

By The Time You Get This Message

Flobots

By the time you get this message
I will be behind the wheel
Watching dotted yellow hexagrams stretch into the dark
Left hand surfing on iced tinged winds
Chewing up a cardboard box

Singing at lung top
One stop left 'til I meet you in the concourse
St. Louie encore
Do we have a shot?
Caught
No dwelling on the thought
Of what the hell we haven't got
So I'm headed from the dot to the spot
Where your plane touches down
For a six hour layover
Don't say a word
I found it on the map
Calculated it
Just a half a day to get from where you're not to where you will be
My hair is filthy
I'm drinking coffee
I can barely feel the trace
From the only time you kissed me on the face
Question mark space
I know you're with me underneath the starscape
Treadmill pick up our pace
Headstart on a jet in a car chase
Is this the part where my heart breaks
One asleep one awake
Back to back 'cause you wouldn't turn towards me
Had me battling fractals keeping track of all the chords we created
Sound clash of swords
Back and forth
Couldn't poke through the sash
Slash through the plasterboard
You packing your passport
Me on a crash course to show you that I have the passion that you asked for
Flooring the gas trying a fast forward fifteen months
I'll see you once the sun shines through the glass above the dashboard

The stars I see aren't even there
It's only light in the air

By the time you get this message I'll be either on my second flight
Or already all the way to my destination
Ridiculous that I could honestly expect you waiting at the gate when I arrive
A sixteen hour drive
I've been feeling so silly going on now several months
As our obsession runs together
And whoever comes to have you I'll be jealous of
And when above all else you put her I'll know what it was to feel so needed
Sorta wish that I was more of a romantic and could give you back the utmost
But I've never seen it up close
From everything that I can tell there are several possibilities
Maybe we're in love really

Maybe it's too early to really see
Maybe we're just searching for something to hold onto amidst confusion and f
ragility
Maybe we've lost all sensibility
Will it be come our Splendor in the Grass
When the facts have asserted themselves
And the memories pass into poetry and words that retell
What only then can we be sure that we felt
Guess I prefer to be unhappy
Or weren't you looking at me when my back became a wall
Searched for your reflection saw exactly what you saw
Two kinds of different skin
Two minds exist within
Trying to just transcend all space and time
And lift their chin and find some sense of purpose
Some sense of hope
Press my cheek against the window surface
We've been afloat
But now I'm nervous
Has this been a joke?
We're landing and it's time to close the envelope
Maybe I'll see you at the finish line