

## Repeating Patterns

### We Were Promised Jetpacks

I walk into, somebody else's house  
I turn right round and I'm quickly losing ground  
And I poke myself in the eye just to check my vision  
I hear, I see, I know what you've done to me  
I'm losing sight, I question my current plight  
And I polled myself, the results were inconclusive

I run I hide, commit social suicide  
I take a page, I openly plagiarise  
And I back myself into a corner and I'm not turning round  
I wait my turn, I wait for the line to get long  
I hit, I miss, I'm always aware of the risk  
And I talk myself into repeating patterns

I run into the Forrest  
I'm tripping over branches  
I'm looking over my shoulder  
Chase me, chase me, catch me  
You're pulling in six figures  
I'm sticking up two fingers

I wait my turn, I wait for the line to get long  
I hit I miss, I'm always aware of the risk  
And I talk myself into repeating patterns