

# Spill Canvas, Teleport: A&b

Alright, that's it, I've had enough, I'm on my way to you  
It's nauseating and I'm sick of waiting  
for all these pointless calls to go through

But no, I'm not a skeptic anymore  
At last I see what all of this ridiculous hard work is for  
The moisture in the air is begging for release  
and the memory of your stare is raining down on me

Hypothetically if you were point A  
and theoretically if I was point B,  
we would be, we would be frantically melting  
into one massive point  
that could overcome anything

Constantly you're working through the mileage in my head  
Oh, I'm calculating, yes I'm sick of waiting  
How many hours until I reach your bed?

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At last I see what all of this ridiculous hard work is for  
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and the memory of your stare is raining down on me

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My faith in you could move these mountains I am driving through  
It's times like these when I wish I could teleport to you  
'cause then we wouldn't have an issue  
We're cleverly, strategically  
challenging our fright and insecurities,  
and never seem to want to leave

Hypothetically if you were point A  
and theoretically if I was point B,  
we would be, we would be frantically melting  
into one massive point  
that could overcome anything  
Yeah, we would be, we would be frantically melting  
into one massive point  
that could overcome anything