

## I Typed For Miles

Jets to Brazil

I live in a hotel  
Must keep writing  
If I'm to be better than everyone else  
Like figure skating  
Like asphyxiating  
On your own seeping fumes  
You're just waiting  
Living in a hotel  
But I'm not traveling  
Between two points, in mid air,  
I'm levitating  
Above the earth  
Beneath the sky  
Eyes like static  
In my three feet  
From bed to wall  
There sleeps a genius  
Leave me here to my devices  
The call could come at any time  
They're playing love songs on the radio tonight  
I can't relate to that right now  
Note so self : no one cares. your voice is average  
In worried piles I typed for miles and noone noticed  
I will begin  
I will put right  
This morning terror  
I have been kissed  
Between the ears  
By human error  
Leave me here to my devices  
I need a word to change my life  
I've tied my ankles to the table legs with wire  
He can't write so much as type  
Leave me here to my devices  
I can't think with all this noise  
They're playing love songs on your radio tonight  
I don't get those songs on mine  
You keep fucking up my life