

# Streetlights

John Vanderslice

I booked a room up on the 31st and climbed out, onto the window  
ledge  
Walked past, out past the awning, a warm night in early Septemb  
er  
And high above the city and all of its bad blood, the lights sp  
reading out to the  
Lake shore, what is the color, a yellowish decaying orange

It's like you dropped a chandelier in honey  
And turned it on  
Like a minor 6th, it's sad and hopeful mixed

That color near, it's amber dear and so it goes, on and on

I climbed back in the window and rode the glass elevator down  
And walked out into the wild night, the lights oh what is the c  
olor

It's like you dropped a chandelier in honey  
And turned it on  
Like a minor 6th, it's sad and hopeful mixed  
That color near, it's amber dear and so it goes, on and on