

## 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 sideways 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  
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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 sideways 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.