

Feist, Intuition

What gives what helps the intuition?
I'll know, I'll know
I won't have to be shown
The way home
And it's not about a boy
Although although

They can lead you
Break or defeat you

A destination known
Only by the one
Whose fate is overgrown
Piecemeal can break your home in half
A love is not complete with only heat

And they can tease you
Break or complete you

And it came, a heat wave
A merciful save
You choose you chose
Poetry over prose
A map is more unreal than where you've been
Or how you feel
A map is more unreal than where you've been
Or how you feel
And it's impossible to tell
How important someone was
And what you might have missed out on
And how he might have changed it all
And how you might have changed it all for him
And how he might have changed it all
And how you might have changed it all for him

Did I, did I
Did I, did I
Did I, did I
Did I, did I
Did I did I miss out on you?