

Cafe Lights

Hey Marseilles

Hold your map upright so the clouds and coast align.
They've got old wars won, a bright brown sun, the crowds to sing
alright.

The lion's share can rest as we sit in café lights
In a neighborhood where all that should may or may not be right

Make your way back home again. I am here still.
These sideway streets are straight and true by strain and will.
Make your way back home again at a slow pace.
Promise me from sound to sea you're mine always.

Untimely make your way to the tarmac baggage claim.
It's all for naught if we forgot. I hope our hope's the same.
Sing praise to stars aligned. Rejoice that love is blind.
To the end of days we'll have to say you are the best I'll find
.

Make your way back home again. I am here still.
These sideway streets are straight and true by strain and will.
Make your way back home again at a slow pace.
Promise me from sound to sea you're mine always.

I am leaving harbor if you cannot remember.
Take me where you're going in the light shade of December.
The plains I see are floating. The grains I see are growing.
Take me to the only place I see you're going.

Make your way back home again. I am here still.
These sideway streets are straight and true by strain and will.
Make your way back home again at a slow pace.
Promise me from sound to sea you're mine always.