

# Pico Vs. Island Trees, Brand New Set Of Wings

Daylight shines,  
Right into your window.  
It's the same as mine  
From another point of view.  
This view is fine,  
but the glass is always cleaner  
On the other side,  
Where the road was split in two.

I will be,  
Your butterfly,  
'Cause you are  
The air I breathe.  
And I know  
when you're on my mind  
I lose control of everything.  
And I'm scared  
When morning comes  
I will find  
It was all a dream.  
I'll never be alone  
When with you I have grown  
A brand new set of wings.

It's late at night.  
Well it's only 5:15  
And the bluest skies  
Are projected from my TV screen.  
I get lost in your eyes  
Where you can never find me  
If you even tried  
I'd gently fall asleep.

I will be,  
Your butterfly,  
'Cause you are  
The air I breathe.  
And I know  
when you're on my mind  
I lose control of everything.  
And I'm scared  
When morning comes  
I will find  
It was all a dream.  
I'll never be alone  
When with you I have grown  
A brand new set of wings.

And all of those other things,  
That come in with a breeze.  
And are gone the next day  
Like ice cream,  
That summer when  
All this began to begin.  
And i'm falling deeper within  
The touch of your hand on my skin.  
Okay you win.  
I give in.