By The Time You Get This Message...

Flobots

By the time you get this message
I will be behind the wheel
Watchin' dotted yellow hexagrams
Stretch into the dark
Left hand surfin' on iced tinged winds
Chewin' up a cardboard box
Singin' at lung top, one stop
Left 'til I meet you in the concourse
St. Louie, encore, do we have a shot?
Caught, no dwellin' on the thought
What the hell we haven't got
So I'm headed from the dot to the spot
Where your plane touches down
For a six hour layover
Don't say a word, I found it on the map
Calculated it just a half a day to get from
Where you're not to where you will be
My hair is filthy, I'm drinkin' coffee
I can barely feel the trace
From the only time you kissed me on the face
Question mark, space
I know you're with me underneath the star-scape
Treadmill, pick up our pace
Head-start on a jet in a car chase
Is this the part where my heart breaks?
One asleep, one awake, back to back
'Cause you wouldn't turn towards me
Had me battlin' fractals, keeping track of all the chords
We created sound clash of swords back and forth
Couldn't poke through the sash
Slash through the plasterboard
You packing your passport, me on a crash course
To show you that I have the passion that you asked for
Floorin' the gas, tryin' a fast forward
Fifteen months, I'll see you once the sun shines through
The glass above the dashboard
The stars I see aren't even there
It's only light in the air
(By the time you get this message)

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(By the time you get this message)
It's only light in the air
By the time you get this message I'll be
Either on my second flight or already
All the way to my destination
Ridiculous that I could honestly expect you
Waitin' at the gate when I arrive
A sixteen hour drive
I've been feeling so silly
Goin' on now several months
As our obsession runs together
And whoever comes to have you, I'll be jealous of
And when above all else
You put her I'll know what it was
To feel so needed
Sorta wish that I was more of a romantic
And could give you back the utmost
But I've never seen it up close
From everything that I can tell
There are several possibilities
Maybe we're in love really
Maybe it's too early to really see
Maybe we're just searching for something
To hold onto amidst confusion and fragility
Maybe we've lost all sensibility
Will it become our 'Splendor In The Grass'?
When the facts have asserted themselves
And the memories pass into poetry and words that we tell
What only then can we be sure that we felt
Guess I prefer to be unhappy
Or weren't you looking at me
When my back became a wall?
Searched for your reflection
Saw exactly what you saw
Two kinds of different skin
Two minds exist within
Trying to just transcend all space and time
And lift their chin
And find some sense of purpose some sense of hope
Press my cheek against the window surface
We've been afloat
But now I'm nervous, has this been a joke?
We're landin' and it's time to close the envelope
Maybe I'll see you at the finish line

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