

Painted Thin

"Lighthouse"

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I don't know where to start, so I'll start with I'm sorry.
Sorry for fucking up everything we had. Like it wasn't
great enough to laugh through the night, to watch
snowfall through streetlight, to drive so far just to feel
lost. Maybe all I have are weak excuses now for being
so weary and weather beaten. I was trying my best
under these unkind circumstances to keep our last little
promise. You say there's a fog out over your town
tonight. You say there's always a fog out over your
town at night. From some strange shore I wonder how
we will find our way. I fall in fear, not of height but of
distance and night, like some bird caught in a dark
night fog. Like some poor bird caught in night over
heartwreck seas, in a night dark black sea fog. Chasing
stray lights across far seas, not bound for harbour,
home, or friend. I'll try to mend what I've quietly kept
wrong with this small apology. These worn wings, these
lonely winds are much too weak to hold any true
heading at all. With a palm-spit pledge or a pin-prick
promise I think we'll find our way, through these lover's
squalls and heartwreck seas. Home is where it's always
been though the streets have changed. It's the smile of
a good good friend. I think we'll find our way. I think
we'll find our way through this night over heartwreck
seas, in a night dark black sea... You say there's a fog
out over your town tonight. You say there's always a
fog out over your town at night.

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