

Paper Crane

Absofacto

Are you dreaming of a shape?
Some beautiful form to take?
Just hold it in your head
I'm gonna count to ten
Unclench your hand and then
We'll pedal down the road

On a double-seated bike
The front for me, the back for you
I'm all that you can see
You can never ever know
Where you're going till you get there
Just pedal, just pedal down the road

Up a hill toward a light
We duck and dodge the falling night
To the hotel at the top
Oh, the bags under your eyes
Just check them with the bellman

Because we're late, we're late
For a very important date

Fold you into forms
You're my paper crane
Cut, crease, crinkle your arms into wings
And your fingers are feathers
Just be what I need