

Pico Vs. Island Trees, Saying The Opposite

So maybe I'll call you up,
Or would that ruin everything?
Cos' you're so perfect now,
Unless there's something I've been missing.
And even if there was,
Maybe we could just pretend.
I could overlook those things.
And disregard the consequence.

But If I slip it in,
Would you let me?
Can I take you in my arms
And fly away?
Knowing just what I've wanted to say.
But saying the opposite.

So I fumble around for a bit.
And look at my toes for the answers to questions.
Don't get me wrong,
I'm just so overcome by my lack of perfection.
I've practiced this in my dreams,
It's much harder than I had expected.
So I'll throw this out, despite all my doubts.
So misguided yet so directed.

If I slip it in,
Will you let me?
Can I take you in my arms
And fly away?
Knowing just what I've wanted to say.

If I slip this in,
Will you let me?
Can I take you in my arms
And fly away.
Knowing just what I've wanted to say.
If I slip this in,
Can you promise?
That you won't just throw this away.
Figured out what I've wanted to say.
I love you.