

Greg MacPherson **"Heatwave"**

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Every second sticks in air so thick
I'm on the stairs and I'm moving slow
Feel the pressure rise under western skies
Until it's go nowhere else to go
There's nothing left to do tonight
Everybody's either gone out or asleep
I hear an old song drift through my window
From a car parked out on the street
Waiting for the lights to change

Someone's leaning out a second story window
Taking one last good look around
Someone's struggling with the words
Thinking of the best way to write it all down
In the house next door all the lights are off
No silhouettes behind the screens
Over hardwood floors
In through the open doors
I'm trying not to sleep
Waiting for the light to change

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