505

Au/Ra

I'm going back to 505
If it's a seven-hour flight or a forty-five-minute drive
In my imagination, you're waiting lying on your side
With your hands between your thighs

Stop and wait a sec
When you look at me like that, my darling, what did you expect?
I'd probably still adore you with your hands around my neck
Or I did last time I checked

Not shy of a spark
A knife twists at the thought that I should fall short of the m
ark
Frightened by the bite, though it's no harsher than the bark
The middle of adventure, such a perfect place to start

I'm going back to 505
If it's a seven-hour flight or a forty-five-minute drive
In my imagination, you're waiting lying on your side
With your hands between your thighs

But I crumble completely when you cry
'Cause It seems like once again you've had to greet me with "Go
odbye"
I'm always just about to go and spoil a surprise
Take my hands off of your eyes too soon

I'm going back to 505
If it's a seven-hour flight or a forty-five-minute drive
In my imagination, you're waiting lying on your side
With your hands between your thighs and a smile

And a smile

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