melting
Into one massive point
That could overcome anything

My faith in you could move these mountains I am
driving through
It's times like these when I wish I could teleport to you
'cause then we wouldn't have an issue
We're cleverly, strategically
Challenging our fright and insecurities,
And never seem to want to leave

Hypothetically if you were point A

And theoretically if I was point B,
We would be, we would be frantically melting
Into one massive point
That could overcome anything
Yeah, we would be, we would be frantically melting
Into one massive point
That could overcome anything

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