Gadjits, Handkerchief

Making you wish we never met Won't solve a goddamn thing I know. I've got this lump in my throat It's tearing me up like draino. Inhale you like gasoline. Feel my strength dissipating. Hold you inside of me, 'Til I am suffocating.

(chorus)
And it beats waving a handkerchief
Goodbye, Goodbye
To a fuzzy face on a moving ship
New Guy, New Guy

These ties of ours,
They're supposed to blind me
to paper kites and bedposts,
not mistakes I left behind me.
There's nothing right now
as tenuous as my kite string,
nothing as precarioius
as looking down on you when I am flying.

(chorus)