

its too late for what you want  
shes not there shes off the air  
blurry memories  
recognize what they cant see  
and its the dirty taste of diesel  
red eye flight red eye people  
there without me  
shes there without me

the voice of the world  
will always lead you home (and you know)  
the floodgates await the rivers early thaw

lying on the floor vacant stare, unaware  
spoken guns were drawn  
reminding her shes on her own  
and the turbulent conversation  
her departure, the revalation  
of how it should be  
its how it should be

the voice of the world will always lead you home (and you know)  
the floodgates await the rivers early thaw  
missed your cue and never got the part  
(not your fault)  
oceans away and centuries lost and gone

shes scarred but even smarter  
the sky is clear enough for takeoff  
shes the forest for trees  
undefined by the memory  
of what she used to be  
a new moon tide on an open sea  
she set herself free  
she set herself free

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