

Andrew Belle "Tower"

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How the fog hangs above
The cityscape
There's a cloud of angels
Above your bed tonight
I'm watching through the window
On the fire escape
By the line weighing your laundry
There's ripples in the bed sheets
Like waves in a sea
From every breathe you're taking

I'm walking a tight rope
Above the city
Cars are passing by
Beneath my feet
I'm wanting you to walk with me
On this wire, from tower to tower

When the dusk settles in
The torture begins
In my chest the fire won't rest
From the secrets that we kept
There's a symphony of sirens
Down on the street
And all of the noise makes my ears ring
These syncopated lights
Have convinced my eyes
That I've become hypnotized

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