

Questing, Not Coasting

Maximo Park

Questing,
I am not coasting
Nor will I ever
Despite this weather.

I said...
Hey you!
What's new?
I know your face
Hey you!
What's new?
Let's go some place
My thoughts that flit
My loosening grip
I need to connect to you now

On our knees against the window sill
Watching the sheet lightening fly
Our hands caught spray from the open window
A blanket of light; a whitewashed sky

You move your frame
Into the shape
The window makes
A lunar flame
Static headlights glow
In the flooded streets below
The TV turns to snow
Gutters weep with overflow
I said...
Hey you!
What's new?
I know your face
And I need to connect to you now

On our knees against the window sill
Watching the sheet lightening fly
Our hands caught spray from the open window
A blanket of light; a whitewashed sky

Thanks for coming by
On such a dreadful night
A net curtain flashes
Outside, the rain, it lashes
Frozen stardust falls
Wide eyes can see it all

On our knees against the window sill
Watching the sheet lightening fly
Our hands caught spray from the open window
And we're on our knees against the window sill
Watching the sheet lightening fly
Our hands caught spray from the open window
Thanks for coming by.