

The Letters Organize "Dressed Up In Gatwick"

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this luck has tapped me on the shoulder once again.
it's testing all and every possible turn and bridge.
and dodging everything but deja vu's.
at least four walls won't drive, drive me insane.

if this place was familiar it wouldn't feel like kansas
anyway.
if time moves any slower i'll start repeating myself,
myself.
this insanity is driving me instead of keeping my chair
warm.
is this bench ever going to lie anymore comfortable
this time?

this luck has tapped me on the shoulder once again.
it's testing all and every possible turn and bridge.
drowning in an ocean so far from home and kissing
nothing.

please take us home, please take us home.

if this place was familiar it wouldn't feel like kansas
anyway.
if time moves any slower i'll start repeating myself,
myself.
this insanity is driving me instead of keeping my chair
warm.
is this bench ever going to lie anymore comfortable
this time?

take us home please.

we're dodging bridges.
we're dodging bridges.
we're dodging bridges.

we dodged another bullet
and still 100% yeah!
we dodged another bullet
and still 100% yeah!

