

If It Does

Robin Baciorek

You're talking fast,
fueled by late night drinks.
Someone said,
you have all of the makings.
Gather up the lovers now,
and say you're sorry later.
You're just looking to be one of a kind.

Go on and wait it out,
Oh I don't care much anymore.

You're stacking tall,
too tall to reach from your toes.
You're pleading with me,
to believe you got all your ducks rowed.
Gather up the faithful now,
save miracles for later.
You're just looking to build your mind.

It's delusional dreaming,
cold blooded reason,
all of it keeping me barely believing
what if, what if it does.

I'm lying still as a line,
waiting on a fish.
It's supposed to be a fair sea,
so I cast a wish.
Gather up the courage now,
save the fear for later.
I'm just looking to sing sometimes.

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