

She takes my hand but I don't understand where we're going  
are we almost there  
are we all  
I stumble backwards I trip over past word not knowing  
was she really there  
was she real

these are the words she tells him, he tells her

I just remembered that my ride is waiting  
I take her hand I still don't understand what I'm after  
we'll just see what's there  
we'll just see

she stumbles backwards  
she trips over my words and laughter

was I really there  
was I real

these are the words of the boy of the girl

I just remembered that my ride is waiting