

One Am Radio, The "Witness"

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Streetlights spark to life as we pass by,
caught in panes of warehouse windows and reflected
in your eyes.

Lying on your lawn on our sides, we'll stay outside.

All our friends are all alright and all around.
The grass and dust and summer dusk is just settling
down.

There's nowhere that we would rather be.

As day wanes, our shadows stretch below
it's perfect where we are, as the sun hangs low
'till night falls, there's an electricity
in the air on your bare arms that sings of what could be

The city glimmers underneath the fading light
What joy to be a witness, to be alive and with this night.
We breathe in the ghosts of loves, waiting above
to be once again dreamt on

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