

**scarub**

## **"Wishful Thinking"**

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It's wishful thinking

It's always wishful thinking, uh huh

It's wishful thinking

It's always wishful thinking, and uh

CHORUS

I used to know this girl as fly as Saturdays

And every time she smiled my way like honey to me

I would hold my heart as well as my hopes back

For fear of how she would have reacted

If I was to express how I was attracted

To her spectacular bosoms and vacular(?) amenities

And every time I would see her ever-so-beautiful figure  
walking the earth

It would just confuse me

Making me woozy

But I kept my mouth shut

I figured putting myself in such a position of  
vulnerability

Would just give her the power to either lose me or  
abuse me

So in the dark I stood

Skylarking I would ponder on what if

But the what-ifs would have been solved  
If I wasn't so chicken-shit to get involved  
In these matters of the heart  
But that's all in the past and  
She's gone leaving me gasping while asking  
I wonder if I'll ever have another chance  
Wonder if I'll have another dance  
A change in my circumstance  
To romance from wishful thinking  
It was a day like this when we met in 1993  
She came up to me whispering something like sunshine  
While I was in line  
At the festival which couldn't compare  
To the festivities of her beauty  
I moved our conversation from  
Name into hobby  
Hobby into visions  
Visions to envisioning the two of us meeting up again  
If she would just pick the time and place  
The way our eyes embraced  
Sublime troubles bits and based in an ideal song  
I looked into her face and saw my future was less than  
perfect placement  
Our worries were kept in the basement  
Either that or the attic  
There would be no static

In our living room

My mind mapped out the blueprints

Consuming each other's thoughts in the dining room

Romance would be placed in the bedroom

Illuminated with joy and perfume

Tribulations would be hung in the kid's room

Furnished with laughter after our lives were situated

And financially elevated

Our house would be decorated in colours and feelings  
I've only seen in

dreams

But was never able to describe

I felt all of this

But didn't know how to subscribe

To her interests

You know how first impressions are

Catalogues that come with no index, appendix, or  
bibliographies

Just a table of contents for us to guess at

Choose a chapter and hopefully it works for you

We agreed that our time shared was pleasurable

And that we should rendez-vous

I attached the idea of exchanging numbers

So again I could see her

She smiled, sunbeam so warm

I was blinded by her glare

Meanwhile mesmerized by the magnificent mana she

seemed to bear

Then said she would be back at the festival tomorrow

And to meet right here

(Like, right here in this particular spot?)

CHORUS

Now I had expected a no-show

Kept on checking the time on my wrist-match

Then felt a elbow nudge me from the back

When I turned around and she was top-notch

Smelling like butterscoth

When trying to speak

I was too shocked

All blocked up in my voice-box

I just stood there and smiled

She took my hand, manoeuvred me through the crowd

I hung on like a child

That's a security blanket for dear life

We rounded the bin where

She took me into her booth

She was a vendor, visual artist, a poet

Who loved to work with the youth

Said what attracted her to me was my aura

Seemed to bear truthfulness

In a world full of filthiness

And hearts swallowed up into emptiness

Not in the exact words but I said the same

We sat there all day in the shade talking

Boredom never came

I told her about my music

I said I wanted to use it to touch

Use it to travel around the world sharing my views on  
such and such

And finally to clutch a point in time where I could say  
that I was happy

Own a business, have a wife and some children to call  
me pappy

Nodding her head she smirked and said she knew our  
ideas would work and

again

Not in the exact words but I said the same

Evening quickly arrived and I had to go

It was the last day of the festival

Smiling she said she was glad I came

A pen was pulled

I supplied the paper

Numbers were exchanged

We both stood up and showed love in the form of a hug

And went our separate ways

I remember them vividly in my memory

Those yesterdays

CHORUS

She held delightful conversations over the phone

With a mouthful of words that

When were said made you feel like you were  
Worth something more than just flesh and bone  
Taking up space and time  
Our discussions raced the mind  
Forever building, healing, exchanging ideas  
Drilling to the core of what we were here for  
How to communicate with ancestors and  
Why we as people deserved more  
From equal rights, revolutionary fights to spiritual  
insight  
She even shot over to the house and gave me a  
cooking lesson one night  
It was nothing fancy  
Rice and beans seasoned with a side order of  
plantainels  
The table was lit with candles  
We sat juxtaposed and stood out the windows  
To gaze at the stars  
I said let's make a wish on that reddish one  
She was like "Fool, that's Mars!"  
Then mapped out all the celestial bodies from the little  
dipper up to the  
quasars  
And finally picked one  
We closed our eyes and made a wish  
But I substituted my wish for hope  
And it still wasn't enough to anchor us down  
You see hope holds just a little bit more weight than a

wish

And my wish turned hope then swish

And my time was too short on the rebound

The clock countdown was to my disadvantage

And I'm not the type to come with full-court pressure

So my game's ?

In her eyes I was tucked away and forgotten

And all my plottin' to win this girl

Too small to be measured

And so now all I have to treasure is my wishful thinking

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