

Maura Matlak / Mah-ruh "La"

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Sitting on the plane looking down at LA,
the buildings getting smaller as you get further away
and I don't need ticket stubs or photographs
or souvenirs or an old boarding pass

cuz my heart knows what it knows

I wanna roll around in those clouds with you
with wings on our heels, I wanna see how that feels
And now I'm back in New York where the buildings are
tall
and there's no evidence whatsoever that you happened
at all

But my heart knows what it knows
My heart knows what it knows

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