Daydreaming of Rescue

Desa

Staring in a daze at this empty page
Waiting for a thought to move me
Black pen ready to fly across the lines
How many million times will I think of nothing
before a knock at my door draws me from this chair?
an angel with gold hair will be there to grab my hand
and drag me with herWhere?
As long as it's not here, I hardly care
How I'd love to hook up my headphones
and bail on my stale home with you tonightTake me where you go
Desert, sea, or snow
My bedroom makes me feel so claustrophobic
I could use some sky
Sun for bloodshot eyes
My lungs are black with smoke
My heart is half-broke
The walls are closing in
My high gone with the wind
that sings through the bulletholed window
Why do i feel so spent?
Sunny Sundays worked to pay the rent
How not awesome
I wanna hook up my headphones
and bail on my stale home with you tonightStaring in a daze at this empty page
Staring in a daze at this empty page

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