

Pickpocket

Robert Edgar 2007

Am

F6

Ticket in jacket, moon cake to eat,

Bb

E7

Seat without memory, flight without pretense

Dm

Am

Hat in the overhead, bag 'neath the seat

C

E7

Am

Span the distance to feel the presence.

The sun as we left was smothered by clouds
Now city lights smoothly pass without sound.
The cab to the airport had sped through the crowds
Yeah, being gone sure ain't hangin' around.

The ocean turns darker than the night without moon,
The tides pulled by what isn't there,
And the pickpocket riding through life sings a tune
By a writer who no longer cares.

All that I touch is nothing I own,
Caressing and cleaning these carrion,
And lovers are left for seeds to be sown,
For the soul that this distance is burying.

BREAK

I don't play a loser who's thrown the wrong straws
There are millions of ways to play out a life,
But hexagrams chosen can't include them all,
That's so clear as I float through this night.

This plane's full of suits, all uniformed rangers,
Linear fashions with Microsoft trails,
I'm searching for beauty in the cold eyes of strangers
Amnesia's trade for my bail.