

# No Limits

Bruce Hornsby

Shot me out of a cannon  
And I maintained  
Altitude and speed  
The power of the  
Thrust of inspiration  
Sustained my flight  
Like a dream  
At all times  
I'm ready to receive  
Wreaks havoc  
On a nervous system  
I can't stop  
And I can't sleep  
Synapses firing  
Neurons wired  
I feel no limits  
I know it won't last  
I'll kiss the moment  
And watch it run away  
So fast  
I feel no limits

In a euphoric state  
But it'll move away  
So I'm gonna cling  
While I'm riding this wing

Now and then, all things fall  
Into place all the  
Right moves made  
A series of moves  
Stabs in the dark  
One big guess, all the  
Right cards played  
I imagine something  
Never experienced  
New insights from new stimuli  
Try to provoke the imagination  
Image of brightly-colored lines

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This ephemeral wing

Something clicked  
Clicked upstairs  
Wish I knew  
What happened there

Sharp synaptic  
Connective tease  
I could catch  
And not release

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