

Powderfinger, Pockets

By now you know that I never arrived
I was too tired to move
I was gonna invent an elaborate excuse
But I'm tired of them too

Little pockets of air in the atmosphere
Make it easy to breathe
So farewell to unpleasant scenes
I want you to stay, stay, stay

The blinding flash of circling stars
Left relatively shallow scars
You played your faux renaissance card
To stary eyes and wild applause

It's not your destination
So something, something better happen