

# I Don't Mind

The Eames Era

And I don't mind that everything's a mess  
Right now, I could care less  
And I believe, that a bit of harm never hurt anyone  
I've plotted out the route to take us into a place kinda  
like  
Where we're now  
Except this time I think you're gonna need a pair of  
mittens for the frozen air  
I would gladly navigate things  
You look out for sharp rocks  
But I do believe I've found that illusive Bering strait

And if you'd like to we could  
So we'll sit there, and stare into thin air  
Light that match, and watch it flare  
And kiss hello, to a ground laid with snow  
Where nothing's left, but frozen air  
There won't be any green or fear on trees  
Or even below our frozen toes  
But the tundras match the clouds at night  
And on a clear day you can see, next Saturday  
Build our home out of snow, in the first glacier we find  
But I do believe I've fallen into a nasty crevice laced  
with ice  
So now what