

Dark House

Spirit of the West

The lighthouse winks across the water
Blue white streamers a beacon of light
Standing empty, whitewashed tower
Where progress and man pass like ships
In the night
We're watching the right hand
Not watching the left hand
Sonn we'll be watching the worl
D turn
With no hands at all
We're really amazing
This trail we are blazing
Burning the bridge between our rise
And fall....
Weathered old man, tending the flame
Lit a big fire for the child in me
Salty dog in a shoreline castle
Being replaced by a chip in the sea
- chorus -
We used to dig! lift! heave!
Now we has turned to it
Programs! computes!
But hardly understands.
A wave of progress is rising
And rising
Rising over this figure of our
History
Washing away years of tradition
A life and love buried at sea
Set adrift among the neon and fast food
Countless forms and manpower cues
A castaway on a push button planet
Where progress is measured my how
Much you lose
- chorus -