

White

Something for Kate

You think of white
Somewhere outside
Somehow connected to your brain
Or about to knock on your door

Eternity
Is a policy

Magnetism and mystery
Wishful thinking and fantasy
And I hope that you're not
Hoping for me

You think of sight
And reason collides
Somehow transmitting from space
Asking you to line up and take your place

Infinity
Is a reality

Life jackets and sympathy
Bullshit daydreams
I know you can't be knowing for me and I hope that you're not
Hoping for me