

Wishing Chair, Breathe

I am a stranger here
We're all strangers here
Standing equal
Glassy eyed
Coffee's hot
Truck stop parking lot
Fluorescent bright
Well spaced aisles

Sacred come and go
No one really knows
One chance

Tell me the truth
You tell me lies
Tell me what I want to hear
You tell me what you want to hear
But what if we took the time
Said what we really thought
I'd like to know
I'd really like to know

Are you listening
Can you hear my heart
Put your head against my chest
One deep breath
One breath
Breathe

I try to stand up straight
Walk in proud
But I'm not that sure
I'm not that sure
But I've got my hopes
Room for surprise
I think I'm fighting for my life

Are you family
I'm looking for my tribe
I want to be connected
Want to feel alive
You could be
Someone I'd like to know
Subway train
Doors are opening

Sacred come and go
Are we safe here
No one really knows
One chance

A little girl in a dust blue Ford
Looks me in the eye
Waves goodbye