

# 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