One In Ten

Deviates

One in ten can't please me.
This time is our time to speak freely.
The blur is gone, you start leaving.
Too real, too fast at this moment.
I recognize this feeling,
I need a way to record this.
I'm losing sleep. The last thing I need.
I keep forgetting we can't do this.
Open my eyes and you've gone away.
Counting down till I'll try again.
I'll see You on the other side my friend.
Can you see right through me?
I fear it's you that can't see me.
Your face changes my face and you move me.
These seconds last an eternity.
I make the mistake and start thinking,
I watch the picture start fading.
We'll meet again. Don't run away.
One in ten can't please me;
a problem when compared to the others seems easy.
The apple of my minds eye is free to have my mind,
and as soon as its here then it leaves me,
retreating when I realize that I'm dreaming.
I think its real but I can't say.
I always go and make a mistake and you run away.
Don't run away. I've got the time so you know that I'll try again.

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