

# Gordon Downie, Insomniacs Of The World, Good

I can see the line of your brassiere.  
I can contemplate it from here.  
There's no need for breathlessness  
When we're so far apart.  
I see us writhing in a phone booth  
Or laid back in the dewy grass of our youth  
And wishing on the Neverstar  
And happy days of electrical smiles  
And loving evenings falling down in piles  
And not imagining a restlessness  
That could keep us apart.  
If I could sleep there's a chance I could dream  
And reconjure all of these vivid scenes.  
O insomniacs of the world, good night.  
No more wishing on the Neverstar.