

Streaks in the Sky

Thursday

It's just the southern road that you leave by and open windows in your car.
It's the breathing of the city that says leave me behind. Forget tomorrow side with the open road.
Pulled apart for you.
In the window unlocked and left open.
For the rising sun taking you back home. If we never meet again it would be too soon.
I'm glad I ran from you and now my life's a mess.
And I'll have to admit that I have made a mistake.
And every path that I take has lead me right back to here.
And I never should have left. It's just the second chance that I dreamt of.
When you took me into your lives.
But there's a peak we have to climb over.
so get a running start.

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