Airport Cafe

Ruby Fields

An old couple at the airport for the cafe they like
I'm terrified and warm at the exact same time
There's so many days in those fragile cups of coffee
They hold in their hands what he will never have from me

A small purple bag in a colour she used to hate
Before realising it reminded her of lavender and grapes
And in the end it's just a colour and such thoughts are such a waste
Because that shade resides in the under the eyes on her face

He watches her ponder on her long favourite purse
The way she observes the fuss with a smile so good it hurts
He wears a slim golden chain, he's not quite sure where he got
He's just worn it his whole life and thinks it's better on than off

And there's no flight they're catching any time soon
They just enjoy observing life on their odd little afternoons
And I enjoy watching them but sometimes it gets me in a mood
Because with all your light I could never dim you
I'd never want to
I'd never want to

I'd never want to
I'd never want to

Wanna picture your burning hands for takeoff
And wondering all the beautiful things, and all you're made of

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