

She takes my hand but I don't understand where we're going
are we almost there
are we all
I stumble backwards I trip over past word not knowing
was she really there
was she real

these are the words she tells him, he tells her

I just remembered that my ride is waiting
I take her hand I still don't understand what I'm after
we'll just see what's there
we'll just see

she stumbles backwards
she trips over my words and laughter

was I really there
was I real

these are the words of the boy of the girl

I just remembered that my ride is waiting