

# By The Time You Get This Message

Flobots

By the time you get this message  
I will be behind the wheel  
Watching dotted yellow hexagrams stretch into the dark  
Left hand surfing on iced tinged winds  
Chewing up a cardboard box

Singing at lung top  
One stop left 'til I meet you in the concourse  
St. Louie encore  
Do we have a shot?  
Caught  
No dwelling on the thought  
Of what the hell we haven't got  
So I'm headed from the dot to the spot  
Where your plane touches down  
For a six hour layover  
Don't say a word  
I found it on the map  
Calculated it  
Just a half a day to get from where you're not to where you will be  
My hair is filthy  
I'm drinking coffee  
I can barely feel the trace  
From the only time you kissed me on the face  
Question mark space  
I know you're with me underneath the starscape  
Treadmill pick up our pace  
Headstart on a jet in a car chase  
Is this the part where my heart breaks  
One asleep one awake  
Back to back 'cause you wouldn't turn towards me  
Had me battling fractals keeping track of all the chords we created  
Sound clash of swords  
Back and forth  
Couldn't poke through the sash  
Slash through the plasterboard  
You packing your passport  
Me on a crash course to show you that I have the passion that you asked for  
Flooring the gas trying a fast forward fifteen months  
I'll see you once the sun shines through the glass above the dashboard

The stars I see aren't even there  
It's only light in the air

By the time you get this message I'll be either on my second flight  
Or already all the way to my destination  
Ridiculous that I could honestly expect you waiting at the gate when I arrive  
A sixteen hour drive  
I've been feeling so silly going on now several months  
As our obsession runs together  
And whoever comes to have you I'll be jealous of  
And when above all else you put her I'll know what it was to feel so needed  
Sorta wish that I was more of a romantic and could give you back the utmost  
But I've never seen it up close  
From everything that I can tell there are several possibilities  
Maybe we're in love really

Maybe it's too early to really see  
Maybe we're just searching for something to hold onto amidst confusion and f  
ragility  
Maybe we've lost all sensibility  
Will it be come our Splendor in the Grass  
When the facts have asserted themselves  
And the memories pass into poetry and words that retell  
What only then can we be sure that we felt  
Guess I prefer to be unhappy  
Or weren't you looking at me when my back became a wall  
Searched for your reflection saw exactly what you saw  
Two kinds of different skin  
Two minds exist within  
Trying to just transcend all space and time  
And lift their chin and find some sense of purpose  
Some sense of hope  
Press my cheek against the window surface  
We've been afloat  
But now I'm nervous  
Has this been a joke?  
We're landing and it's time to close the envelope  
Maybe I'll see you at the finish line