

## **Ben Christophers**

# **"Transatlantic Shooting Stars"**

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Fallen angel in the crowd  
Drags her heels over the noise  
Lays down at the roadside of regard  
A canyon in my broken mind  
Echos deep inside the vale  
There's dustcarts for the dead birds in the trees

Trans-atlantic shooting stars over mainline  
Here they come suburban gods  
To bless desire

Heaven hopes you find her here  
The raincatchers  
The devils blades  
There's karma for the misfits of our times

Take this really you take my soul  
Take me down when you laugh I fall  
All this pity has broken me  
But my survival lies with me

I'm going to love you as best as I can  
I'm going to hold you close when I tremble  
I'm going to love you as best as I can  
I'm going to see you rise

I won't ever let you fall out of my senses  
Fall out of my own hands  
No I won't ever let you let you

Will I find my way home?

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