

Get Cape. Wear Cape. Fly, Call Me Ishmael

It's one of those times that I can't seem to find the words or thoughts.
These hazy eyes the perfect partner to my weary mind
It's not been a matter of days, in fact it's felt like an age,
since I last sat down or I saw a town that wasn't linked by shows

And fatigue's soon ignored as your feet hit the board,
or as the beat hits the floor, these are the moments we're living for.
The ones that constantly try to appease our 9-5s.
They're the ones that justify all the things that we forsake.

You are not your job and you are not the clothes you wear
You are the words that leave your mouth so speak up, speak up loud
For none of us want to sit in evaluations taking notes for hours.
We're all sick and tired of waiting. Let's set sail.

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the ones who constantly try, to appease our 9-5s
they are the ones that justify, all the things that we forsake.

Why do we look to the tide when we find that our minds are getting stale,
why does it bag me this place on the waves.
and are we looking for meaning, from demeaning,
the soul destroying task we do all the time on the shore.

And as i picture you on the television,
talking all the seller hook past all the people walking,
its about then that I realize that your the same as me,
So call me Ishmael, we are all striving for,
the thing that makes this grind worth surviving baby,
I won't wait long for one little moment,
where our dream's to feel alive.

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