Wish List

Jets to Brazil

Mom and dad can't remember if I told you
how glad I am I finally got to know you.
Years from when we met, after I left home.
Let me sing you sweet and distant fictions.
On lonely nights you will lay and listen.
If you don't like it, wait until I fix it.Then morning comes and cops invade my conscience.
I run around the house. A heated atom.
Can't foresee the outcome but you can lean to one side.
If ever I should seem to take for gradated
this lovely life that I have been handed,
darling don't just stand there, come knock me around.Because I know, I can write my way out of this black hole.
Back to all the things that I miss.
Sometimes, I wonder if I even exist.
Add another line to my wish list.The overview is not the same as going through the present joy
and all it took to come to this,
to know the ending would be pretending.
They took my words and wrote them off as passing.
It pissed me off enough to keep me writing.
Go make your living boy.
I'll go on fighting.'Cause I know, I can write my way out of this black hole.
Back to all the things that I miss.
You stay digging at your own little ditch.
That's just another thing on my wish list.If I should slide over and under,
you know I just might
stay 'till I get it right.Some people say I'm corny or I'm morbid.
I always thought I was touching, I was tragic.
One man's magic is an others plastic.
Well, which one is it?
Am I sweetness? Am I sickness?
If I say both, you will say I lack commitment.
Of course you're right. Of course I'm right.
But I know I can write my way out of this black hole.
Back to all the things that I miss.
Sometimes I don't even know you exist.
That's just another thing on my wish list.

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