

Johnny Broadway "Shipwrecks"

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Hieroglyphs of road
reveal your secrets to the bold
who dare to look and to decode them.
From the greatness of these heights,
within these strange geographies of white.

I swear I think of you each time that I look down,
and watch the shapes receding on the ground,
so much like shipwrecks in the air between the clouds.
There's no turning back,
there's no turning back now.

By the time that we touch down I half believe
you'll be standing at arrivals,
right beside the baggage claim.
I can almost see your face behind the crowd.

And I swear I think of you each time that I look down,
and watch the shapes receding on the ground,
so much like shipwrecks in the air between the clouds.
There's no turning back,
there's no turning back now.

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