

Lucas Carpenter

"Morning Touching Down In New York"

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I am an intruder here

I've always been with my red socks cap and a pen

Jotting down answers

A scribe stepping from a carriage car

Luxurious faded jeans and a greyhound bus

A weekend connoisseur

She's always there to greet me

As I hit the sidewalk

Eyes sparking like a flintlock

Aimed and ready to fire

8 am the skyline backdrop reflected in a blur

The pavement shimmers

The great lakes of 32nd street

And there's something about

Morning touching down

In New York

Once again the evening retires

And we lay fulfilled

Daybreak pours through the windowsill

And that's good enough for now

At least that's what we tell ourselves

In moments just like this

Clinging to every kiss

Comfort takes a bow

Why don't we stop and find the perfect reason why we
shouldn't let this deteriorate

But I'm one battle too late

So I drop my rifle and i retreat

Wrapped in white towels she heads for a solo shower
as I stare out over the great lakes of 32nd street
And there's something about

Morning touching down

In New York

New York

Maybe on a return trip or something

It'll look a bit different to my eyes

No longer in the foreground

She'll be blending in with all the other passers by that i
will meet

I'll meet on the shores of 32nd street

Take a pin drop cab right downtown

Early Sunday morning

Manhattan is stirring

Stumbling to its feet

She walks away on water

As we say goodbye

And witness for the last time

The great lakes of 32nd street

And there's something about

Morning touching down

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And there's something about

Morning touching down

Touching down

In New York

New York

New York

New York

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