

Touch and Go

Abra Moore

You're traveling through my head again
Just to look at you
I pull you out every once in a while
To lay with you
To remember how it used to be
You won't let me go free
Burning streetlights, setting our hearts on fire
Tipping the bottle, leaving our heads spinning
Clinging tight now under the noonday sun
Every once in a while
Weaving a lover in the palm of my hand
Running that river, making my head go round
Keeping the tides easy
Dripping teardrops fallin from the sky
Every once in a while
Touch and go
Like a wet fish dripping from my fingertips
You move me.