

London Heathrow

Set Your Goals

So let's take this slow,
as if I should even be one to talk.
Constantly moving on all my luck.

So fast, like a rabbit, then getting stuck.
I cannot give up.
In a briar patch I knew I would meet you
but I'm stopped, not sure it's entirely true.

Deja vu of people that I knew already
and what I did to them...this is getting heavy,
and spinning me places that I wish I deserved to be.

I have to block it before my intuition deceives me.
I rocket back to the earth like an alien
looking for blue-planet rays to become human.
I have a gift that tells of every curse,
so make a move for the exit.

But your laugh shakes me up and it makes me clean
between an XM pop-rock takeover queen and
an old friend who left a spell,
lifted every curse,
and made a move from the entrance.

So I'll get nervous one more time,
watching hands (not mine) shaking 'maybe' signs,
tying hair with a flare that's ready
to fly aboard civilian crimes.

They're knife-cutting all the lines.
I don't at all care why.
I'm staring like I've got a better idea.
I saw you scrambling numbers and
highlighting fluorescent wit
with a study pen on airline standby trends.

Believe me, I see things.
Not crazy.
I've come clean, not wasting.
Not lazy, done chasing.

I knew you would be there but I couldn't believe it.
My friends know I'm out there to speak truths and take dares.
A-B (row) 52, and it's 30 degrees.
I'm making sense with this movie
on the back of the seat on the port-side of this ride.