

P J Loughran**"Aeroplane"**

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Trip up, no drink
No private temporary hide
Touch down, in 4 and 20 time
And Im aching for a ticket for another ride

When do you turn it off?
When do you let it be?
When do you bend back the bookmark corner
and Continue to read?

One marmalade brief conversation
And some fumbling tease
One boddington pint
Swaps the edge for a comfortable breeze

Walking Sundays route
Camden cobble at my feet
Funny how just the right traveling companion can
Saturate the scenery

Well the ground is whispering away
And rules bend that I should obey
Reality skewed for the day
So, fly me an aeroplane

The perfect pure white blond companion
Oversees the shouldered green
Her delicate finger consolations let me know
That they were surely meant to be seen

Wake up from your nap
and turn your
pretty eye to me

Well the ground is whispering away
And rules bend that I should obey
Reality skewed for the day
So, fly me an aeroplane

The perfect pure white blond companion
Oversees the shouldered green

Her delicate finger consolations let me know
That they were surely meant to be seen

Wake up from your nap
and turn your pretty eye to me
stare me a message
and well free fall together

through these rogue daydreams

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