

Bike Dream

Rostam

You wake up late, you feel your heart begin to work
And now you're all dressed up of course
And hailing cabs out of your door
On 14th Street I feel my head between my knees
And orange swimming through the trees
And orange swimming through the trees
Where could I go? What could I do?
Put in the state, my lips and eyes give me away
And now there's nothing, I can say no
I'm pulled away, I see another of myself
Who's found true love and happiness
To sit and smoke there on the chair for

Two boys, one to kiss your neck
And one to bring you breakfast
Get you out of bed when
You're sore from the night before
From knocking on my door
Your head against the floor boards
Two boys, one to love you sweetly
One does so discreetly
Never will he meet me
But I'm sure that you'll catch your breath
You'll sleep into the day
To wake up with sunlight across your room

Before I leave I want to try to go back in time
To just that moment in my life where I should have spoke up but I lied
As I sat there with my jaw open and I smiled
He pulled his sweater off and tried to explain he'd all but given up on love
I'm pulled away, I see another of myself who's found true love and happiness
To sit and smoke there on the chair
Beside the bed I read this past week's New Yorker
And I watch him paint Antarctica, and watch him paint Antarctica

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Telling me something or nothing
Never the one thing I wanna hear
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