

## Another Day

Flying Blind

I fall asleep.  
Wearing nothing at all.  
Wishing you'd be, be there to blow my mind.  
In the middle of silly cotton laced cartwheels I noticed you were jealous and gay.

So I lay.  
Curled up in your shadow.  
As you play your baby grand piano.  
I hear you sing, things look pretty good which means we've stumbled through another day.

How can we fight when there's nothing left to say to you?  
I might seem lacking in the way I try to say to you  
I like the way you like the way I look at you in shadowed rooms  
,  
With blanket smiles that brush against your mind.

You broke my watch. Yet it's a beautiful day to fall in love and cuddle the afterthoughts.  
Of why things won't mend I can't comprehend what happened on our strawberry hill.

How can we fight when there's nothing left to say to you?  
I might seem lacking in the way I try to say to you  
I like the way you like the way I look at you in shadowed rooms  
,  
With blanket smiles that brush against your mind.

Asleep again?| this time I'm truly alone.  
And so I dream, dream I was flying again. I saw a plane.  
An airplane in the sky, with me.

Jump out of bed. And blaze my way to the kitchen.  
Try to call but the dial tone is missing.  
So I cry in my coffee and writhe on the floor, this is no way to start a brand new day.

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I like the way you like the way I look at you in shadowed rooms  
,  
With blanket smiles that brush against your mind.