red-eye

Soak

I've gotta get out of here, I can't escape my past here
I've had the same conversation every lunch for weeks
It'll feel so good to be anonymously alive
I won't say yes all the time, I have nicknames to try
When they notice I'm gone, I'm already watching rom-coms
And drinking those tiny complimentary wines

I might just find myself on that red eye

At Cafe Gratitude, rubbing shoulders with Hollywood
I'll be fueled by super foods and menthol cigarettes
And in the diner, when she asks if I'm American
I'll double down on my accent, then she'll say she's Irish too
(oh, my God, I'm Irish too)
It's quite a common claim, it's not quite the same thing
I'll be so homesick, then I'll need to call my friends

I might just find myself on that red eye
Or in the city of traffic jams
And rich, rich sycophants

Please don't go
Please don't go
Please don't go
Please don't go
Please don't go

It's how you, you look at me
That's how I know (please don't go)
It's how you, you look at me
That's how I know (please don't go)
It's how you, you look at me
That's how I know (please don't go)
It's how you, you look at me
I'm coming home (please don't go)
It's how you, you look at me
That's how I know (please don't go)
It's how you, you look at me
That's how I know (please don't go)

I've gotta get out of here, I can't escape my past here
I have the same conversation every—

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