Morning gray ignites a twisted mess of foreign shapes and sound s

I wish the ceiling was the ground

I'll send you flowers made of silent tiny pieces of the sun To help me make up for this one

While you send me tidal waves of love when you're alone And I can't remember what you do

To find a way to turn the signal back to heaven sounding blue And bring me faithful back to you

And she don't hold me right, she's never going to get me there Not tonight

If we break off gently in slow motion, spinning outward into Space

My hand always floating gently at the wheel while you sweetly  $\operatorname{Hold}$  my face

And I need you to give it meaning, I need you to share the view  $\mbox{Or}$  it becomes a time for me to love myself like every other  $\mbox{Thing I do}$