

Yearling

"The View From Here"

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I've got a view from here
That some would kill to see.
I'm waving out to them,
While they're staring back at me,
But here I'm all alone,
And my beating heart is a metronome.
I'm starving for a pulse,
A glimmer in my eye.
Everything is electric,
But I just can't seem to catch fire.
The stars are candlelight
And the matchbook in your hand
Looks so alive.
But, baby, don't you worry.
This will never change.
As sure as life, as sure as death
We'll stay the same.
So I won't worry one little bit,
And, weather, bring the rain,
Because we'll watch the showers and
Darkest hours fade to gray.
Blinking L.E.D.s
From here, are all I see,
Like here it's Sunday morning
And I'm staring at your Christmas tree,
Where, like a child, I'd lie
To the sea of lights
Brightly hiding the tangles
By which they survive.

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