

# Slipstream

Written by Marlon Chaplin

The last thing I remembered seeing was you,  
You almost came too,  
I almost pulled you through,  
I'm caught beneath a wave crashing down on the sky,  
I'm holding you high,  
And there's something about you,  
There's something about you,  
Here with me now in the storm,  
Like a million times, Like a million times before,  
I can't walk through the door,  
Let's drift into a slipstream,  
Just you and me,  
Where we don't need to breathe,  
Where we don't need to see,  
I'm caught beneath a wave crashing down on the sky,  
I'm holding you high,  
And there's something about you,  
There's something about you,  
Here with me now in the storm,  
Like a million times, Like a million times before,  
I can't walk through the door,  
And there's something about you,  
There's something about you,  
Here with me now in the fog,  
Let's disappear in the slipstream, Let's disappear in the slipstream,  
Floating up,  
It won't be long.

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