# Flying Backwards

## Megan Slankard

I set down my fairy tales
I tipped my glass over on the bed
Somehow somebody laughed
Though it was only me and my mess
Somewhere somebody
Sang a pretty little lullaby
I pulled down the window blinds
In the fair face of a tolkien skyI couldn't sleep tonight
As if I didn't know that 'cause I was there
The last cries of a distant party
Died in the arms of the midnight airI'm flying backwards
To the beat of my speeding heart
Flying backwards
In the rhythm of my own guitarIt smells like rain and a raspberry bouquet
It smells like my 10 gauge guitar strings I play
And I saw two shooting stars
Collide into this crazy conversation
Guess it's really all we had to sayI'm flying backwards
Doesn't seem to get me very far
I'm flying backwards
And I feel I've already done this part
Already done this partThe rockin' chair teased me
With a clever shadow of somebody called "you"
So I got up and knocked it over
Went to kill my sorrows
In another passion fruit ice cream scoop
You said "I know you couldn't sleep tonight"
As if I didn't know that 'cause I was there
And a huge ball of consequence unwound itself in a dream
Of a dreamerThen some pup started up a choir
And sang a song to the moon stuck in a spiral spider web
I picked up my leather bound imagination
And I put my head down on the bed
The walls started to whisper
A pretty little lullaby
I shut my eyes and closed the cover down
On the fair face of a tolkien skyI'm flying backwards
To the beat of my speeding heart
I'm flying backwards in the rhythm of your guitars

I'm flying backwards
Doesn't seem to get me very far
I'm flying backwards
And I feel I've already done this part
Already done this part

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