Traveling

Ghislain Poirier

Now, leave your hand in mine.
The heat strikes me as divine.
Seated here by my side,
the day blurs into the night.How is it you seem to know what I tried not to show?This must be rare,
'cause nothing else could compare,
not that I'm aware of.This must be rare,
'cause nothing else could compare,
not that I'm aware of.Seems like we've travelled for days,
though we vanish away.Tell me where you need to go.
Darling, can we take it slow?
Let's not stop.
Please, let's go.
Say you're mine.
Say it slow,
to be sure we know.Across the Saccharine Plain,
cracked and devoid of rain.
I think of life without pain,
to hide my hope from his scissors' strain.How is it you seem to know what I tried not to show?This must be rare,
'cause nothing else could compare,
not that I'm aware of.This must be rare,
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