

# Braid, Yawn London

resolve  
the wavelength tiredplane  
am I doing something wrong?  
it's not enough  
right  
the windows are  
the darklight mirror  
sentiments  
are jet sized  
when we get  
london-eyed  
the pilot lied

surprise  
the clouds invoke our actions  
and we're yawning back the chair  
almost there  
miles high  
let's ignore the others  
blankets blue  
and so are you  
here we come  
london soon  
ninety two

and the engine and tonic didn't help  
the rocking of the relation boat I  
spilled my drink on ryan effgen's head  
that's just fine  
twelve a.m.  
london time