

# 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