

# 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 starry eyes and wild applause

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