Touch and Go

Abra Moore

You're traveling through my head again Just to look at you I pull you out every once in a while To lay with you To remember how it used to be You won't let me go free Burning streetlights, setting our hearts on fire Tipping the bottle, leaving our heads spinning Clinging tight now under the noonday sun Every once in a while Weaving a lover in the palm of my hand Running that river, making my head go round Keeping the tides easy Dripping teardrops fallin from the sky Every once in a while Touch and go Like a wet fish dripping from my fingertips You move me.

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