Sweet Avenue

Jets to Brazil

tasting you in rain I walk down to the train
try not to look down
this day could some day be an anniversary
everything is light and sound
facing forwards going slowly wait for you to show me
where this train wants to go
living by the hour I stop for every flower
everything is soft and slow
now all these tastes improve through the view that comes with you
like they handed me my life
for the first time it felt right
thank you for making me see there's a life in me
it was dying to get out
holding you we make two spoons beneath an April moon
everything is soft and sweet
this cigarette it could seduce
a nation with its smoke
crawling down my tired throat
scratches part of me that's purring
softly stirring
I'm a captain of industry smoking famously
feet up on the windowsill
look at all these trees I feel affinity with
everything so soft and still
budding at my fingertips
touching you I start to bloom
alive with trains and passing ships
soft and sweet along your lips now
I go "oh wow"
thank you for taking me from my monastery
I was dying to get out
with tears of gratitude
I like my latitude
cross town train to you
now all these tastes improve
through the view that comes with you
like they handed me my life for the first time it felt worth it
like I deserved it.

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