

## 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