

i'm going as far as i can go, away from here,
away from you, jake, and the hole you've sunk me into.

i wish that i could belong here, with you, and just be,
but that's not all that i'm about.

your life is built on accidents, like meeting me.
you write everything down in your grocery list - people do this
.
even insects buzz like airplanes, why can't we fly away?
i'm going as far as i can go.

your dad died, cause his heart hurt, arking away his forty-
five years,
dragging your mom along.
i don't want that, neither do you. neither do you.
if i am not fun, and i am not interesting,
perhaps i am not interested in you, neither are you.
you can't stand in front of an oven, cause it's warm,
and the fumes are dangerous.

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but that's not all that i'm about to do.