

## From the Observatory

Swingin' Utters

I want to tell you how its been but I'm not too sure about it myself I've tried to call time and time again but I misdialed, then stopped myself now I feel like I'm on trial for the inconvenience

I caught the train in a downtown rain and I swear I saw your face as I peered out through the window's stains I swear I saw your face

I'm not waiting for the world to grab me by the balls and hold until I surrender weeping

I suppose I could say I've missed your ways and I wish that we could meet again someday I know its not a crime to wait but I ain't standing here forever

The lighthouse sits as an attraction for tourists it's been out of work for years, it seems I think its a bed and breakfast it's automated, been reconstructed no storied old man working in it

I'm just looking for it all I'm not trying to hide it I'm just looking for my own and anything to keep that's sacred I'll just stick around and wait for some kind of judgement day