

# The Lighthouse Song

Josh Pyke

And I've been getting urges late at night  
To walk and walk for days and throughout lights  
Through people's houses, picking food from plates  
Through people's gardens, picking locks on gates

So we are moving to a lighthouse, you and I  
While seas drown sailors, we'll be locked up safe and  
dry  
And though our doors may knock and rattle in the wind  
I'll just hold you tight and we'll not let those  
fuckers in

And I've been leaving gifts out in the woods  
That someone might stumble upon and wonder at their  
origins  
I've been feeling like a fox with sad old eyes  
Whose skulk has all moved on to leave the dark and  
empty den behind

So we are moving to a lighthouse, you and I  
While seas drown sailors, we'll be locked up safe and  
dry  
And though our doors may knock and rattle in the wind  
I'll just hold you tight and we'll not let those  
fuckers in

I'll anull these little walls of attrition and these  
invocations  
That's seen me holding my camera out at arms length  
To self-document these new locations  
When I should be leaning against you  
Deciding on things to get done  
And you should be leaning on fountains  
And filling my space up and breathing the air from my  
lungs

Na na na na

So we are moving to a lighthouse, you and I  
While seas drown sailors, we'll be locked up safe and  
dry  
And we are moving to a lighthouse, you and I  
Our beams will burn the clouds to beacons in the sky  
And though our doors may knock and rattle in the wind  
The wind...  
I'll just hold you tight and we'll not let those  
fuckers in