

# Abra Moore, Touch And Go

You're traveling through my head again  
I pull you out every once in a while  
Just to look at you  
To lay with you  
To remember how it used to be

Burning streetlights, setting our hearts on fire  
Tipping the bottle, leaving our heads spinning  
Clinging tight now under the noonday sun  
You won't let me go free

Every once in a while

Weaving a lover in the palm of my hand  
Running that river, making my head go round  
Dripping teardrops fallin from the sky  
Keeping the tides easy

Every once in a while

Touch and go  
Like a wet fish dripping from my fingertips  
You move me.