I Typed For Miles

Jets to Brazil

I live in a hotel
must keep writing
if I'm to be better than everyone else
like figure skating
like asphyxiating
on your own seeping fumes
you're just waiting
living in a hotel
but I'm not traveling
between two points, in mid air,
I'm levitating
above the earth
beneath the sky
eyes like static
in my three feet
from bed to wall
there sleeps a genius
leave me here to my devices
the call could come at any time
they're playing love songs on the radio tonight
I can't relate to that right now
note so self : no one cares. your voice is average
in worried piles I typed for miles and noone noticed
I will begin
I will put right
this morning terror
I have been kissed
between the ears
by human error
leave me here to my devices
I need a word to change my life
I've tied my ankles to the table legs with wire
he can't write so much as type
leave me here to my devices
I can't think with all this noise
they're playing love songs on your radio tonight
I don't get those songs on mine
you keep fucking up my life

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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