

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.