

Feist, Intuition

What gives what helps the intuition?

I'll know, I'll know

I won't have to be shown

The way home

And it's not about a boy

Although although

They can lead you

Break or defeat you

A destination known

Only by the one

Whose fate is overgrown

Piecemeal can break your home in half

A love is not complete with only heat

And they can tease you

Break or complete you

And it came, a heat wave

A merciful save

You choose you chose

Poetry over prose

A map is more unreal than where you've been

Or how you feel

A map is more unreal than where you've been

Or how you feel

And it's impossible to tell

How important someone was

And what you might have missed out on

And how he might have changed it all

And how you might have changed it all for him

And how he might have changed it all

And how you might have changed it all for him

Did I, did I

Did I, did I

Did I, did I

Did I, did I

Did I did I miss out on you?