

Washington "Lightwell"

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Lord, I know,
How it can ache,
The place you go,
Soul at stake.

In your hotel,
Oh, you're Lightwell,
Least you've always got somewhere to go.

And how you reach,
Across the map,
You stretch so far,
But you never snap.

In your hotel,
Oh, you're Lightwell,
Least you've always got somewhere to go.

Cause no-ones gonna keep you here,

Nobody tied you to the pier,
There's no-one swimming back to land,
No SOS in the sand,
And lord, you are the brightest light,
The brightest light on the horizon.

mmhmmm x8

Lord it hurts, yeah I know that it hurts like hell.
Lord it hurts, yeah I know that it hurts like hell.
But you do it so well.

So if you don't know,
what I am,
I'll tell you I am a hologram,

In your hotel,
Oh, you're Lightwell,
Least you've always got somewhere to go.

