

# Contrails (feat. Tegan Quin)

## Astronautalis

[feat. Tegan Quinn]

I know, leaving's your living, built in your bones  
No one can ever escape all of their ghosts  
So if you walk, you better learn how to run  
That's why I wrote this song  
Your contrail's coated in broken homes  
You polished up this pretty pearl of a hope  
That I won't parade your skeletons for everyone  
But that's why I wrote this song  
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That's why I wrote this song  
I know you know the words, so sing along  
She always made the best of deaf and blind  
Fashionable dress of canes and signs  
Tracing their apparel, like a judge of character in Braille  
She never missed a lift, a bump, or line  
But fingertips will drift and miss blip from time to time  
And this is how we find  
Secrets that slipped our grip  
Over wit and charm on whispered breath  
Frantically fishing for familiarness on fingertips  
And this is just, shit, what is this?  
This is redress  
I know her cane is just a comedy  
Tin cup's a crutch for crippled honesty  
Her slain perception's lame deception  
What's astonishing, we bought it, see  
Every Harry, Dick, and Tom, left her very fickle palms  
Palming a broken promise ring, you follow me?  
A hundred strong men choked on the bit  
While the blind bride guides the bridle toward the abyss  
And this can only end wrong  
But motherfuck it, that's the reason why I wrote this song  
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Lionel Terray said it the truest, I set it to music  
We're all "Conquistadors of the Useless"  
What kind of fool is so stupid to climb a mountain do it  
Then climb back down to the town without a picture to prove it?  
I knew it  
From the moment I saw your eyes flash wide in the crowd  
That you would cut and run, but it's too late to turn back now  
It's when those burnt black clouds submerge the Earth in shroud  
That kings earn that crown  
And this is how we rise by taking the fall  
Survive another winter on straight to the thaw  
One day you'll learn to strain the tea through your teeth  
And maybe find the strength to proceed to the peak  
Press on into the thin again till I cannot breathe  
I swallowed so much of my damn pride that it chokes me  
The real risk is not a slipped grip at the edge of the peak  
The real danger is to linger at the base of the thing  
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