

Pear Tree

We Were Promised Jetpacks

With balloons tied loose around your neck
I can't help but wait with baited breath
With an eye for your madness
Or a glimpse of your sadness to be unveiled

While I'm here
I'll make it crystal clear
It's all these people
Who keep forgetting

As the vultures circled overhead
You could tell I was on my last legs
It's all these people
They're making me wish I wasn't here

See the eye of the storm
Dig deep and pretend there's nothing wrong
It's all these people
Who are making me wish I wasn't there

While I'm here
I'll make it crystal clear
It's all these people
Who keep forgetting

You're worried
I hope they know your name

If you'd be my pear
Then I'll be your tree
So delicately balanced
On top of me

If you'd be the lighthouse
Then I'll be the rocks
If you'd be the timezone
Then I'll be the clock

If you'd be the train
Then I'll be the track
Each solitary journey
Is longer than the last

If you'll be the windows
I'll be the door
My body clock's been messed up
And I'm rotten to the core

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On top of me

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Then I'll be the rocks
If you'd be the timezone
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