

# Caroline Lavelle, The Great Escape

You talk to me  
With the language of the sea  
Of sand hot in the sun  
With the cries of night creatures  
I dimly understand...  
In your great escape  
In your great escape  
It's your chance to take  
Make your great escape  
Your binary words  
Glow in my darkness  
Your 'darling', it hangs in the air  
You make chemicals run  
in my blood just by looking  
and take my free will and throw it away  
And I feel your warmth  
As the sparks fly upwards  
From the burning of all of your bridges  
In your great escape  
In your great escape  
It's your chance to take  
Make your great escape