

## Anchor

Into It. Over It.

Urban royalty on Sixth Street  
Our clothes are finely pressed  
My blue jeans won't miss me  
But let's go change your shoes  
Your feet must be killing you  
And the car's not far

And everyone has something awful to say  
Just try not to pay attention  
They're all fucked up anyway  
And remember that it's ok  
If we don't see eye-to-eye today  
'Cause I'll be there for you tomorrow

Steady and faithful as your anchor  
Trying to make the water safer  
In the wake of this town  
In the wake of this town

So take this with you to the West Coast  
A list of some things I would like most  
And maybe you'll find a few  
I'll make it up to you  
When you get home

Steady and faithful as my anchor  
Trying to keep the water safer  
In the wake of this town  
In the heart of my town