

## **Rochester**

# **"The Harbor And The Sailor"**

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Waking up to lack of oxygen, pulling the weight of the world down into the deepest blue, oh whoa oh , I can't recall what I'm doing here, what I'm holding on to, ever feeling so low, ever feeling so low

So rise to the occasion and surface with intentions, to make your father proud, the harbor holds it's ground And your friends will wait there for you on the shore 'til you coming sailing home to see, you were missing out With the lighthouse in the distance and this anchor as my witness, I know that we'll get through this, I swear that we'll get through this

Set the sails, I'm coming home this is the furthest I've been in a long long time

Oh, current you'll pull me wherever you know  
(But I know)

This story gets me out of here

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