

Duties Of A Lighthouse Keeper

Human Highway

There was a storm last night
Blew away wrong and right
Watching the waves crash down

Now our words like boats
Either they sink or float
Are they designed like that
Can't they come back

Last night I was a lighthouse
Only needing to keep you there
Like a lonesome shadow searching
Like a sea fog in the air
I'll keep you there

Called on my radio
Frequency dipped below
Audible levels
So I sat in my wet clothes

Keeping the wicks trimmed and lit
After the storm had hit
I turned on my light
But it couldn't find you