# Anchor

**Owen**

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 keep 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

Steady and faithful as your anchor
Steady and faithful as your anchor
Steady and faithful as your anchor


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