

Airplanes To Amsterdam, A Haunting Green

She sets her wine glass down onto the table,
and stares blankly down this airport terminal
with such starving eyes that my veins get to twisting.
And, I wave white flags over your ammunition.
So please just let me breathe,
so I can figure out what life means.
Because she's the girl in my dreams
with auburn hair, the cutest screams.
She's distorting reality
with these acid words that she's saying.
She's the girl in my dreams
with the brightest eyes, a haunting green.
She's distorting reality
with these vodka kisses she puts on me.
The city lights illuminate the horizon.
I feel her breathing, a heated chest writhing,
as she lays into me with the weight of an anchor.
An ambush that's laced with such violent behavior.
These hard liquor smiles aren't all that we're sharing,
as alcohol sets in like a sedative
And my bags and heart are both falling victim
to spilling their guts onto the linoleum.