

From a Window Seat

Dawes

I'm buckle in my seat belt, plug my headset in a chair
And to the music, I watch flight attendants move
They are pointing out the exits, but it looks more like a prayer
Or an ancient dance their bloodline reaches through
These planes are built for sifting through the warriors from
the men
I've got time to sit and watch them for a while
You can see everywhere they're going, everywhere they've been
And how they look out at the clouds each time they smile
And I think, maybe he's in town for someone's
birthday
Maybe he makes trouble everywhere
But as much he resists the conversation between the rivers and the freeways
He knows it's always there
As the northwest passage sits somewhere below me as I sleep
I dream of captains and explorers eating boots
When I ask if I can join them and they offer one to me
I wake up as my home comes into view
So I reach out down for my notebook to see what impressions could be
spun
But it's just buildings and a million swimming pools
So I leaf back through the pages to see where I am from
Or for some crumbling map of what it's leading to
And I find that the hero in this song that I am writing
Doesn't know he's just an image of myself
But as much he resists the conversation between the rivers and the freeways
He's somehow always asking them for help
I want to make out all the signs I've been ignoring
How the trees reach for the sky or in the length of someone's hair
'Cause when you don't know where you are going
Any road will take you there
So maybe I'm in town for someone's birthday
Maybe I make trouble everywhere
But as much I resist the conversation between the rivers and the freeways
I know it's always there

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