

Gaba Kulka, Airlock

Time is a peculiar thing -
the less that you have, the more you begin to feel it
Much like love, the difference is - if we could cross the line
we could be making love, we could be never making anymore time

(it's true)

When I came, did your whole life change
or was it just shelves and mirrors I rearranged
in your house?

A house so big, that when I entered in spring
by the time I woke up in the upstairs bedroom
it was snowing

Do you look to me to fill this space?
Do you look to me to erase your past mistakes?

There is something achingly sweet
in the tone of the years you've spent searching, incomplete
And I am your lucky star
- why don't you leave your airlock ajar

The slow hand caresses the face
as the hours pass by, and hours turn into days
And you bleed while trying to smile
but the cut's too deep, so you open wide
and for a band-aid I'm
unraveling too quick

So pass it on, you've had your fun
Let some others share their pain with everyone
Just pass it on, you've had your fun
Let some others share their pain with everyone

Insane, completely insane
how you let me get in, and hurt you once again
I am your lucky break
- breaking each bone by mistake

I am your lucky star!
Why don't you leave your airlock ajar

please, baby, please, for your own good
leave it open