

## Roddy Woomble "Waverley Steps"

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If there's no geography  
In the things that we say  
So words will keep us locked  
In their old-fashioned way  
Sure we are held together by  
The experiences we've shared  
But it's taken me  
Waverly steps to get there

Close the front door  
To open the window  
Let the light be mined away  
At least the light is mine always  
But even the light will fade away

I woke up from this dream I had  
In Washington Square  
When the sun finds its place  
On my skin  
And your eyes, they look down from a silent film  
We're both breathing smoke like we're breathing air  
But it's taken me  
Waverly steps to get there

Close the front door  
To open the window  
Let the light be mined away  
At least the light is mine always  
Even when the light won't fade away

Close the front door  
To open the window  
Let the light be mined away  
At least the light is mine always  
Even if the light will fade away

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