

Lighthouse Keeper

Get Cape. Wear Cape. Fly

You need a little light in your life,
A safety net so you're not so blind.
Like hidden torches in the paper rounds of old,
And magazines so gently thumbed by landing lights.
When you were young as the radio would talk you off to sleep.
Although the arcades shine bright, they don't have the glow of
the city lights
As they long to guide you home from time to time.
Neon lights and screeching times
Swarm like moths to pier fires on the stretch about a mile from
home.
It seems a million miles away as we were are walking in the gaze

Of the green eyed monster on the banks of waterloo

Although the arcades shine bright, they don't have the glow of
the city lights
And they long to guide you home, you've got to
Get out of this place, get out of this place,
Get out of this place, while your still alive Sam

Take some time then soon repress the thoughts of walks in dunge
ness
And the lighthouse keeper as he keeps the boats at bay,
Remembering this little light that shines in westcliff park Dri
ve,
A suburban lighthouse when you need to feel safe.
The city tonight does not feel as warm as those winter fires
And it's good to be home from time to time