

Contrails (feat. Tegan Quinn)

Astronautalis

[feat. Tegan Quinn]

I know, leaving's your living, built in your bones
No one can ever escape all of their ghosts
So if you walk, you better learn how to run
That's why I wrote this song
Your contrail's coated in broken homes
You polished up this pretty pearl of a hope
That I won't parade your skeletons for everyone
But that's why I wrote this song
That's why I wrote this song
That's why I wrote this song
That's why I wrote this song
I know you know the words, so sing along
She always made the best of deaf and blind
Fashionable dress of canes and signs
Tracing their apparel, like a judge of character in Braille
She never missed a lift, a bump, or line
But fingertips will drift and miss blip from time to time
And this is how we find
Secrets that slipped our grip
Over wit and charm on whispered breath
Frantically fishing for familiarness on fingertips
And this is just, shit, what is this?
This is redress
I know her cane is just a comedy
Tin cup's a crutch for crippled honesty
Her slain perception's lame deception
What's astonishing, we bought it, see
Every Harry, Dick, and Tom, left her very fickle palms
Palming a broken promise ring, you follow me?
A hundred strong men choked on the bit
While the blind bride guides the bridle toward the abyss
And this can only end wrong
But motherfuck it, that's the reason why I wrote this song
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But that's why I wrote this song
Lionel Terray said it the truest, I set it to music
We're all "Conquistadors of the Useless"
What kind of fool is so stupid to climb a mountain do it
Then climb back down to the town without a picture to prove it?
I knew it
From the moment I saw your eyes flash wide in the crowd
That you would cut and run, but it's too late to turn back now
It's when those burnt black clouds submerge the Earth in shroud
That kings earn that crown
And this is how we rise by taking the fall
Survive another winter on straight to the thaw
One day you'll learn to strain the tea through your teeth
And maybe find the strength to proceed to the peak
Press on into the thin again till I cannot breathe
I swallowed so much of my damn pride that it chokes me
The real risk is not a slipped grip at the edge of the peak
The real danger is to linger at the base of the thing
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