

Spoons, Blow Away

Lines drawn in all directions
On sidewalks and country roads
Tracing destinations
Unmet and now avoided
All imaginary places we have been

Points marking every day
Penciled in on the calendar
Maps of astronomies
Showed our worlds colliding
We were the last of a dying breed
Fading fast

Blow away, blow away
Blow away just like that

Hours of imagination
Spent alone in empty chairs
Sending messages out
To unknown destinations
Though I really knew we'd finally land
To be ignored

Blow away
Blow away just like that