

Will I be the stranger in your movie?  
Is there a place for me in the patterns  
That glow on your skin and your clothes?  
Hold him.  
Hold his thin frame in your arms  
When everything flows from his skin and his clothes.  
I'm flying so over it.  
Silverfish line his pocket.  
Silver quick he leaves.  
(I don't want to know about your ill-fated love affair).  
Flying so over it.  
Flying so over your head.  
Hold him,  
When everything glows on his skin.  
I've been much stranger.  
I've watched you from afar.  
Now everything shows on my skin and my clothes.  
I'm flying so over it.  
Silverfish line his pocket.  
Silver quick he leaves.  
(I don't want to hear about your poorly-timed rock career).  
Flying so over it,  
Flying so over your head.