

We are jigsaw pieces aligned on the perimeter edge
Interlocked through a missing piece
We are renaissance children becalmed beneath the bridge of sighs
Forever throwing firebrands at the stonework
We are siamese children related by the heart
Bleeding from the surgery of initial confrontation
Holding the word-scalpels on trembling lips

Stand straight, look me in the eye and say goodbye
Stand straight, we've drifted past the point of reasons why
Yesterday starts tomorrow, tomorrow starts today
The problems always seem to be
We're picking up the pieces on the ricochet

Drowning tequila sunsets, stowaways on midnight ships
Refugees of romance plead asylum from the real
Scrambling distress signals on random frequencies
Forever repatriated on guilt-laden morning planes
We are pilots of passion sweating the flight on course
To another summit conference, another breakfast-time divorce
Screaming out a ceasefire, snowblind in an avalanche zone

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Are we trigger happy? russian roulette in the waiting room
Empty chambers embracing the end
Puzzled visions haunt the ripples of a trevi moon
Dream coins for the fountain, or to cover your eyes
We reached ignition point from the sparks of pleasantries
Sensed the smoke advancing from horizons
You must have known that I was planning an escape

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