

Flying Blind, Another Day

I fall asleep. Wearing nothing at all. Wishing you'd be, be there to blow my mind. In the middle of silence.
So I lay. Curled up in your shadow. As you play your baby grand piano. I hear you sing.. things look so good.
How can we fight when there's nothing left to say to you? I might seem lacking in the way I try to save.
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Asleep again this time I'm truly alone. And so I dream dream I was flying again. I saw a plane. An airplane.
Jump out of bed. And blaze my way to the kitchen. Try to call but the dial tone is missing. So I cry in pain.
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